DEADPOOL CLASSIC

MURDER MOST FOWL

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MARVEL

DEADPOOL CLASSIC

MURDER MOST FOWL

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DEADPOOL THE DUCK

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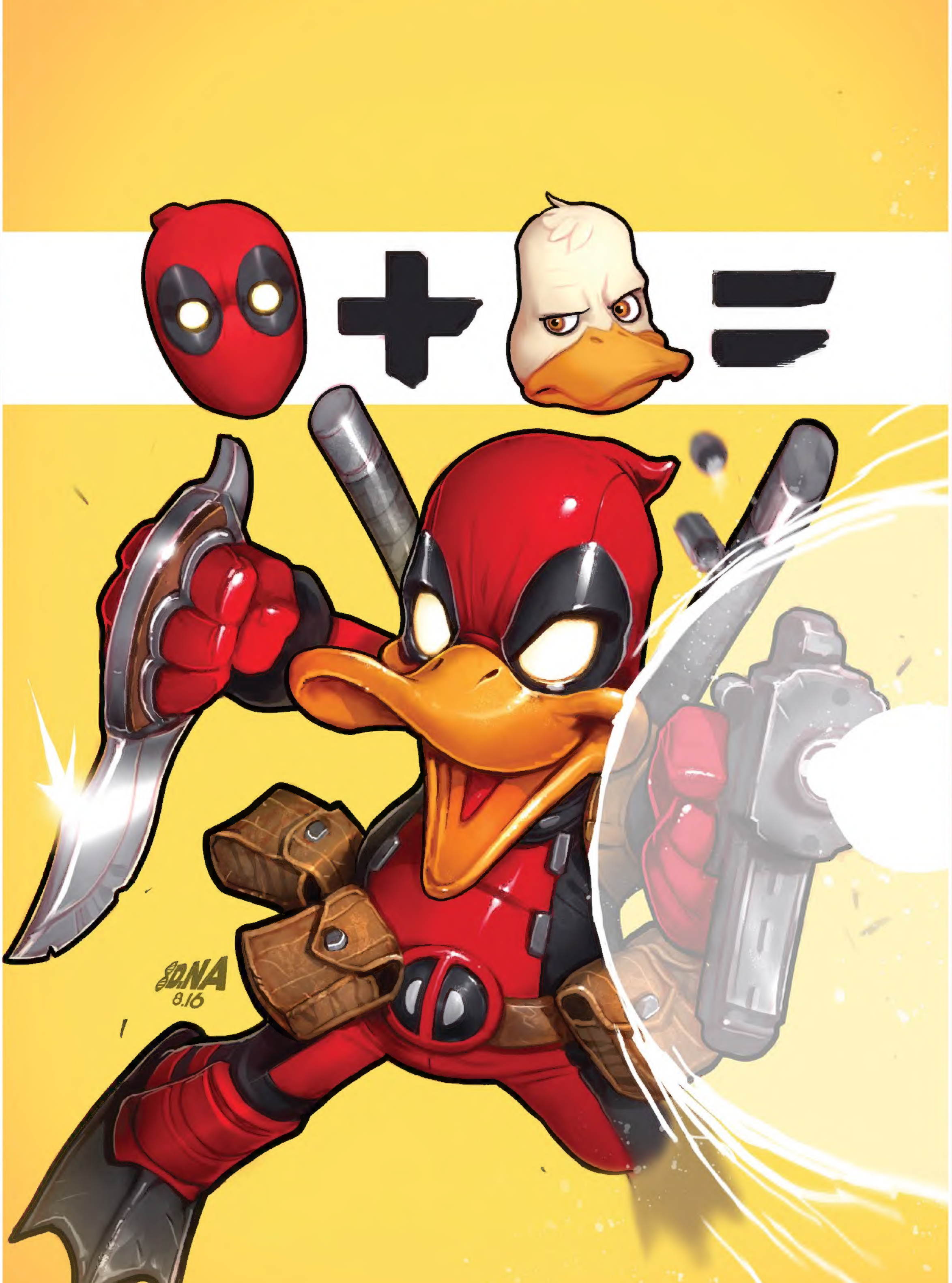
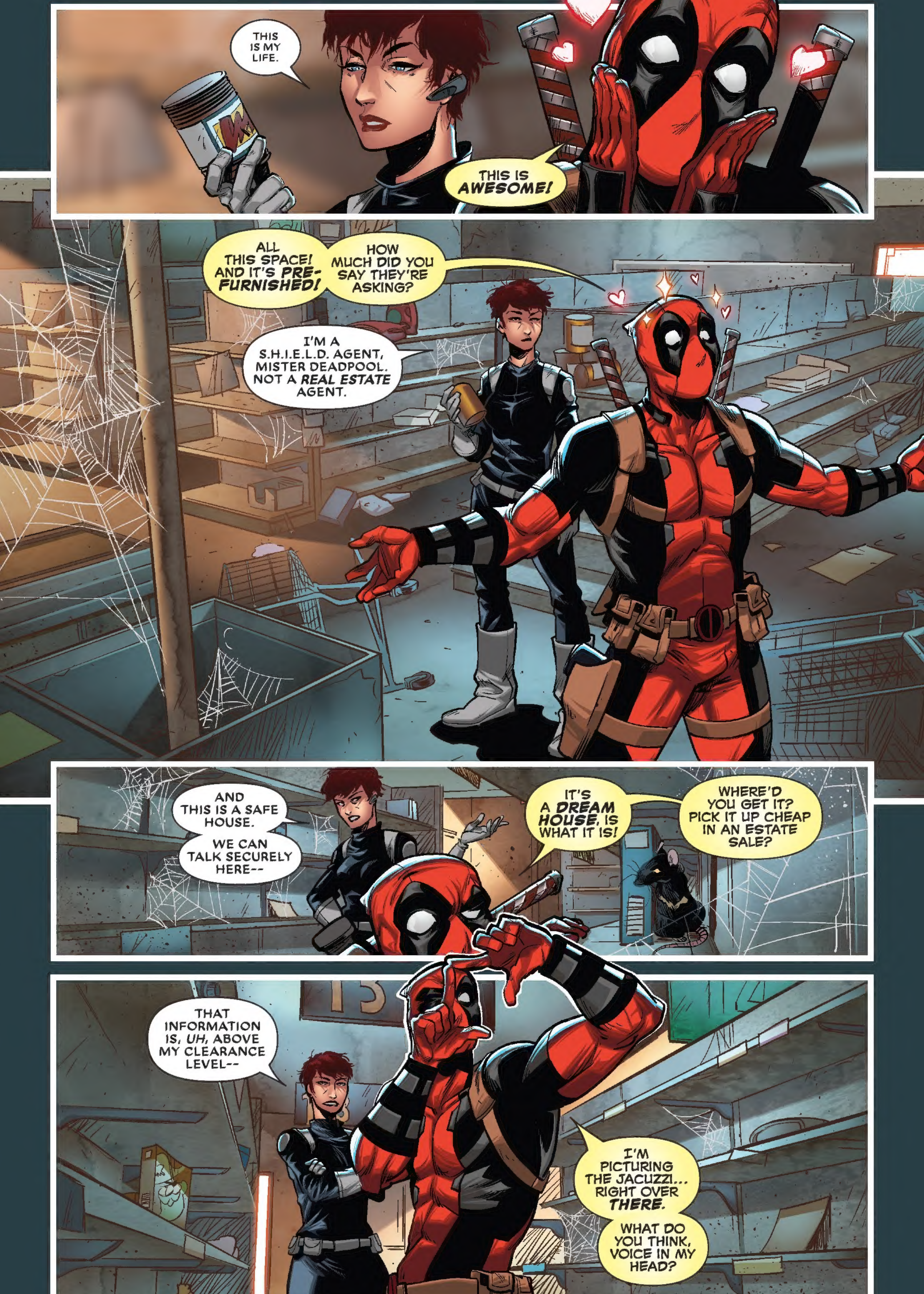
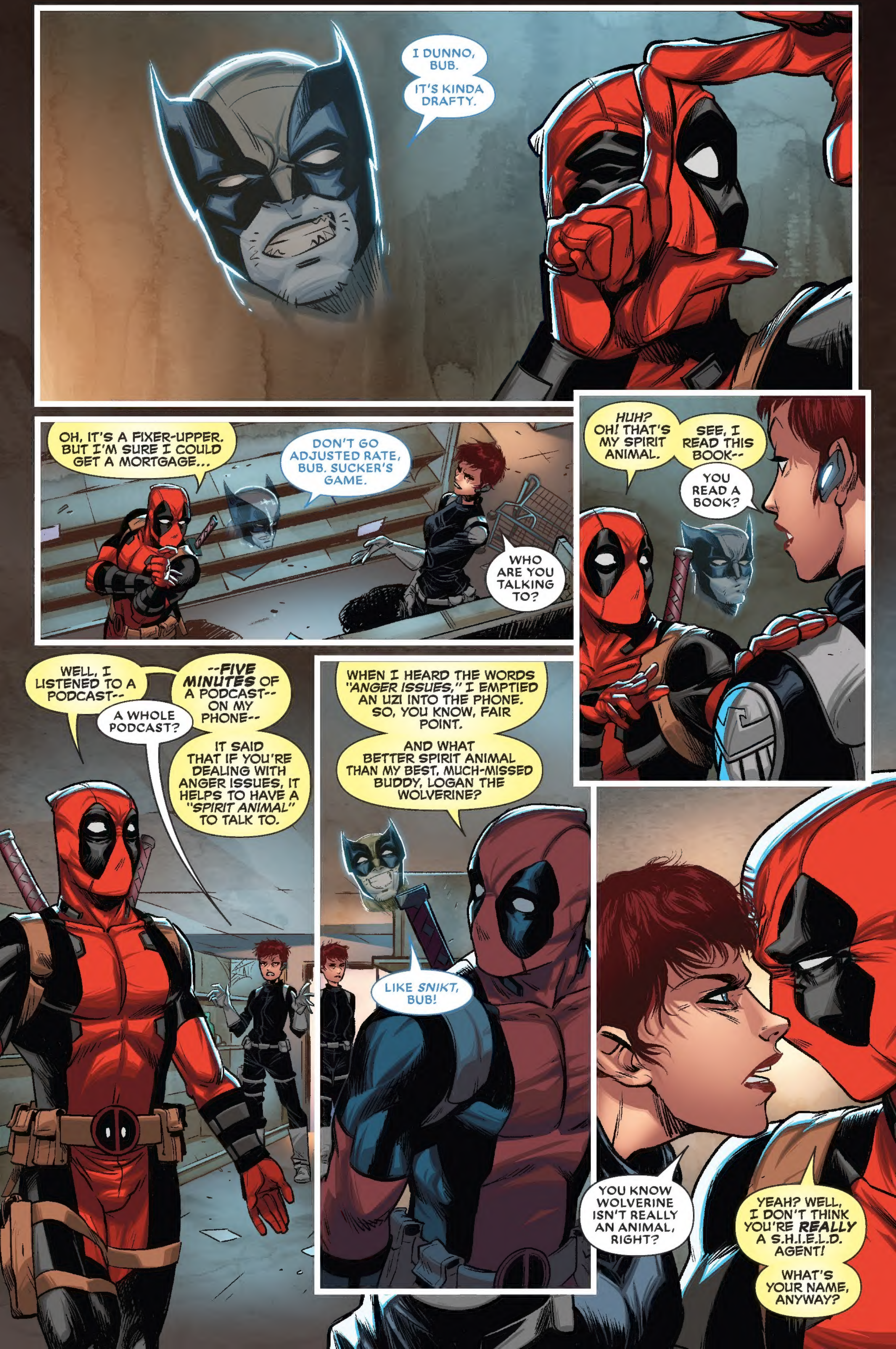
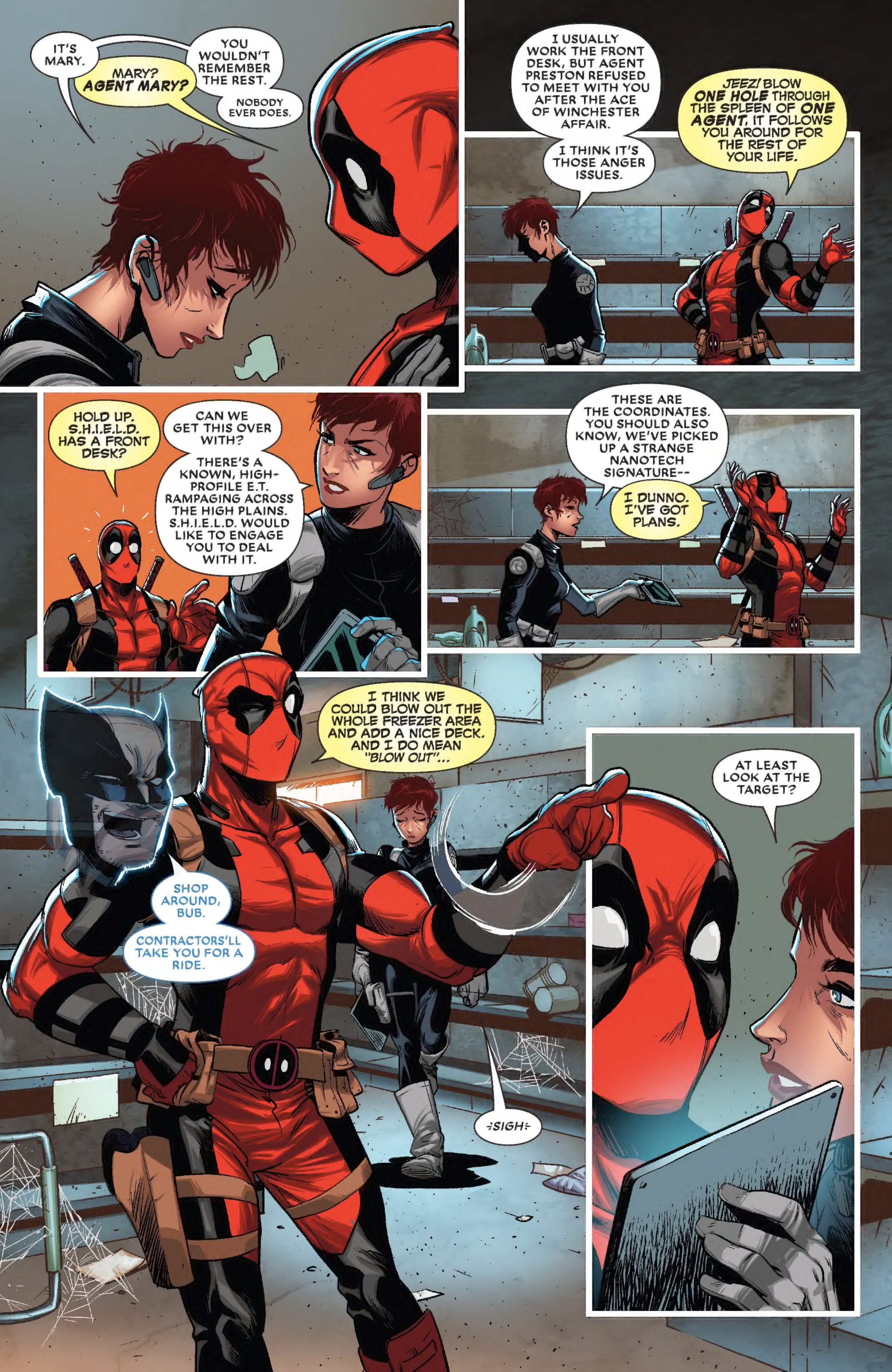
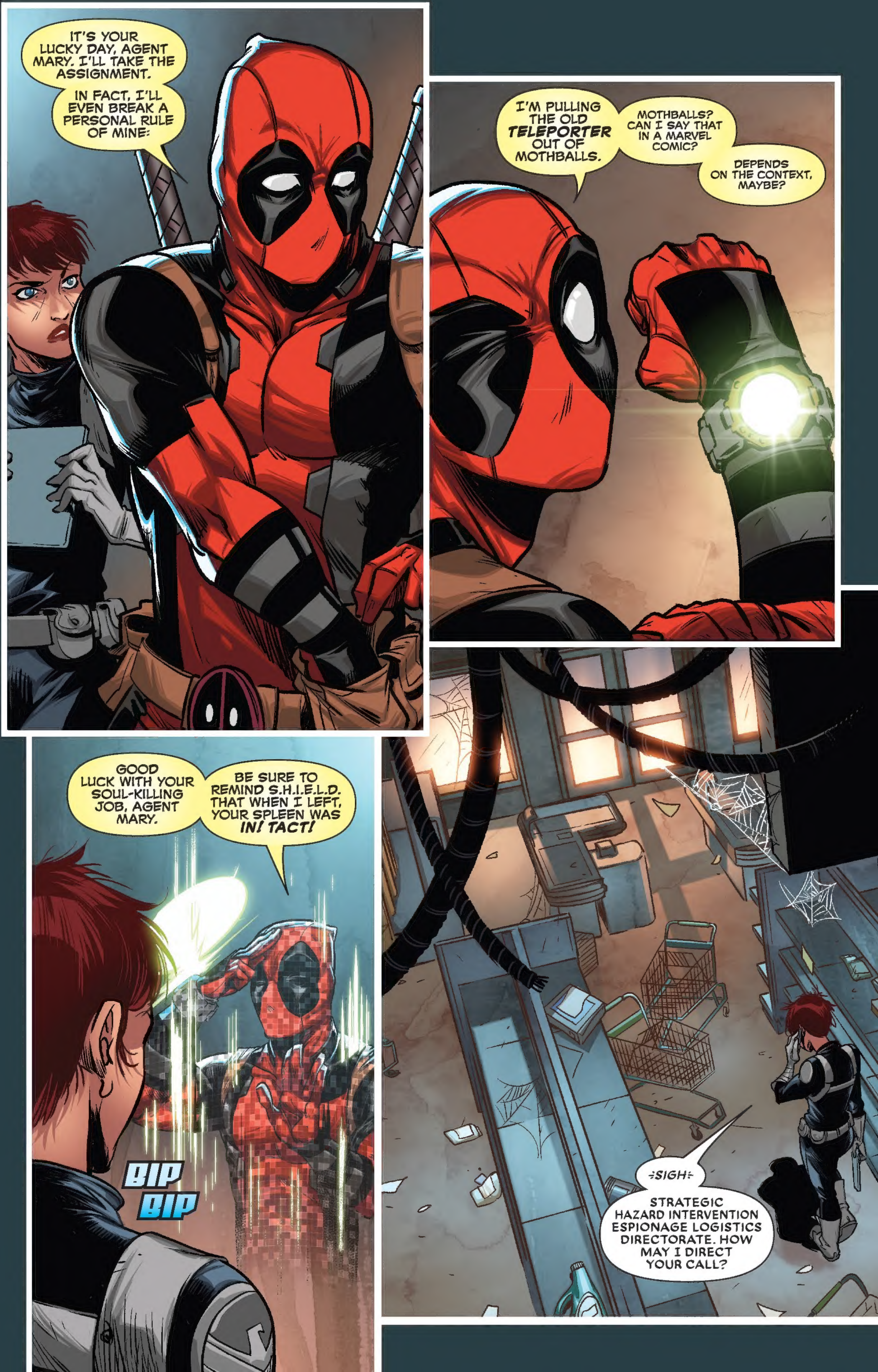
DEADPOOL THE DUCK #1

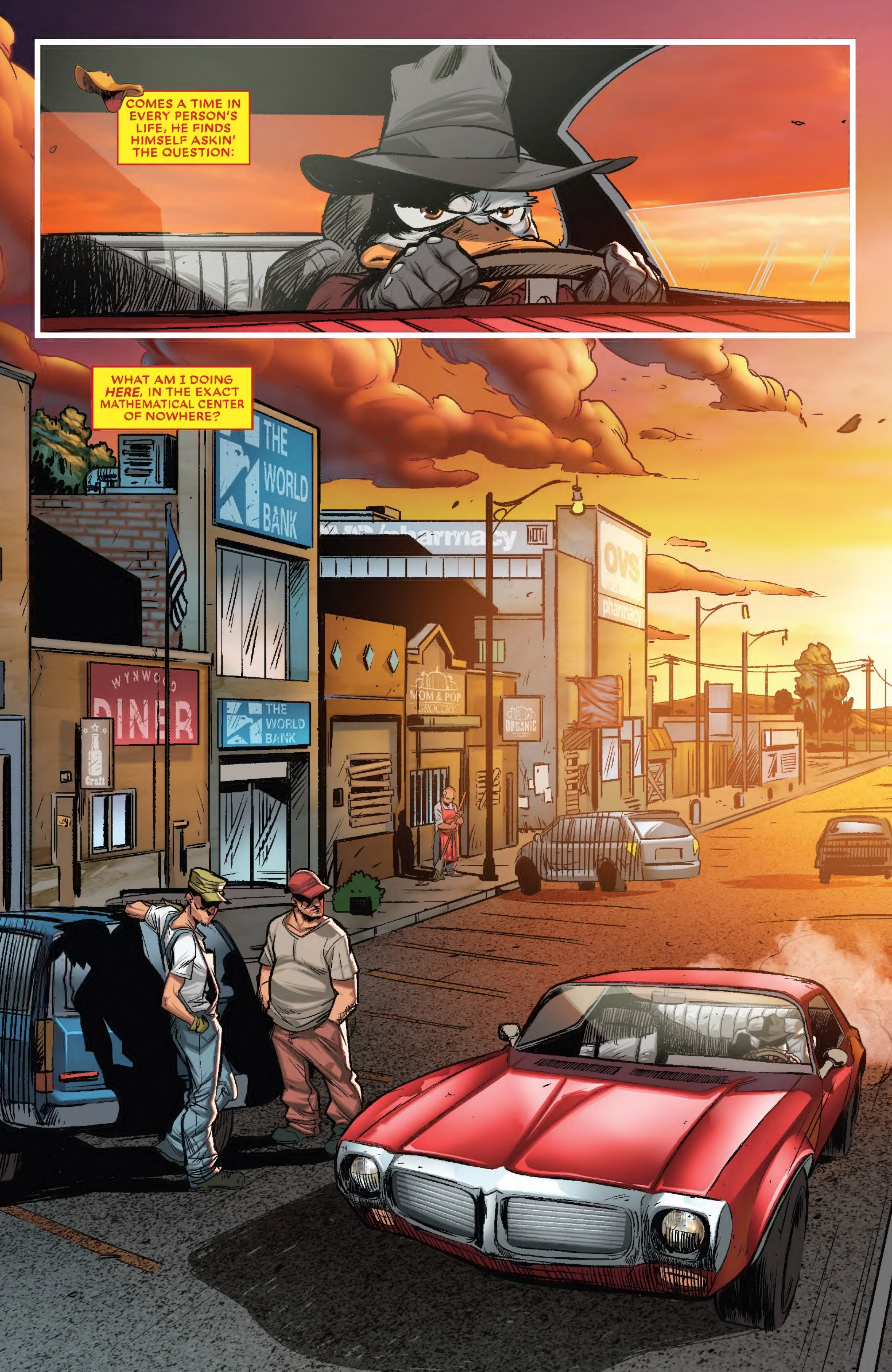


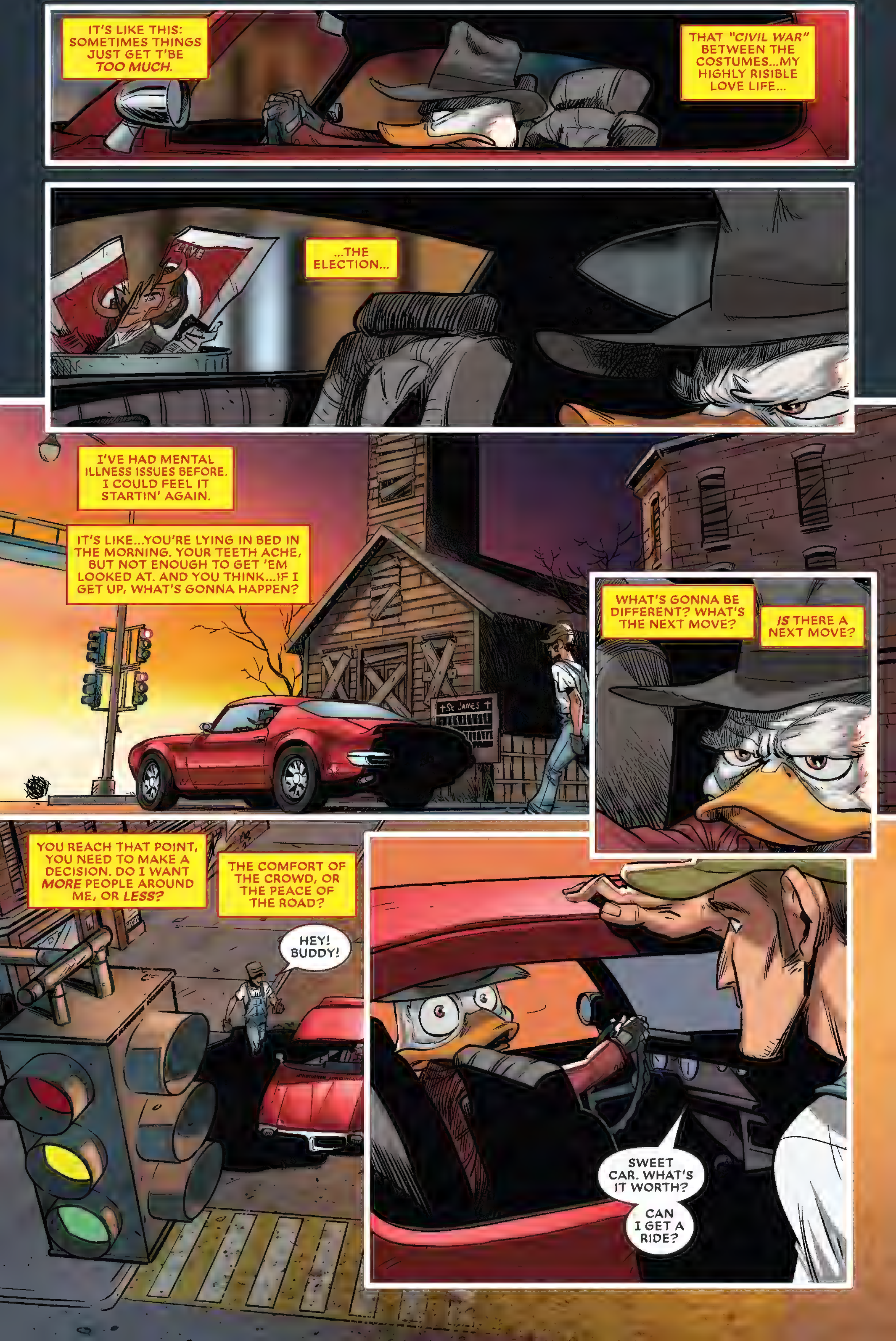

THIS IS MY LIFE.
THIS IS *AWESOME!*
ALL THIS SPACE! AND IT'S *PRE-FURNISHED!*
HOW MUCH DID YOU SAY THEY'RE ASKING?
I'M A S.H.I.E.L.D. AGENT, MISTER DEADPOOL. NOT A *REAL ESTATE* AGENT.
AND THIS IS A SAFE HOUSE.
WE CAN TALK SECURELY HERE--
IT'S A *DREAM HOUSE,* IS WHAT IT IS!
WHERE'D YOU GET IT? PICK IT UP CHEAP IN AN ESTATE SALE?
THAT INFORMATION IS, *UH,* ABOVE MY CLEARANCE LEVEL--
I'M PICTURING THE JACUZZI... RIGHT OVER *THERE.*
WHAT DO YOU THINK, VOICE IN MY HEAD?

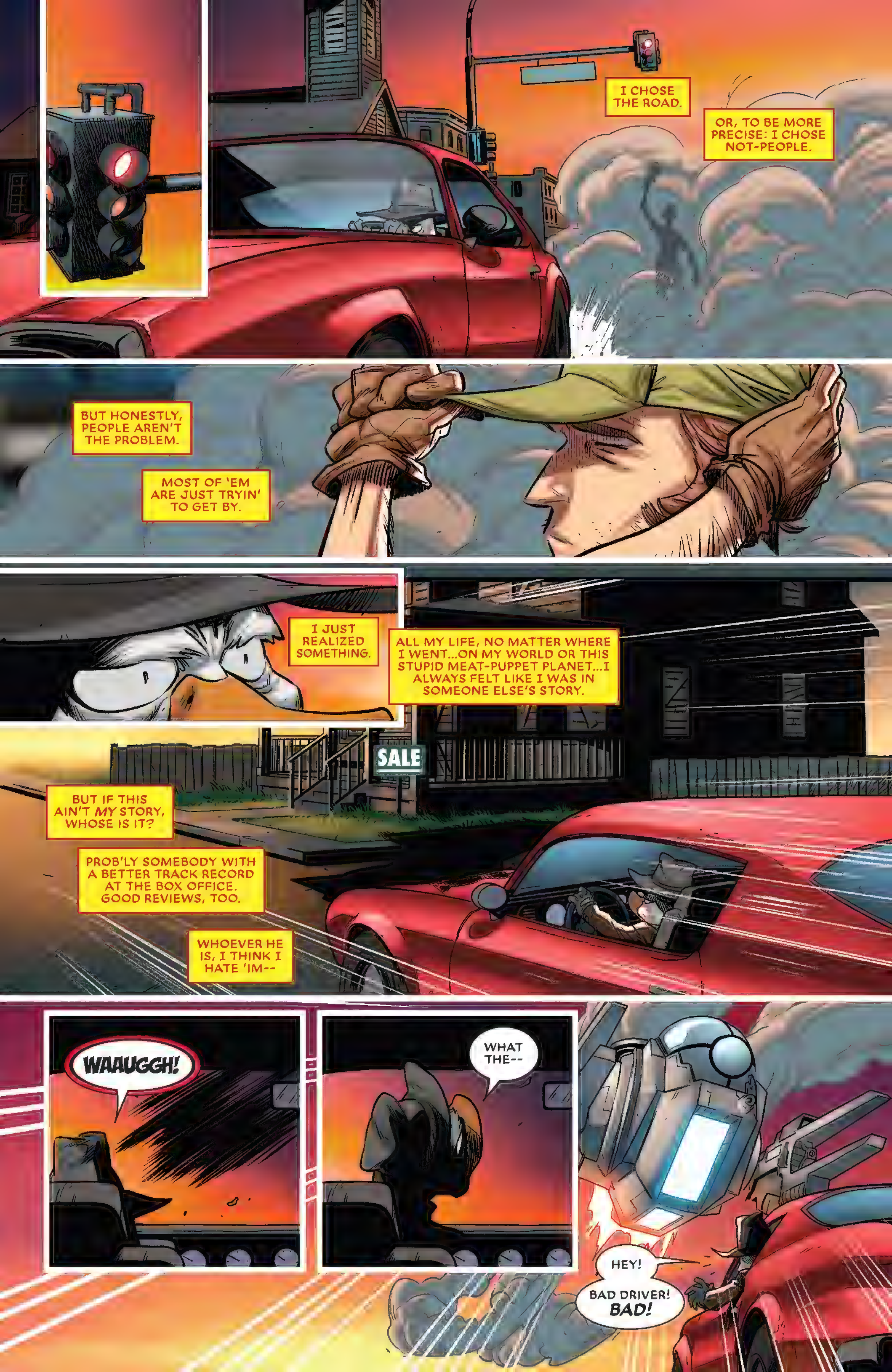

I DUNNO, BUB.
IT'S KINDA DRAFTY.
OH, IT'S A FIXER-UPPER. BUT I'M SURE I COULD GET A MORTGAGE...
DON'T GO ADJUSTED RATE, BUB. SUCKER'S GAME.
WHO ARE YOU TALKING TO?
HUH? OH! THAT'S MY SPIRIT ANIMAL.
SEE, I READ THIS BOOK--
YOU READ A BOOK?
WELL, I LISTENED TO A PODCAST--
A WHOLE PODCAST?
--*FIVE MINUTES* OF A PODCAST--ON MY PHONE--
IT SAID THAT IF YOU'RE DEALING WITH ANGER ISSUES, IT HELPS TO HAVE A "*SPIRIT ANIMAL*" TO TALK TO.
WHEN I HEARD THE WORDS "*ANGER ISSUES*," I EMPTIED AN UZI INTO THE PHONE. SO, YOU KNOW, FAIR POINT.
AND WHAT BETTER SPIRIT ANIMAL THAN MY BEST, MUCH-MISSED BUDDY, LOGAN THE WOLVERINE?
LIKE *SNIKT*, BUB!
YOU KNOW WOLVERINE ISN'T REALLY AN ANIMAL, RIGHT?
YEAH? WELL, I DON'T THINK YOU'RE *REALLY* A S.H.I.E.L.D. AGENT!
WHAT'S YOUR NAME, ANYWAY?

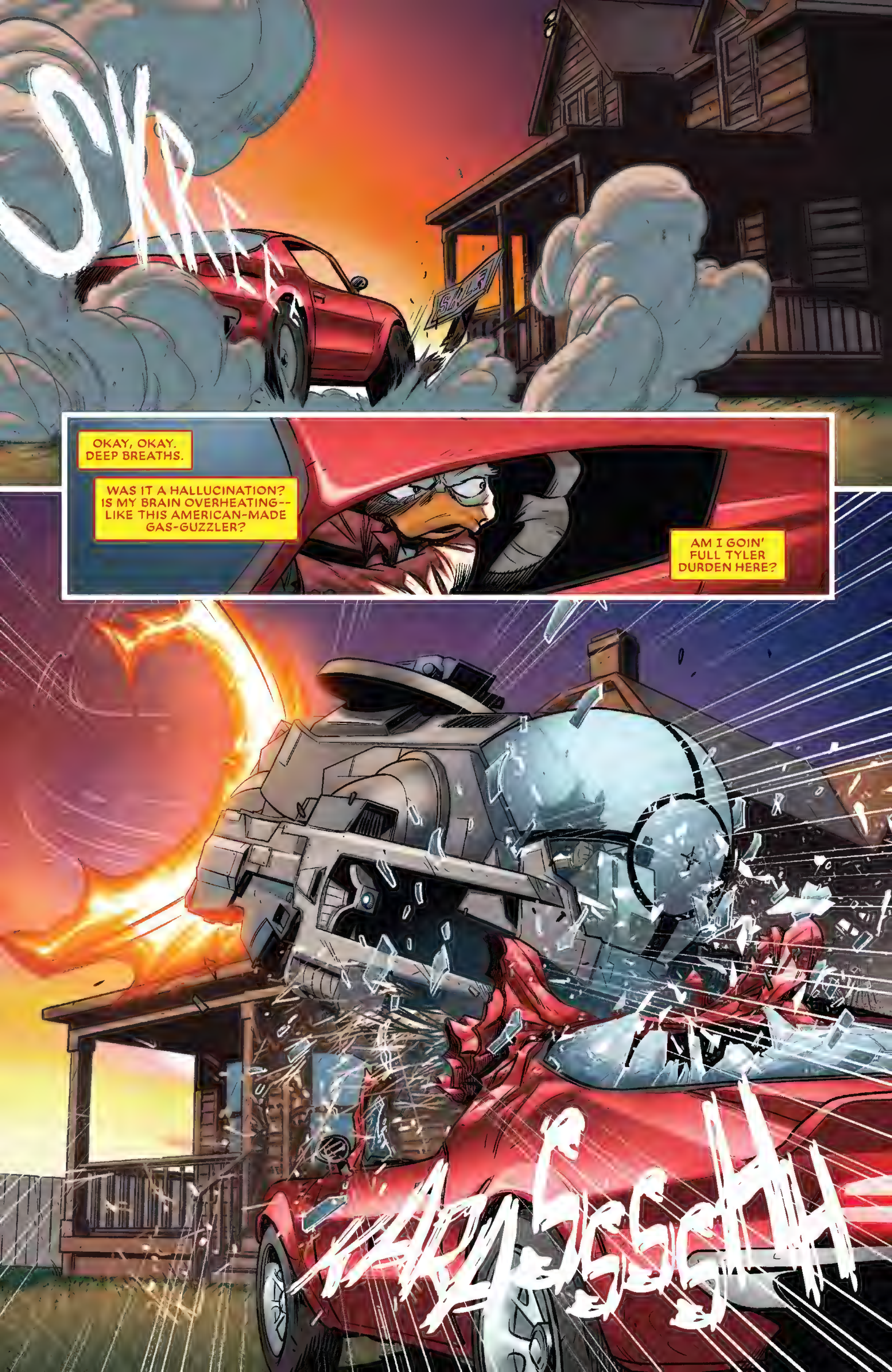

IT'S MARY.
MARY? *AGENT MARY?*
YOU WOULDN'T REMEMBER THE REST.
NOBODY EVER DOES.
I USUALLY WORK THE FRONT DESK, BUT AGENT PRESTON REFUSED TO MEET WITH YOU AFTER THE ACE OF WINCHESTER AFFAIR.
I THINK IT'S THOSE ANGER ISSUES.
JEEZ! BLOW **ONE HOLE** THROUGH THE SPLEEN OF **ONE AGENT**, IT FOLLOWS YOU AROUND FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE.
HOLD UP. S.H.I.E.L.D. HAS A FRONT DESK?
CAN WE GET THIS OVER WITH?
THERE'S A KNOWN, HIGH-PROFILE E.T. RAMPAGING ACROSS THE HIGH PLAINS. S.H.I.E.L.D. WOULD LIKE TO ENGAGE YOU TO DEAL WITH IT.
THESE ARE THE COORDINATES. YOU SHOULD ALSO KNOW, WE'VE PICKED UP A STRANGE NANOTECH SIGNATURE--
I DUNNO. I'VE GOT PLANS.
I THINK WE COULD BLOW OUT THE WHOLE FREEZER AREA AND ADD A NICE DECK. AND I DO MEAN *"BLOW OUT"*...
SHOP AROUND, BUB.
CONTRACTORS'LL TAKE YOU FOR A RIDE.
SIGH
AT LEAST LOOK AT THE TARGET?

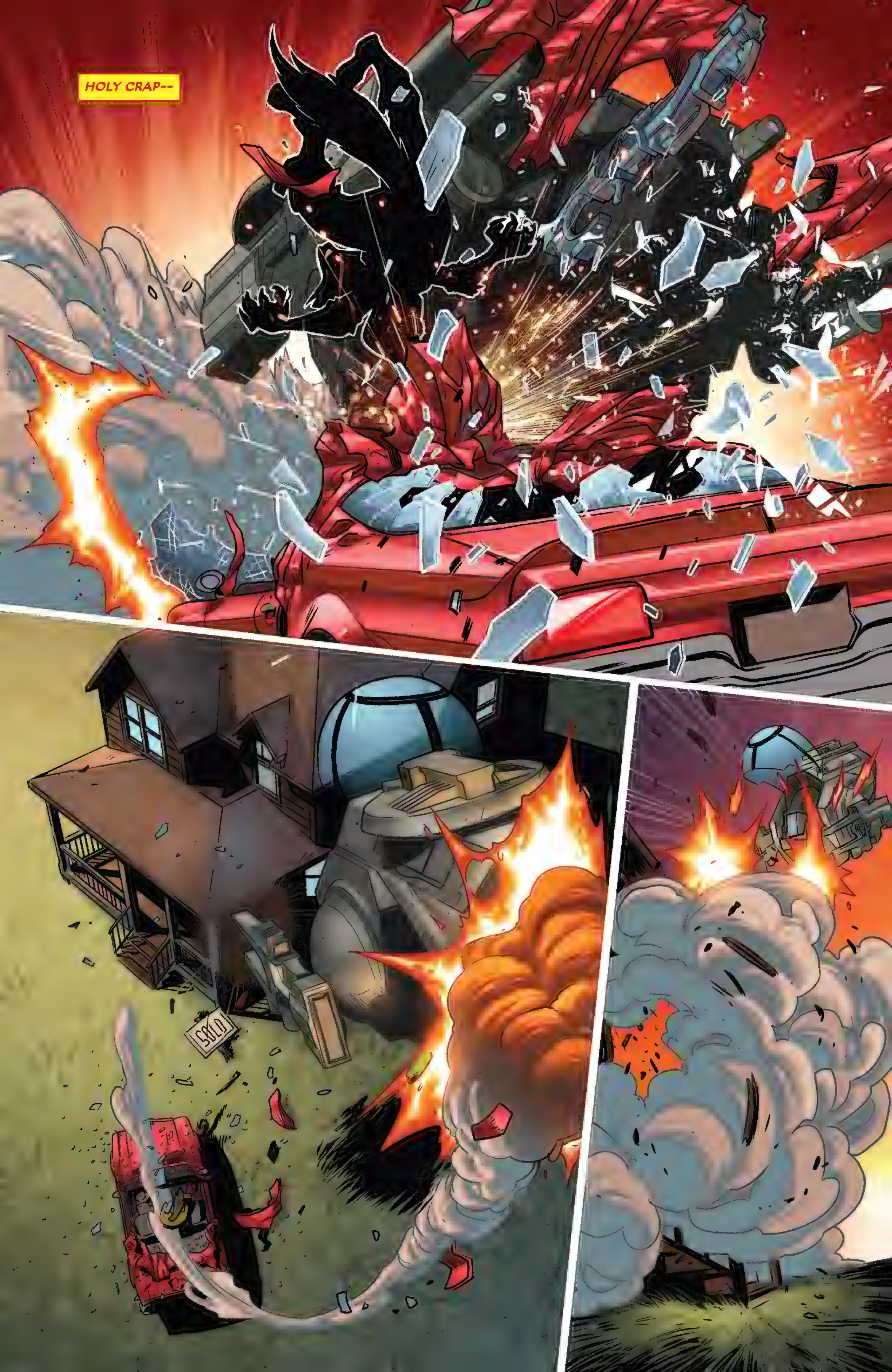

IT'S YOUR LUCKY DAY, AGENT MARY. I'LL TAKE THE ASSIGNMENT.
IN FACT, I'LL EVEN BREAK A PERSONAL RULE OF MINE:
I'M PULLING THE OLD *TELEPORTER* OUT OF MOTHBALLS.
MOTHBALLS? CAN I SAY THAT IN A MARVEL COMIC?
DEPENDS ON THE CONTEXT, MAYBE?
GOOD LUCK WITH YOUR SOUL-KILLING JOB, AGENT MARY.
BE SURE TO REMIND S.H.I.E.L.D. THAT WHEN I LEFT, YOUR SPLEEN WAS *IN! TACT!*
BIP BIP
-SIGH-
STRATEGIC HAZARD INTERVENTION ESPIONAGE LOGISTICS DIRECTORATE. HOW MAY I DIRECT YOUR CALL?

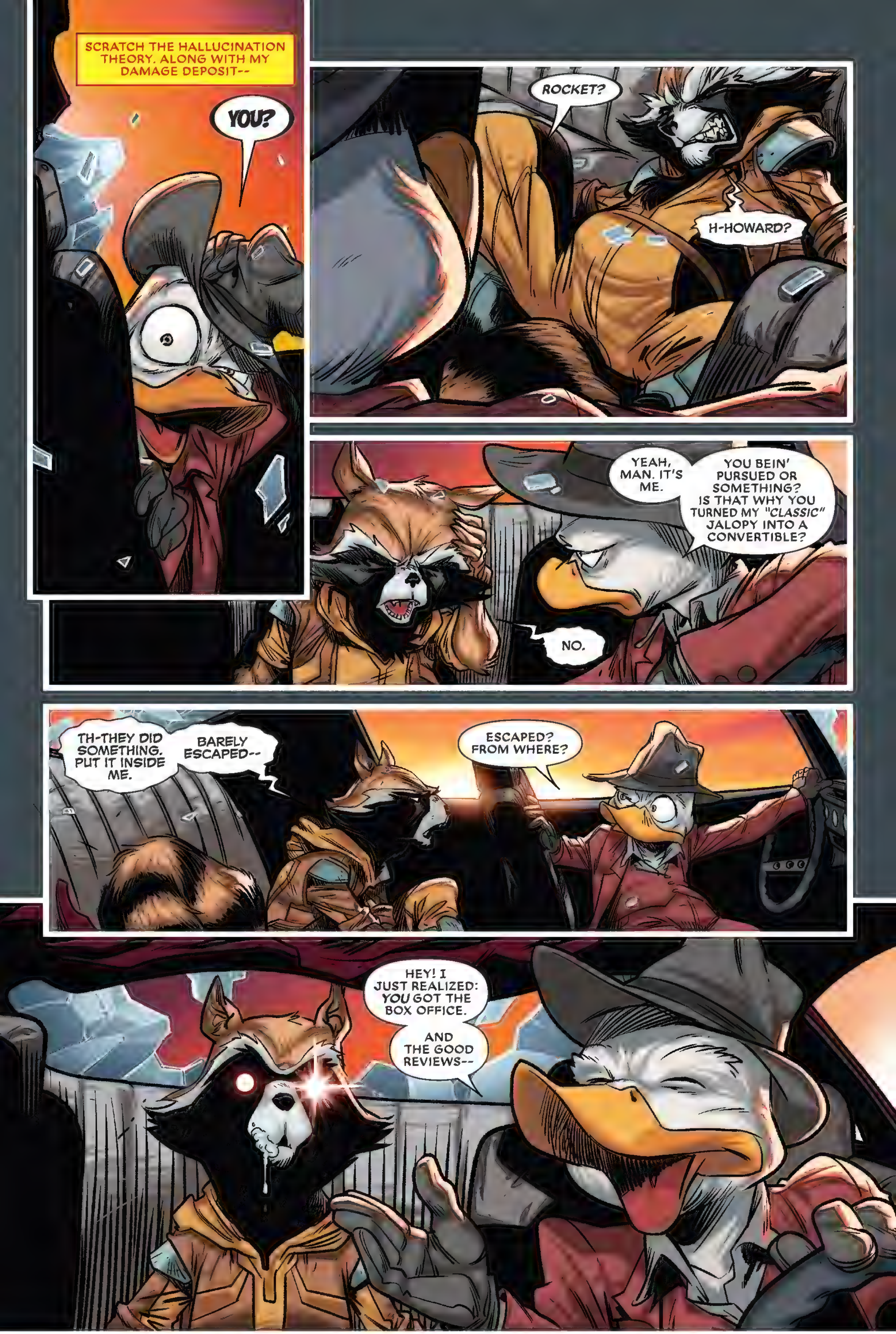

COMES A TIME IN EVERY PERSON'S LIFE, HE FINDS HIMSELF ASKIN' THE QUESTION:
WHAT AM I DOING *HERE*, IN THE EXACT MATHEMATICAL CENTER OF NOWHERE?
THE WORLD BANK
pharmacy
OVS pharmacy
WYNWOOD DINER
Craft
THE WORLD BANK
MOM & POP GROCERY
ORGANIC

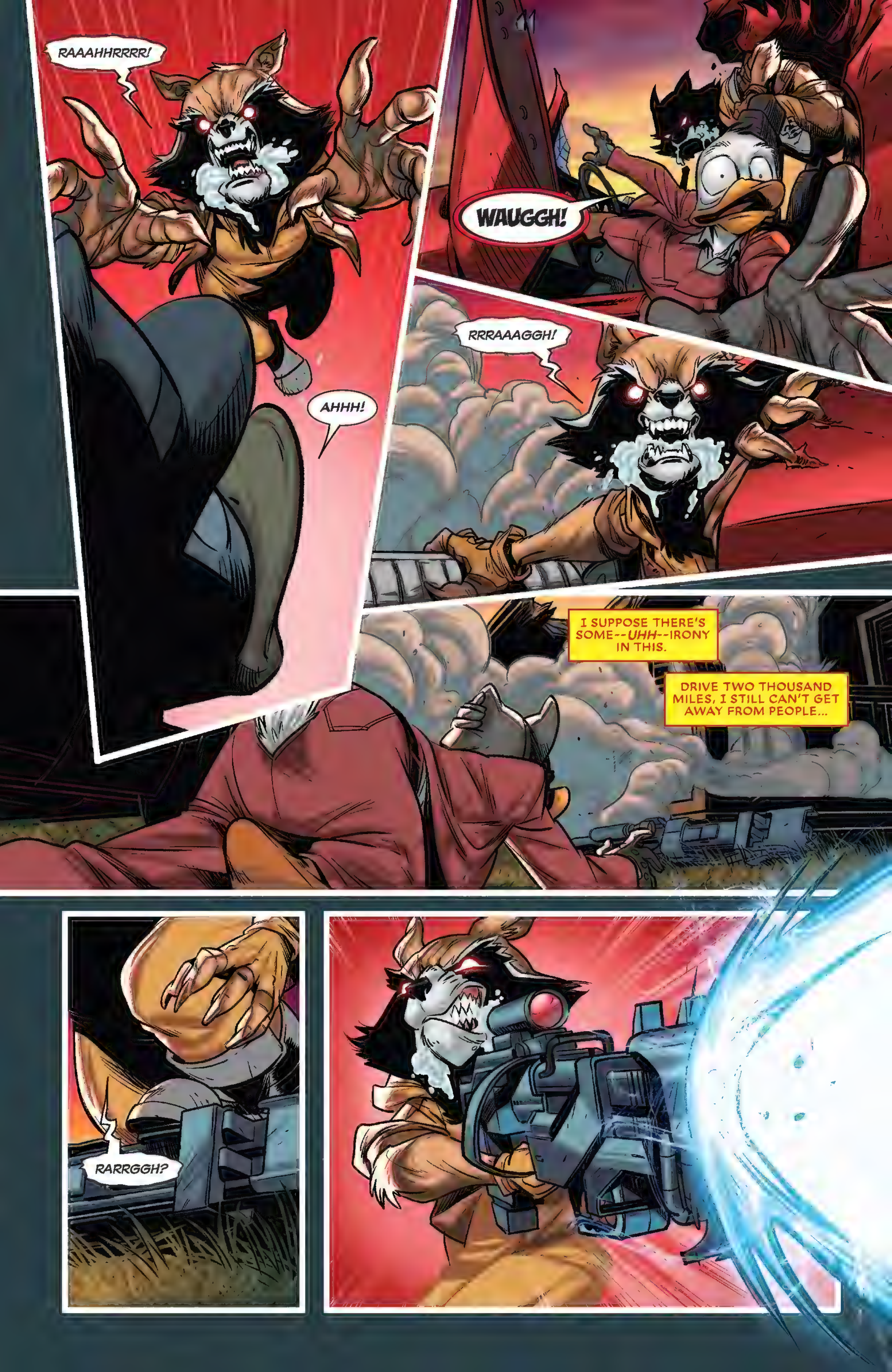

IT'S LIKE THIS: SOMETIMES THINGS JUST GET T'BE *TOO MUCH*.
THAT *"CIVIL WAR"* BETWEEN THE COSTUMES...MY HIGHLY RISIBLE LOVE LIFE...
LIVE
...THE ELECTION...
I'VE HAD MENTAL ILLNESS ISSUES BEFORE. I COULD FEEL IT STARTIN' AGAIN.
IT'S LIKE...YOU'RE LYING IN BED IN THE MORNING. YOUR TEETH ACHE, BUT NOT ENOUGH TO GET 'EM LOOKED AT. AND YOU THINK...IF I GET UP, WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN?
✝St. JAMES✝
WHAT'S GONNA BE DIFFERENT? WHAT'S THE NEXT MOVE?
IS THERE A NEXT MOVE?
YOU REACH THAT POINT, YOU NEED TO MAKE A DECISION. DO I WANT *MORE* PEOPLE AROUND ME, OR *LESS?*
THE COMFORT OF THE CROWD, OR THE PEACE OF THE ROAD?
HEY! BUDDY!
SWEET CAR. WHAT'S IT WORTH?
CAN I GET A RIDE?

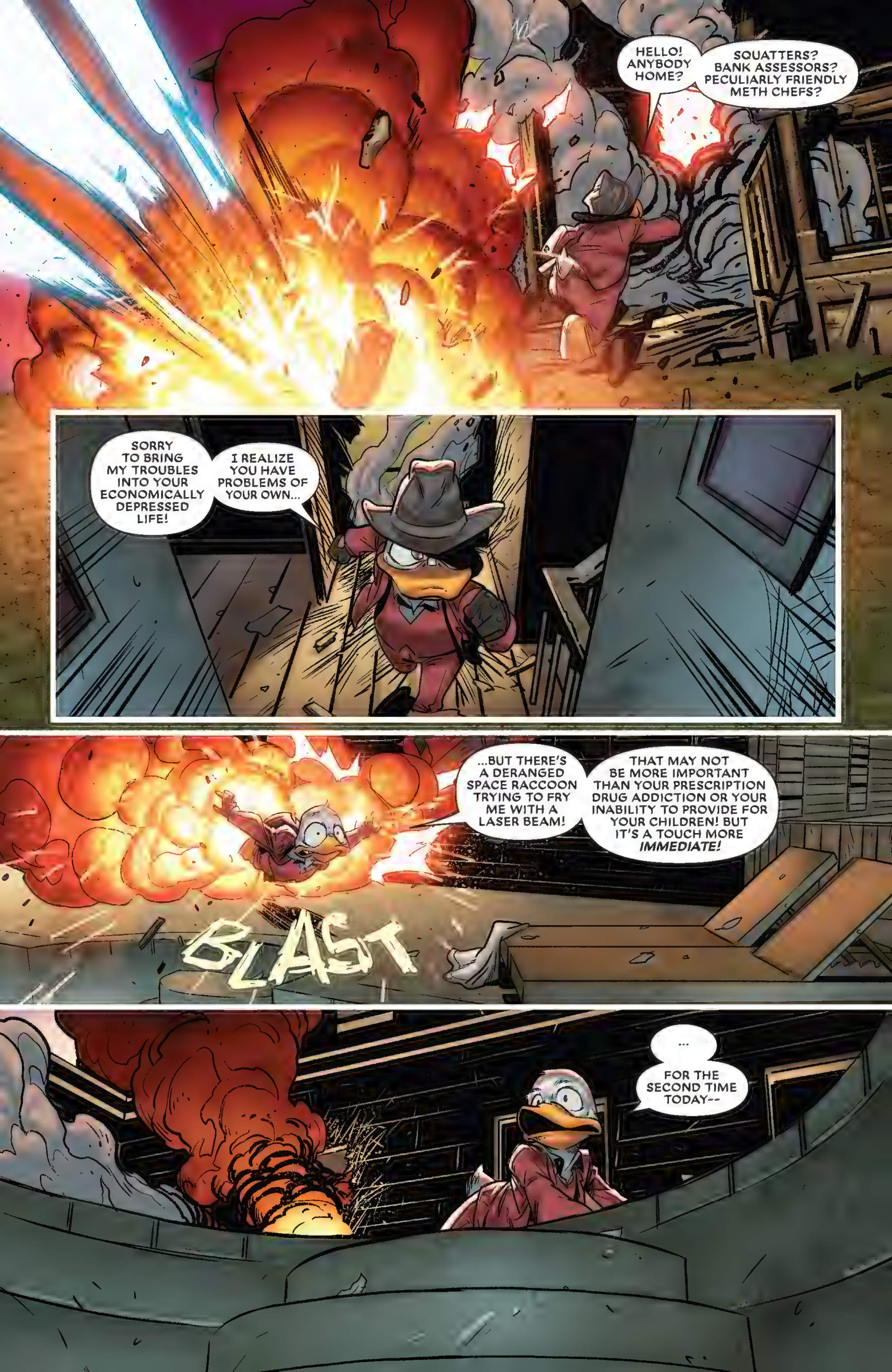

I CHOSE THE ROAD.
OR, TO BE MORE PRECISE: I CHOSE NOT-PEOPLE.
BUT HONESTLY, PEOPLE AREN'T THE PROBLEM.
MOST OF 'EM ARE JUST TRYIN' TO GET BY.
I JUST REALIZED SOMETHING.
ALL MY LIFE, NO MATTER WHERE I WENT...ON MY WORLD OR THIS STUPID MEAT-PUPPET PLANET...I ALWAYS FELT LIKE I WAS IN SOMEONE ELSE'S STORY.
SALE
BUT IF THIS AIN'T *MY* STORY, WHOSE IS IT?
PROB'LY SOMEBODY WITH A BETTER TRACK RECORD AT THE BOX OFFICE. GOOD REVIEWS, TOO.
WHOEVER HE IS, I THINK I HATE 'IM--
WAAUGGH!
WHAT THE--
HEY!
BAD DRIVER! *BAD!*

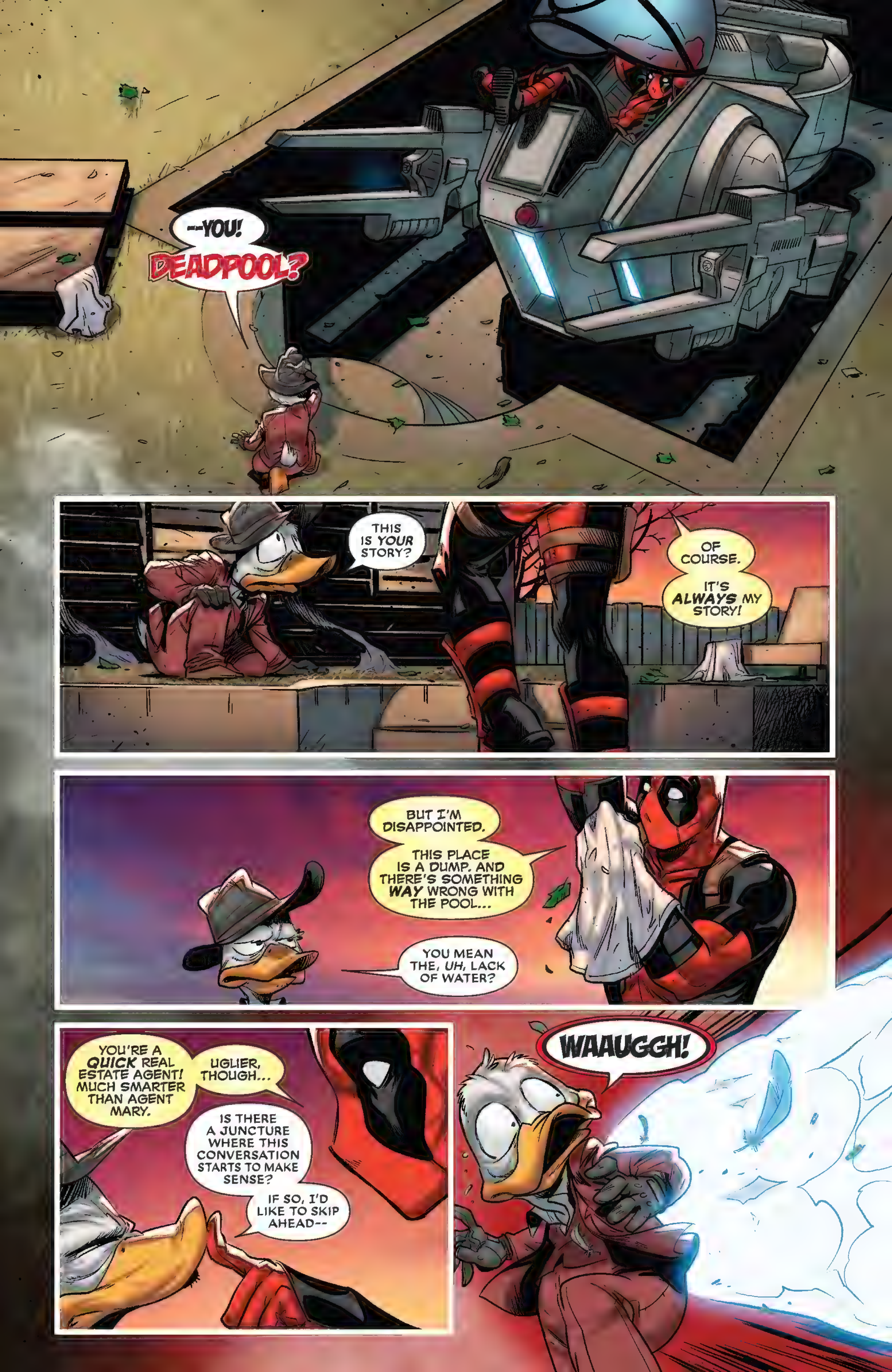

SKRAAAA
SALE
OKAY, OKAY. DEEP BREATHS.
WAS IT A HALLUCINATION? IS MY BRAIN OVERHEATING--LIKE THIS AMERICAN-MADE GAS-GUZZLER?
AM I GOIN' FULL TYLER DURDEN HERE?
KRAASSSSHH

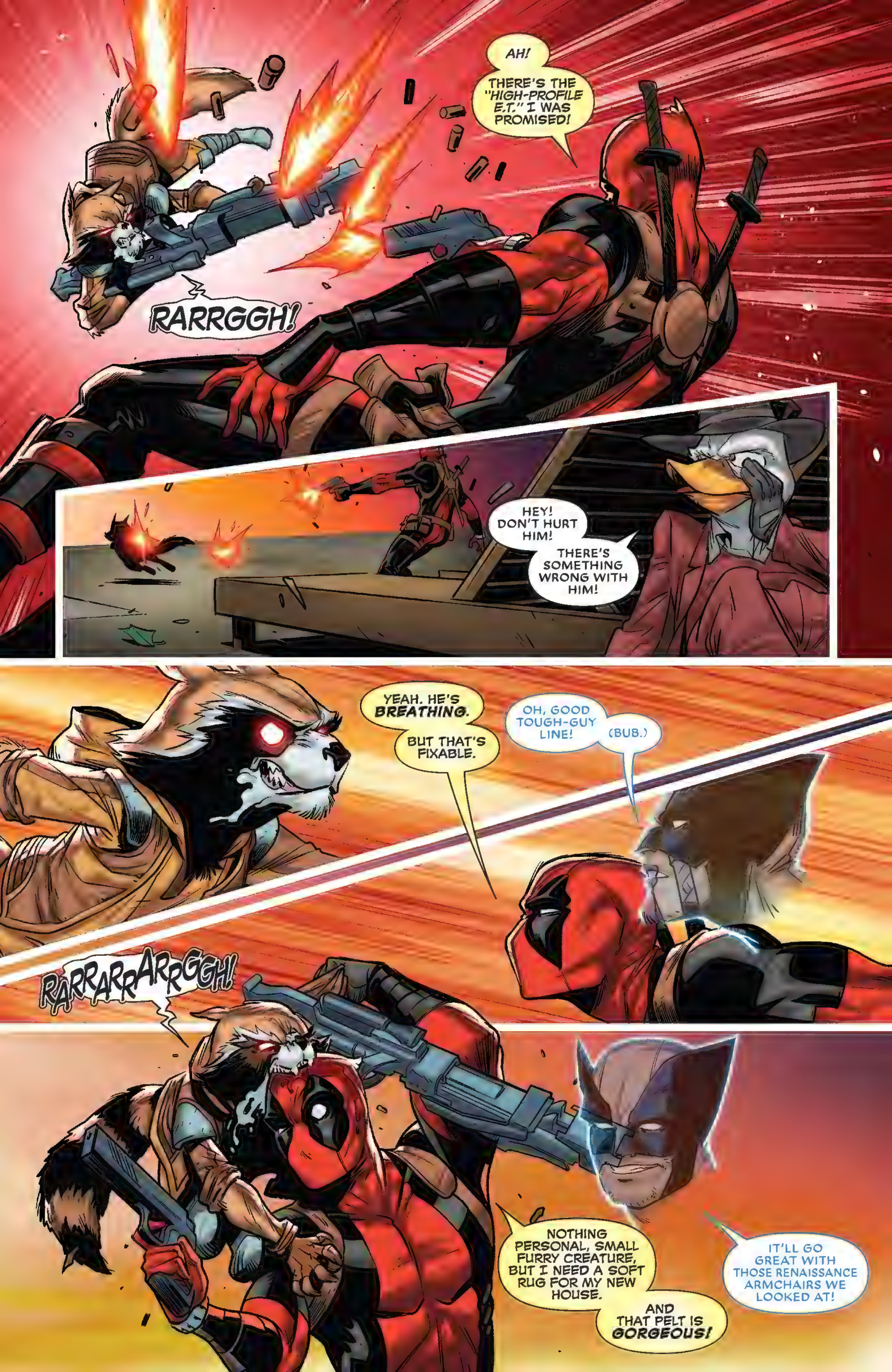

HOLY CRAP--
SOLD

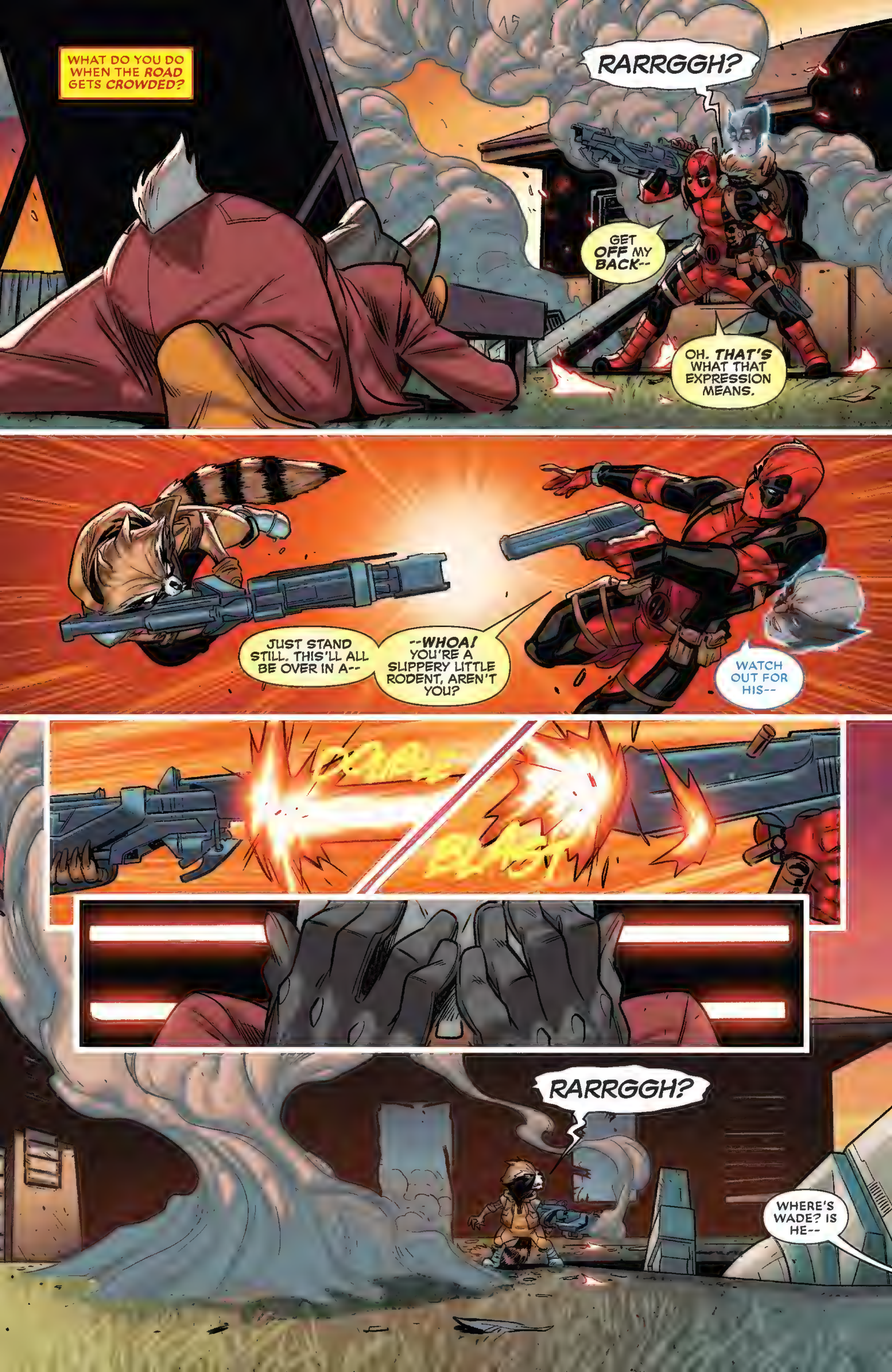

SCRATCH THE HALLUCINATION THEORY. ALONG WITH MY DAMAGE DEPOSIT--
YOU?
ROCKET?
H-HOWARD?
YEAH, MAN. IT'S ME.
YOU BEIN' PURSUED OR SOMETHING? IS THAT WHY YOU TURNED MY "CLASSIC" JALOPY INTO A CONVERTIBLE?
NO.
BARELY ESCAPED--
TH-THEY DID SOMETHING. PUT IT INSIDE ME.
ESCAPED? FROM WHERE?
HEY! I JUST REALIZED: YOU GOT THE BOX OFFICE.
AND THE GOOD REVIEWS--

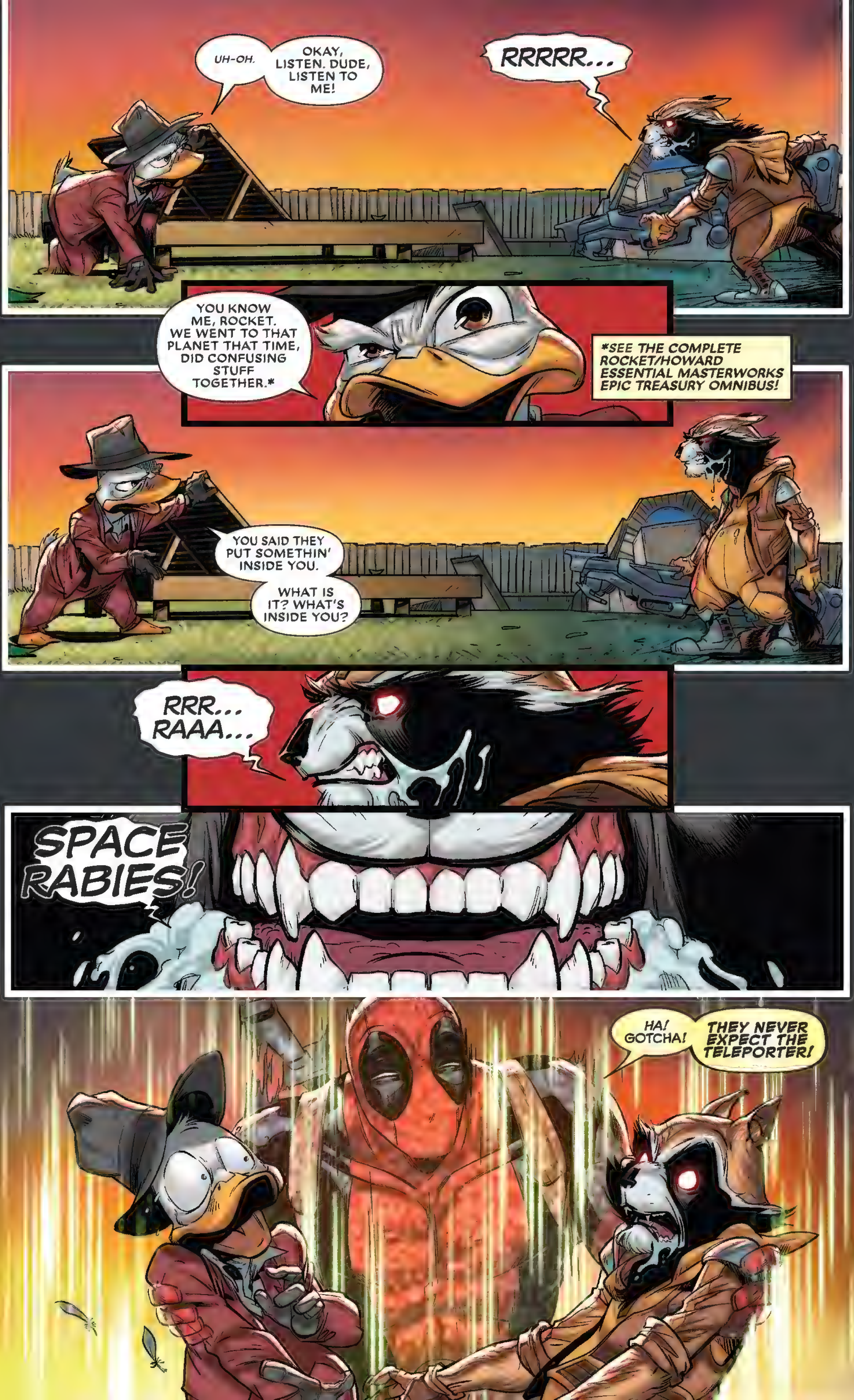

RAAAHHRRRR!
AHHH!
WAUGGH!
RRRAAAGGH!
I SUPPOSE THERE'S SOME--*UHH*--IRONY IN THIS.
DRIVE TWO THOUSAND MILES, I STILL CAN'T GET AWAY FROM PEOPLE...
RARRGGH?

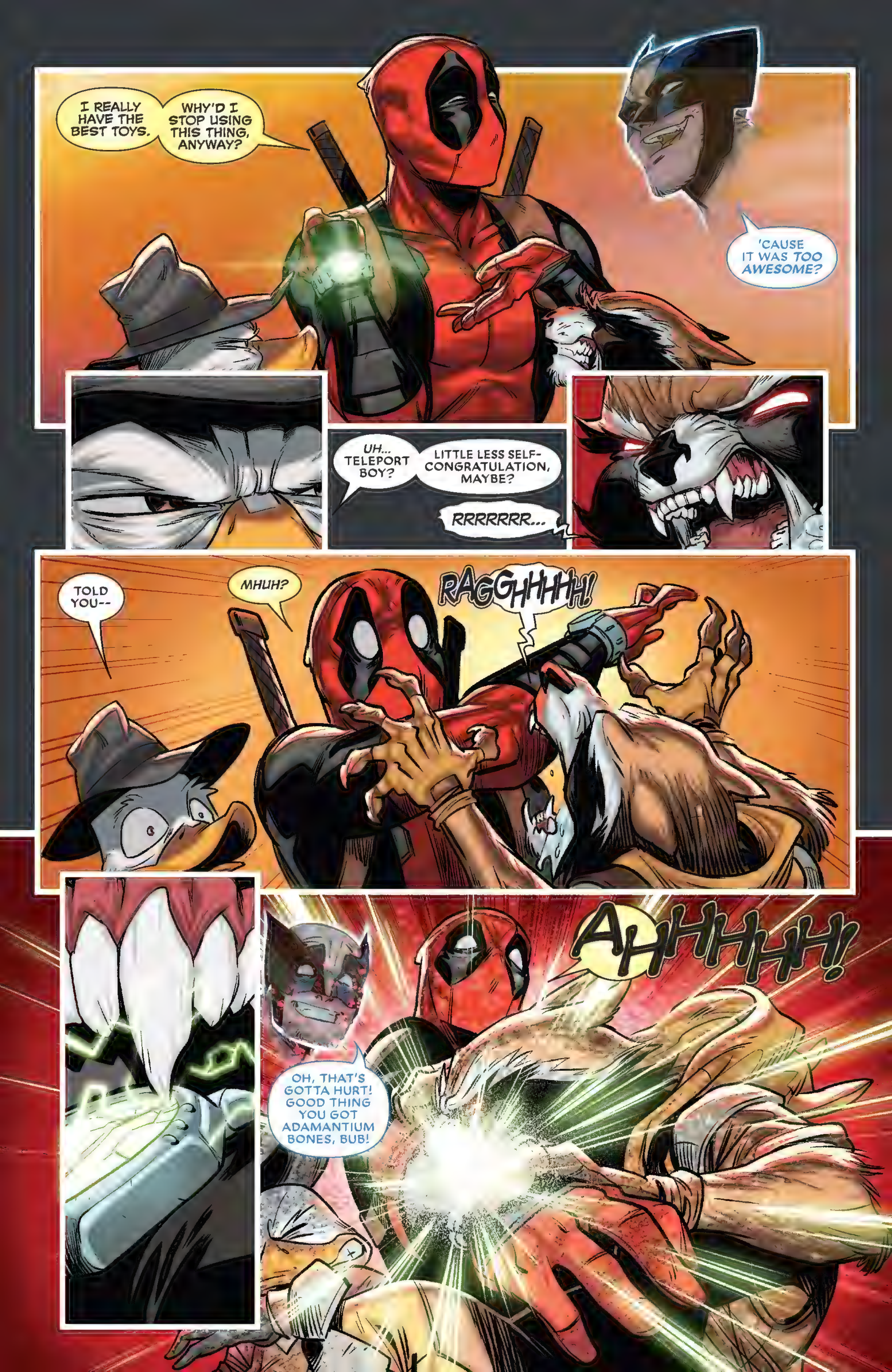

HELLO! ANYBODY HOME?
SQUATTERS? BANK ASSESSORS? PECULIARLY FRIENDLY METH CHEFS?
SORRY TO BRING MY TROUBLES INTO YOUR ECONOMICALLY DEPRESSED LIFE!
I REALIZE YOU HAVE PROBLEMS OF YOUR OWN...
...BUT THERE'S A DERANGED SPACE RACCOON TRYING TO FRY ME WITH A LASER BEAM!
THAT MAY NOT BE MORE IMPORTANT THAN YOUR PRESCRIPTION DRUG ADDICTION OR YOUR INABILITY TO PROVIDE FOR YOUR CHILDREN! BUT IT'S A TOUCH MORE *IMMEDIATE!*
BLAST
...
FOR THE SECOND TIME TODAY--

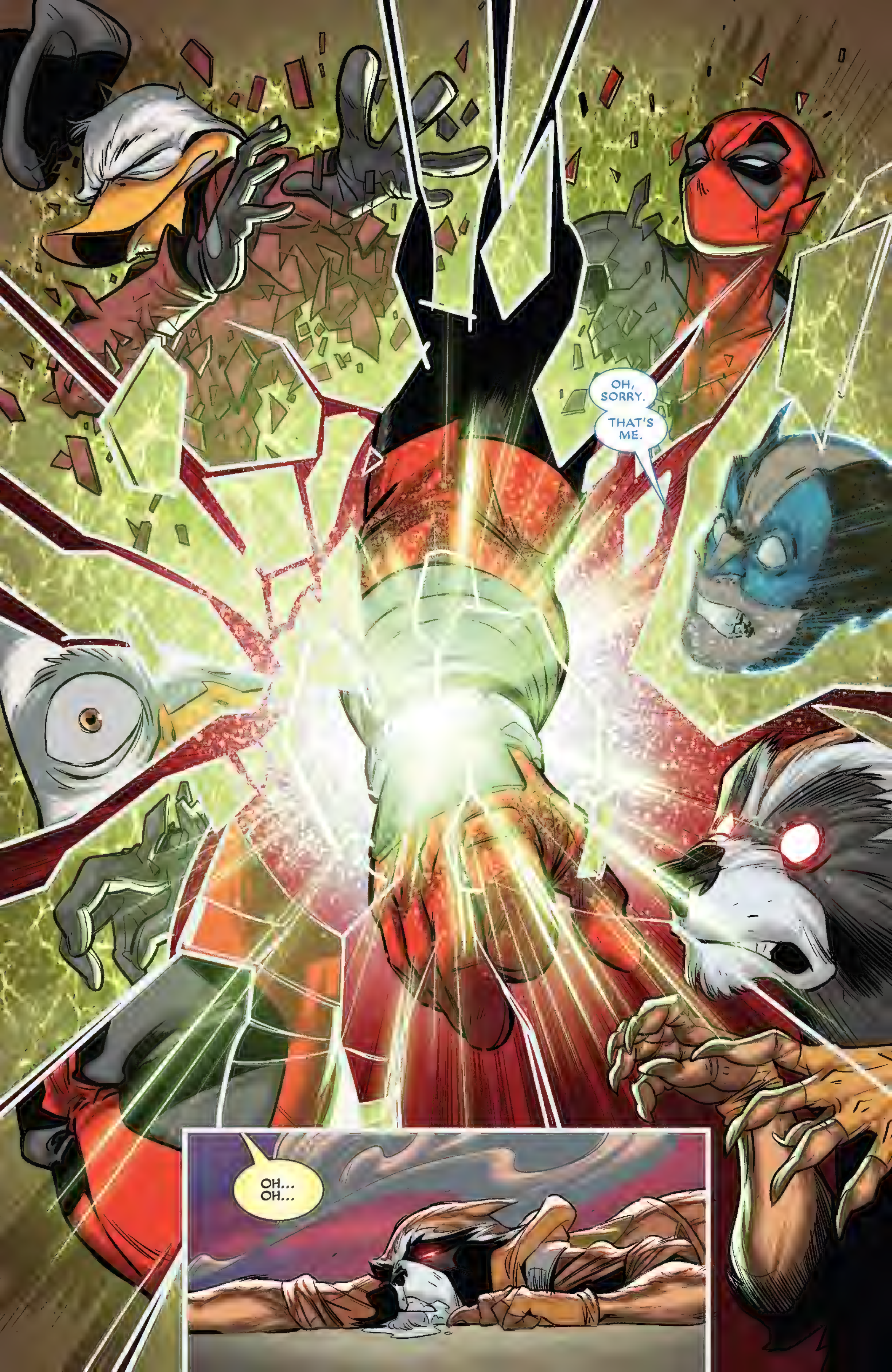

--YOU!
DEADPOOL?
THIS IS *YOUR* STORY?
OF COURSE.
IT'S *ALWAYS* MY STORY!
BUT I'M DISAPPOINTED.
THIS PLACE IS A DUMP. AND THERE'S SOMETHING *WAY* WRONG WITH THE POOL...
YOU MEAN THE, *UH,* LACK OF WATER?
YOU'RE A *QUICK* REAL ESTATE AGENT! MUCH SMARTER THAN AGENT MARY.
UGLIER, THOUGH...
IS THERE A JUNCTURE WHERE THIS CONVERSATION STARTS TO MAKE SENSE?
IF SO, I'D LIKE TO SKIP AHEAD--
WAAUGGH!

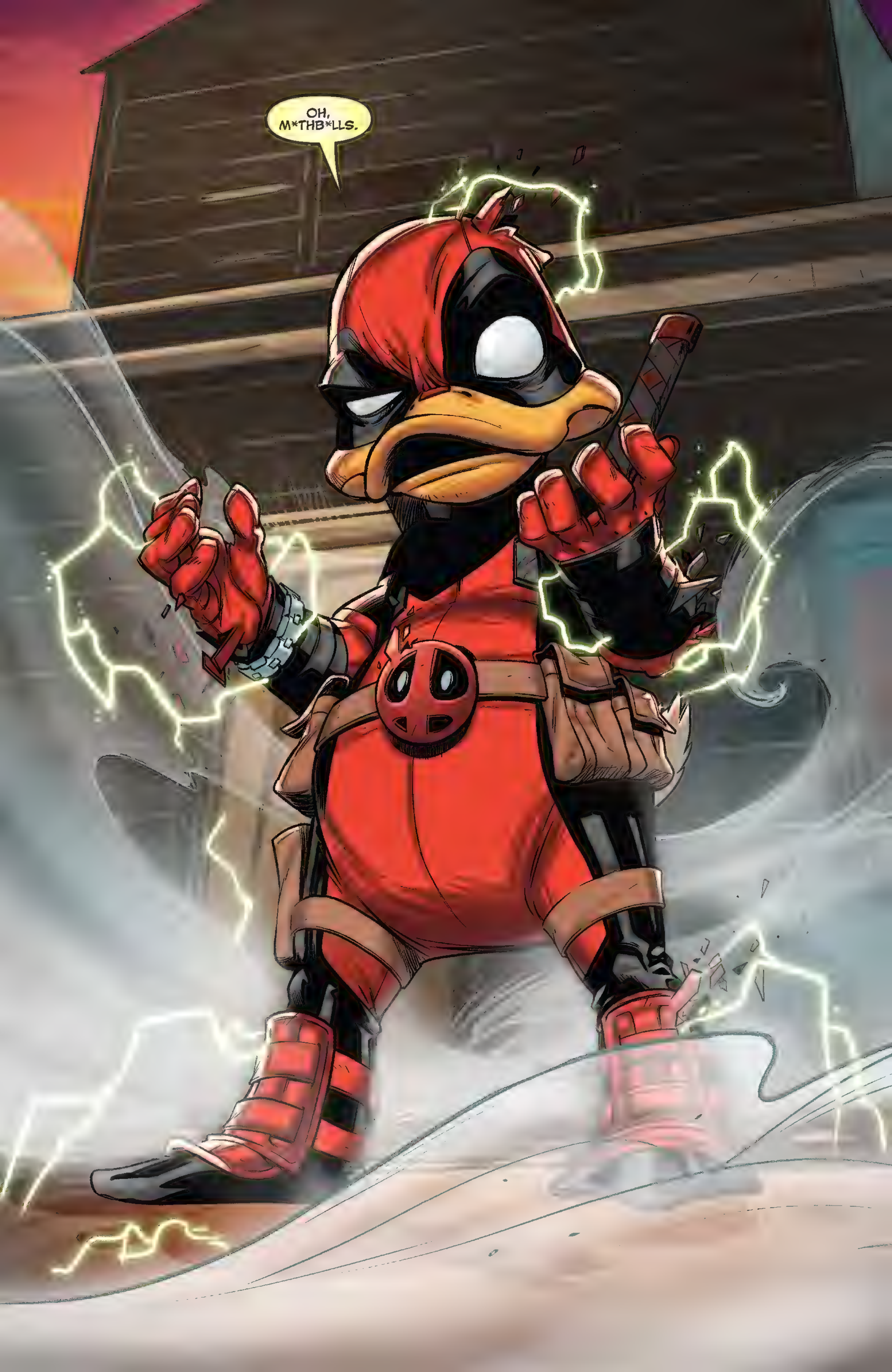

AH!
THERE'S THE "HIGH-PROFILE E.T." I WAS PROMISED!
RARRGGH!
HEY! DON'T HURT HIM!
THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH HIM!
YEAH. HE'S *BREATHING.*
BUT THAT'S FIXABLE.
OH, GOOD TOUGH-GUY LINE!
(BUB.)
RARRARRARRGGH!
NOTHING PERSONAL, SMALL FURRY CREATURE, BUT I NEED A SOFT RUG FOR MY NEW HOUSE.
AND THAT PELT IS *GORGEOUS!*
IT'LL GO GREAT WITH THOSE RENAISSANCE ARMCHAIRS WE LOOKED AT!

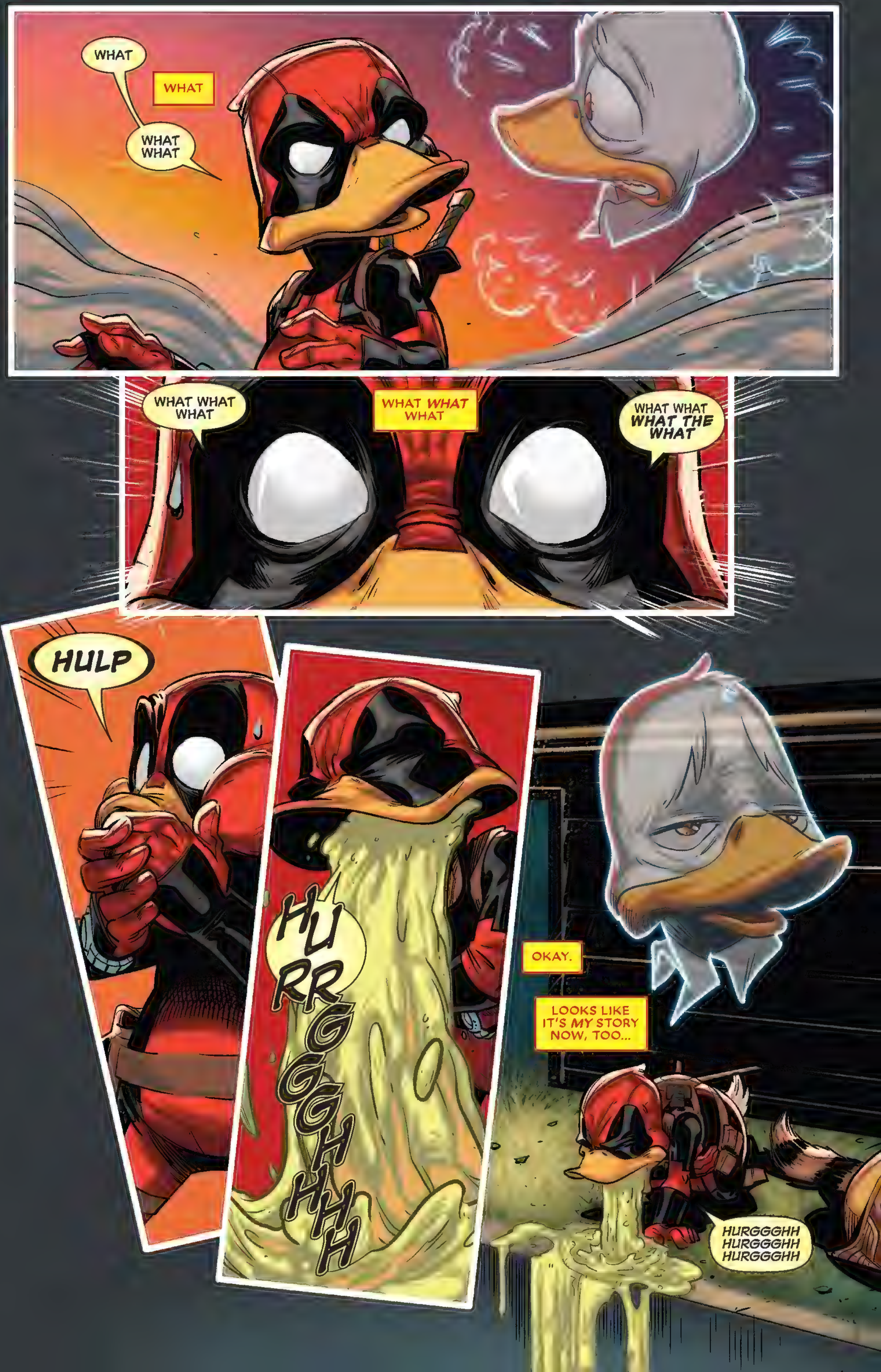

WHAT DO YOU DO WHEN THE ROAD GETS CROWDED?
RARRGGH?
GET OFF MY BACK--
OH. THAT'S WHAT THAT EXPRESSION MEANS.
JUST STAND STILL. THIS'LL ALL BE OVER IN A--
--WHOA! YOU'RE A SLIPPERY LITTLE RODENT, AREN'T YOU?
WATCH OUT FOR HIS--
BLAST
RARRGGH?
WHERE'S WADE? IS HE--


UH-OH.
OKAY, LISTEN. DUDE, LISTEN TO ME!
RRRRR...
YOU KNOW ME, ROCKET. WE WENT TO THAT PLANET THAT TIME, DID CONFUSING STUFF TOGETHER.*
*SEE THE COMPLETE ROCKET/HOWARD ESSENTIAL MASTERWORKS EPIC TREASURY OMNIBUS!
YOU SAID THEY PUT SOMETHIN' INSIDE YOU.
WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S INSIDE YOU?
RRR... RAAA...
SPACE RABIES!
HA! GOTCHA!
THEY NEVER EXPECT THE TELEPORTER!

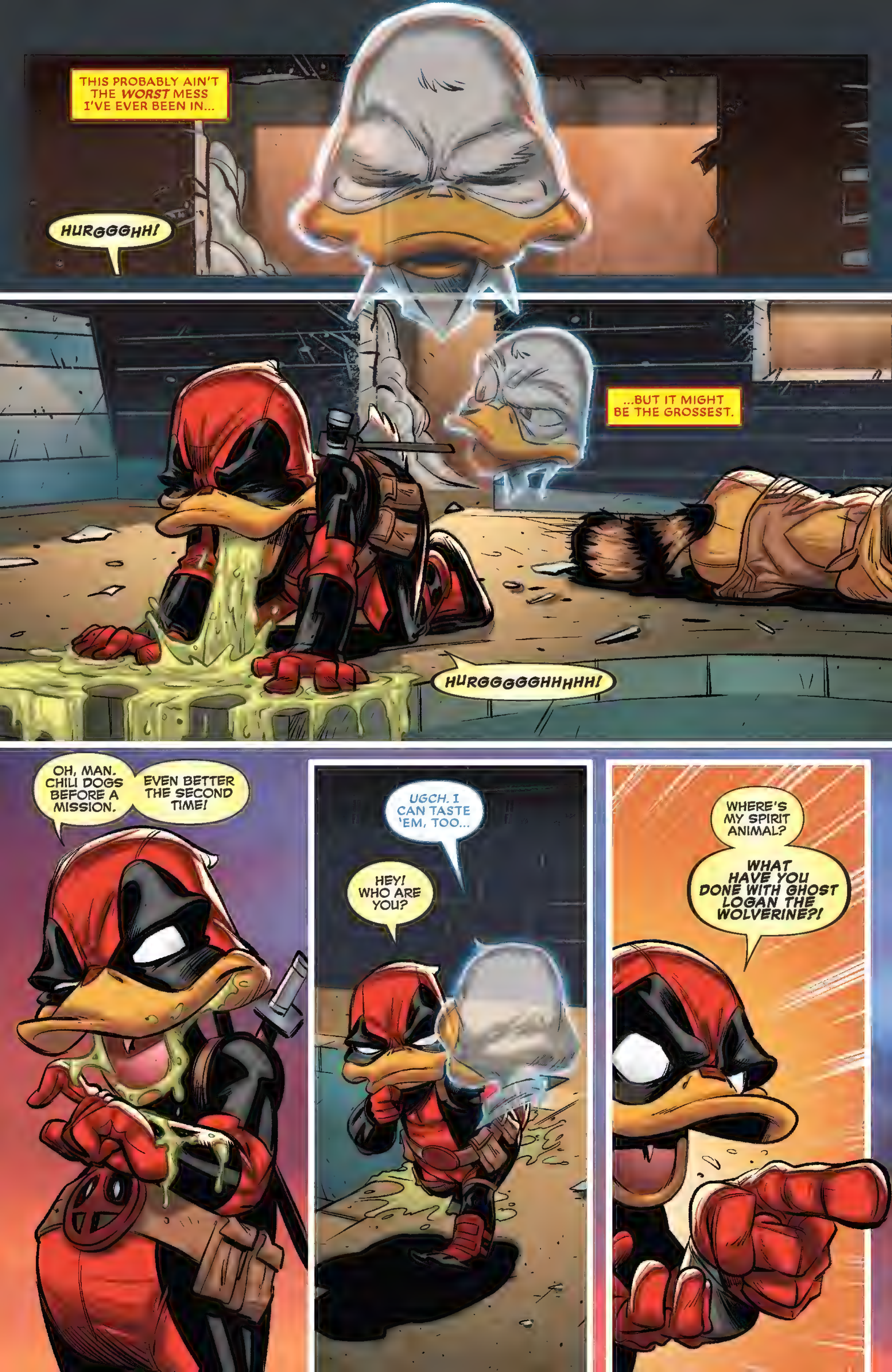

I REALLY HAVE THE BEST TOYS.
WHY'D I STOP USING THIS THING, ANYWAY?
'CAUSE IT WAS *TOO AWESOME?*
UH... TELEPORT BOY?
LITTLE LESS SELF-CONGRATULATION, MAYBE?
RRRRRRR...
TOLD YOU--
MHUH?
RAGGHHHH!
AHHHHH!
OH, THAT'S GOTTA HURT! GOOD THING YOU GOT ADAMANTIUM BONES, BUB!

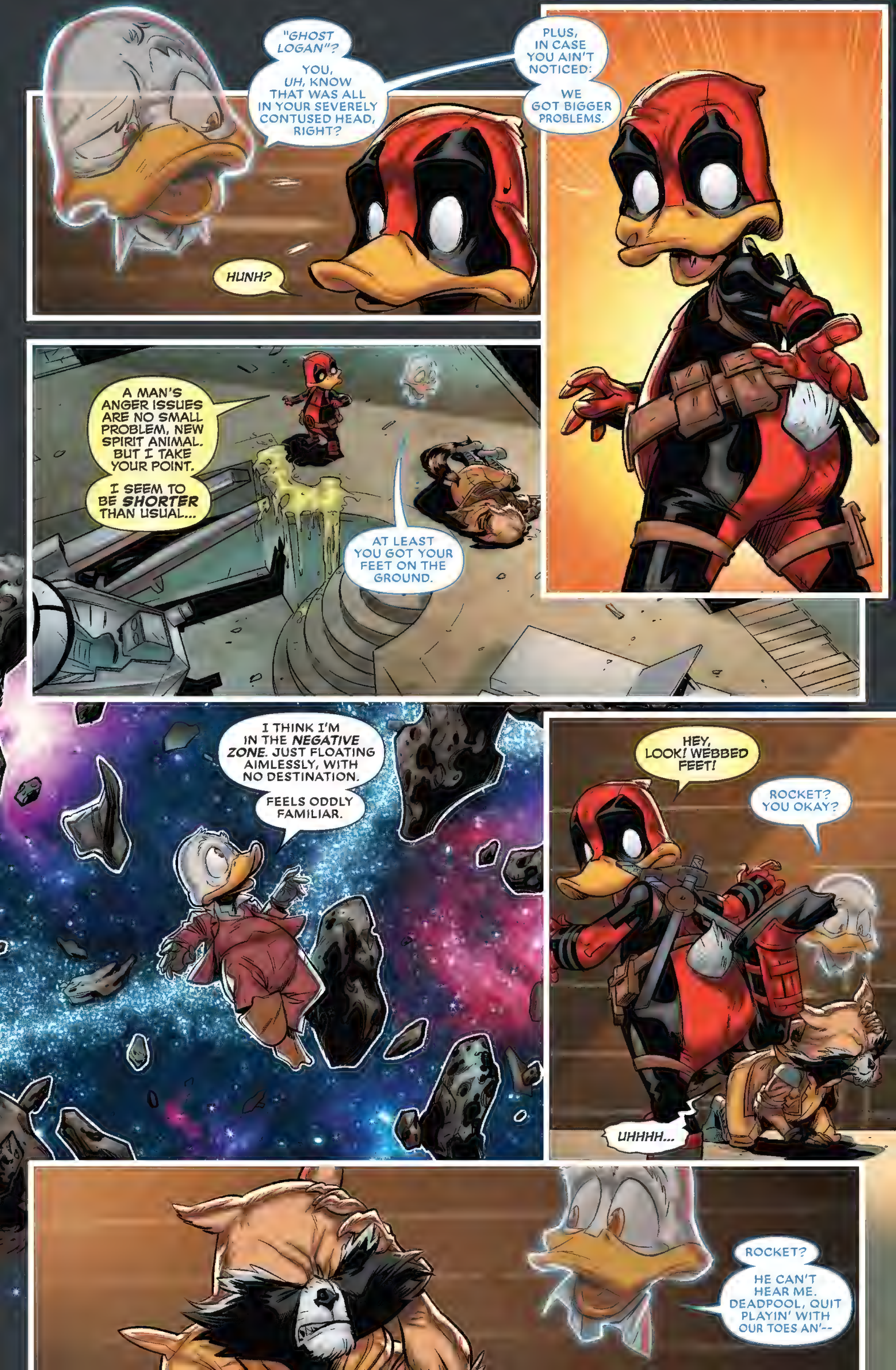

OH, SORRY.
THAT'S ME.
OH... OH...

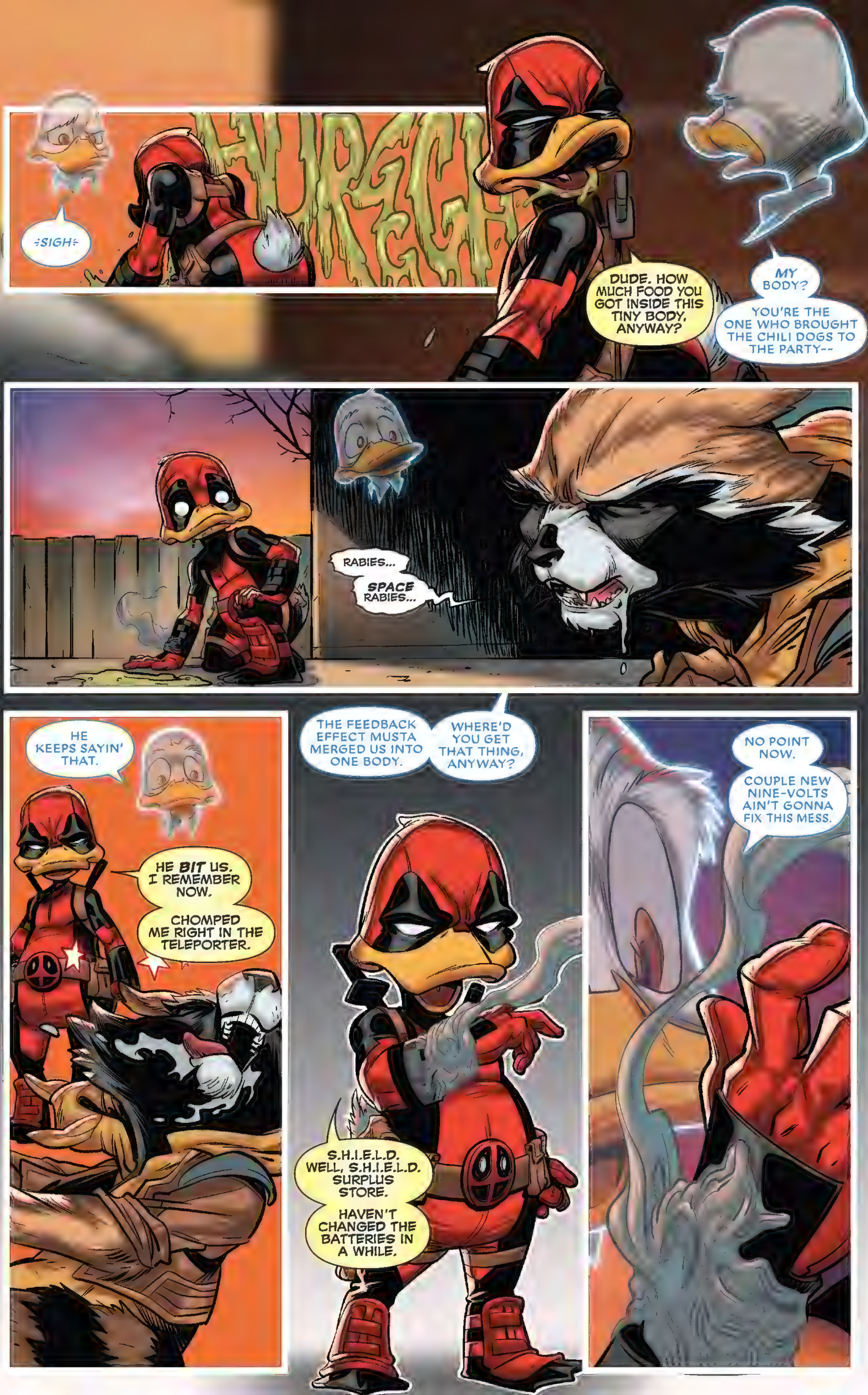

OH, M*THB*LLS.

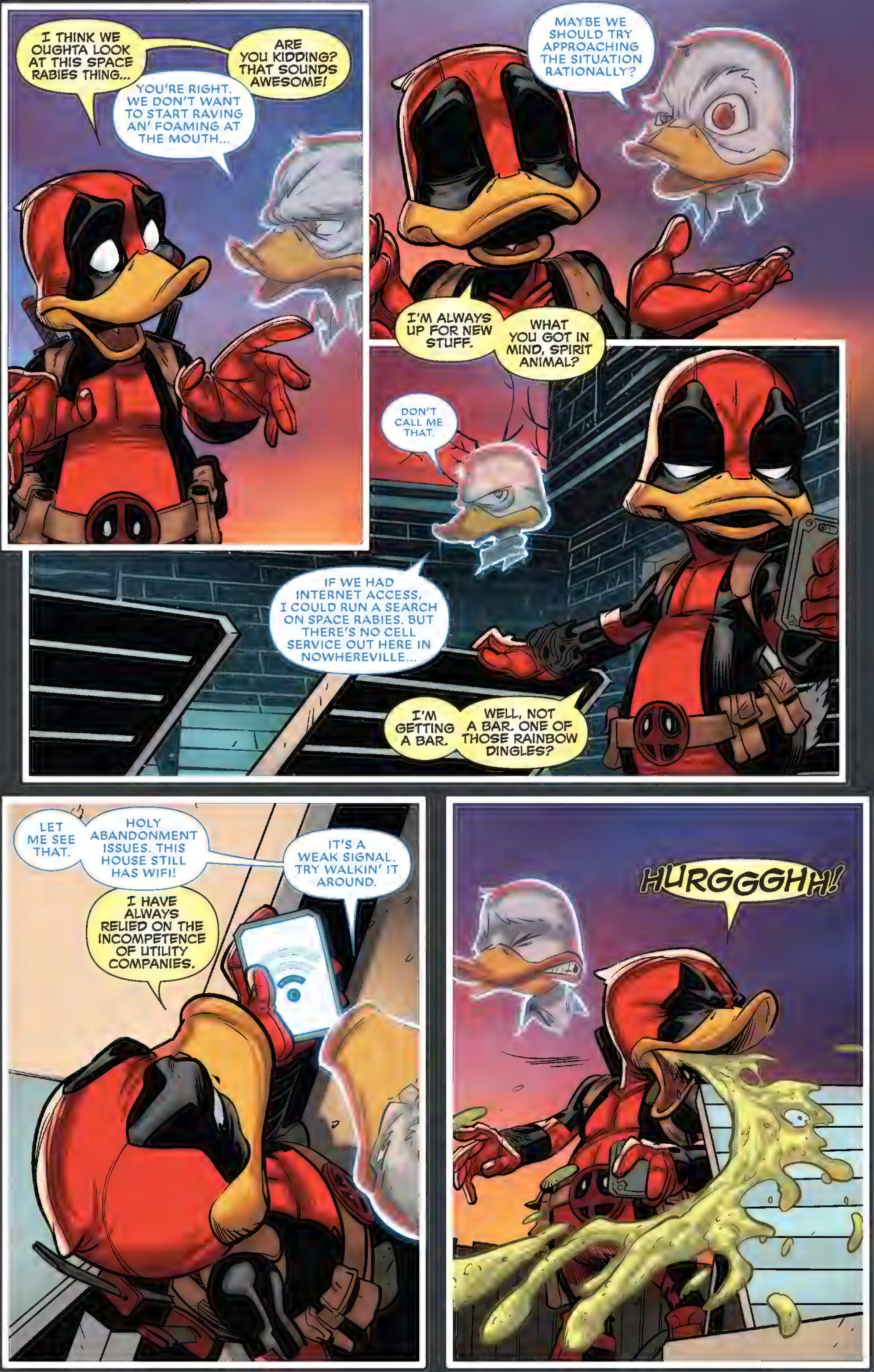

WHAT
WHAT
WHAT WHAT
WHAT WHAT WHAT
WHAT *WHAT* WHAT
WHAT WHAT **WHAT THE WHAT**
HULP
HURRGGGHHHH
OKAY.
LOOKS LIKE IT'S *MY* STORY NOW, TOO...
HURGGGHH HURGGGHH HURGGGHH

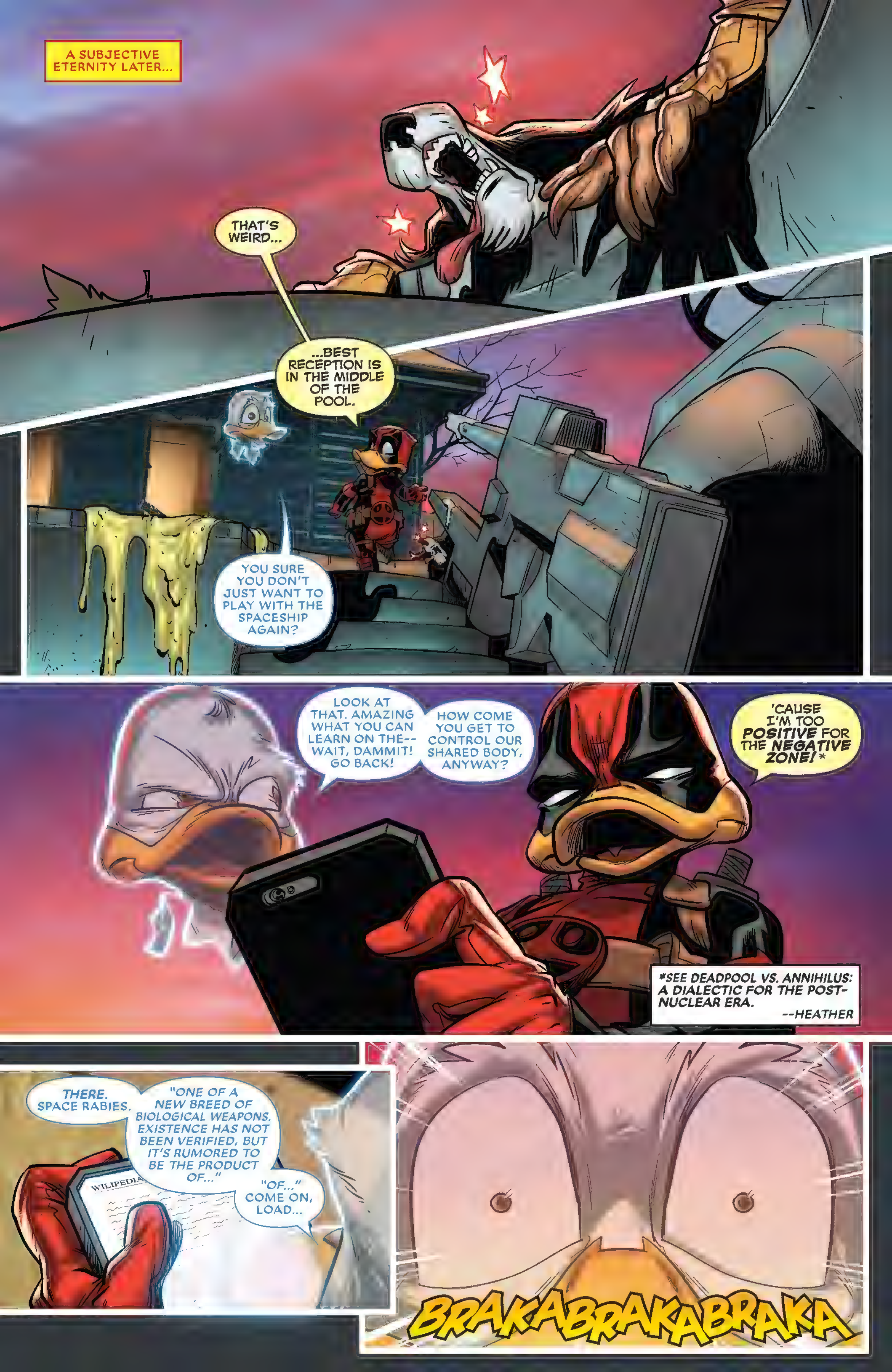
DEADPOOL THE DUCK #2

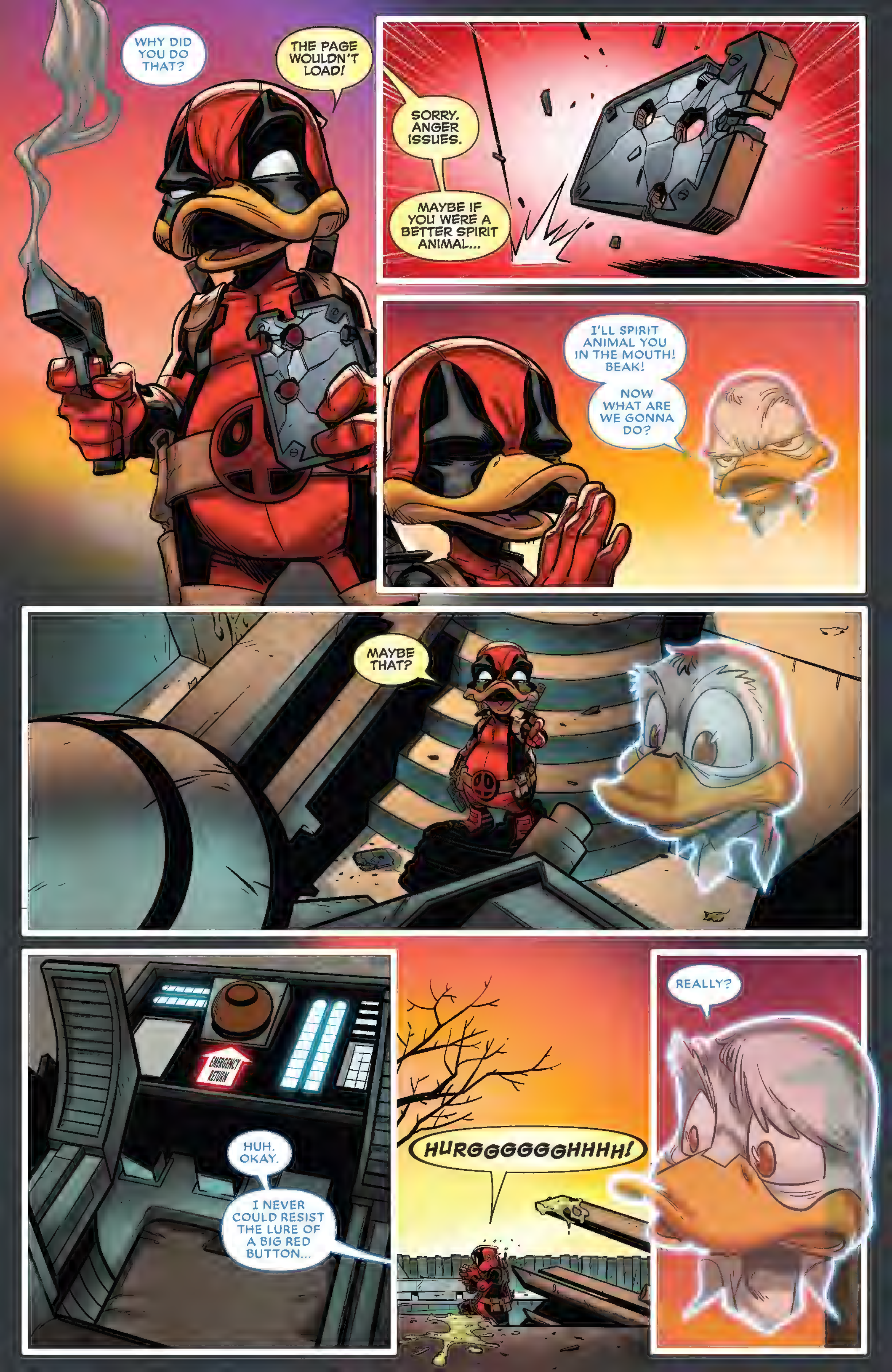

THIS PROBABLY AIN'T THE *WORST* MESS I'VE EVER BEEN IN...
HURGGGHH!
...BUT IT MIGHT BE THE GROSSEST.
HURGGGGGHHHHH!
OH, MAN. CHILI DOGS BEFORE A MISSION.
EVEN BETTER THE SECOND TIME!
UGCH. I CAN TASTE 'EM, TOO...
HEY! WHO ARE YOU?
WHERE'S MY SPIRIT ANIMAL?
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH GHOST LOGAN THE WOLVERINE?!

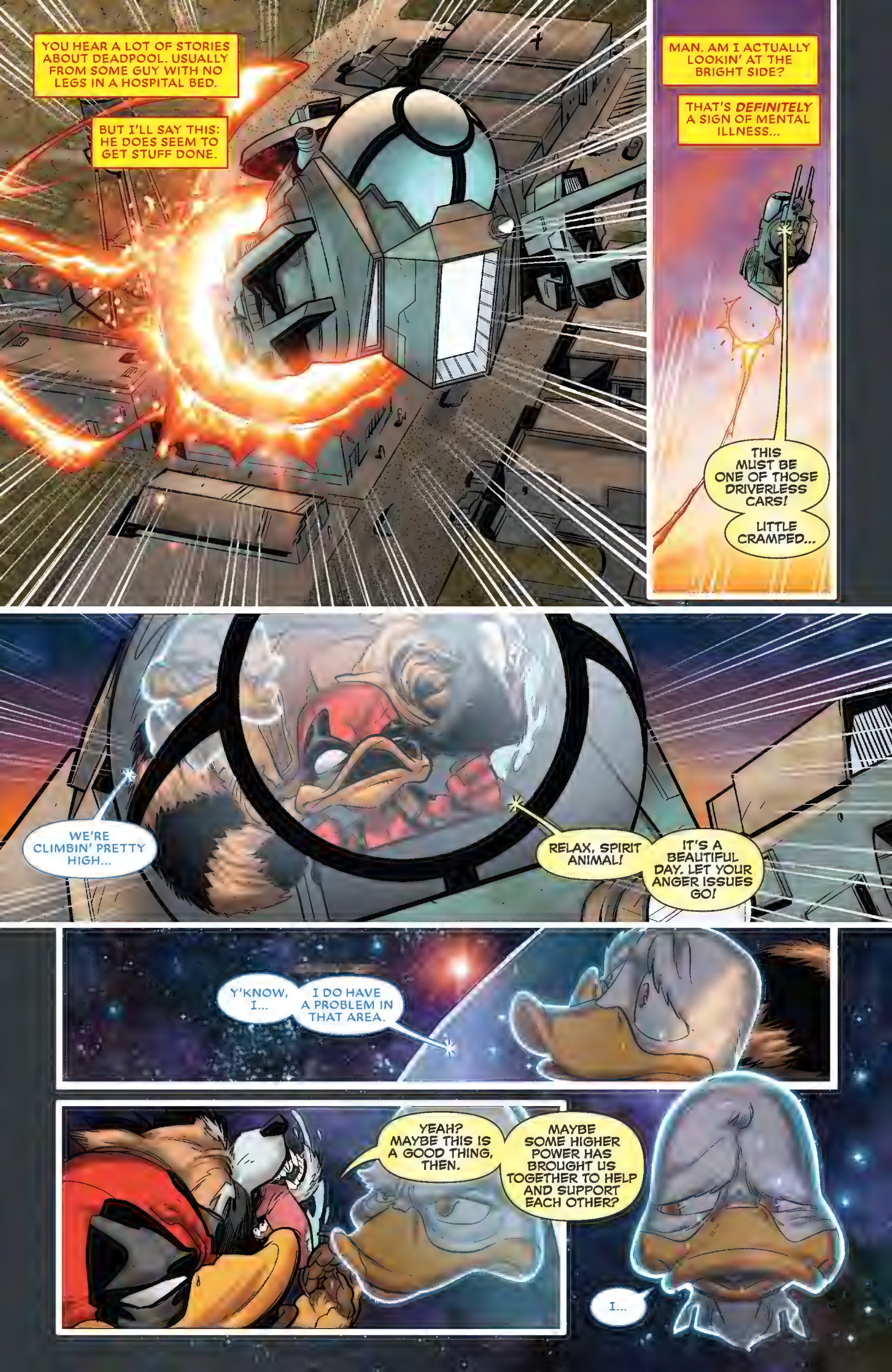

"GHOST LOGAN"?
YOU, UH, KNOW THAT WAS ALL IN YOUR SEVERELY CONTUSED HEAD, RIGHT?
HUNH?
PLUS, IN CASE YOU AIN'T NOTICED:
WE GOT BIGGER PROBLEMS.
A MAN'S ANGER ISSUES ARE NO SMALL PROBLEM, NEW SPIRIT ANIMAL. BUT I TAKE YOUR POINT.
I SEEM TO BE SHORTER THAN USUAL...
AT LEAST YOU GOT YOUR FEET ON THE GROUND.
I THINK I'M IN THE NEGATIVE ZONE. JUST FLOATING AIMLESSLY, WITH NO DESTINATION.
FEELS ODDLY FAMILIAR.
HEY, LOOK! WEBBED FEET!
ROCKET? YOU OKAY?
UHHHH...
ROCKET?
HE CAN'T HEAR ME. DEADPOOL, QUIT PLAYIN' WITH OUR TOES AN'--

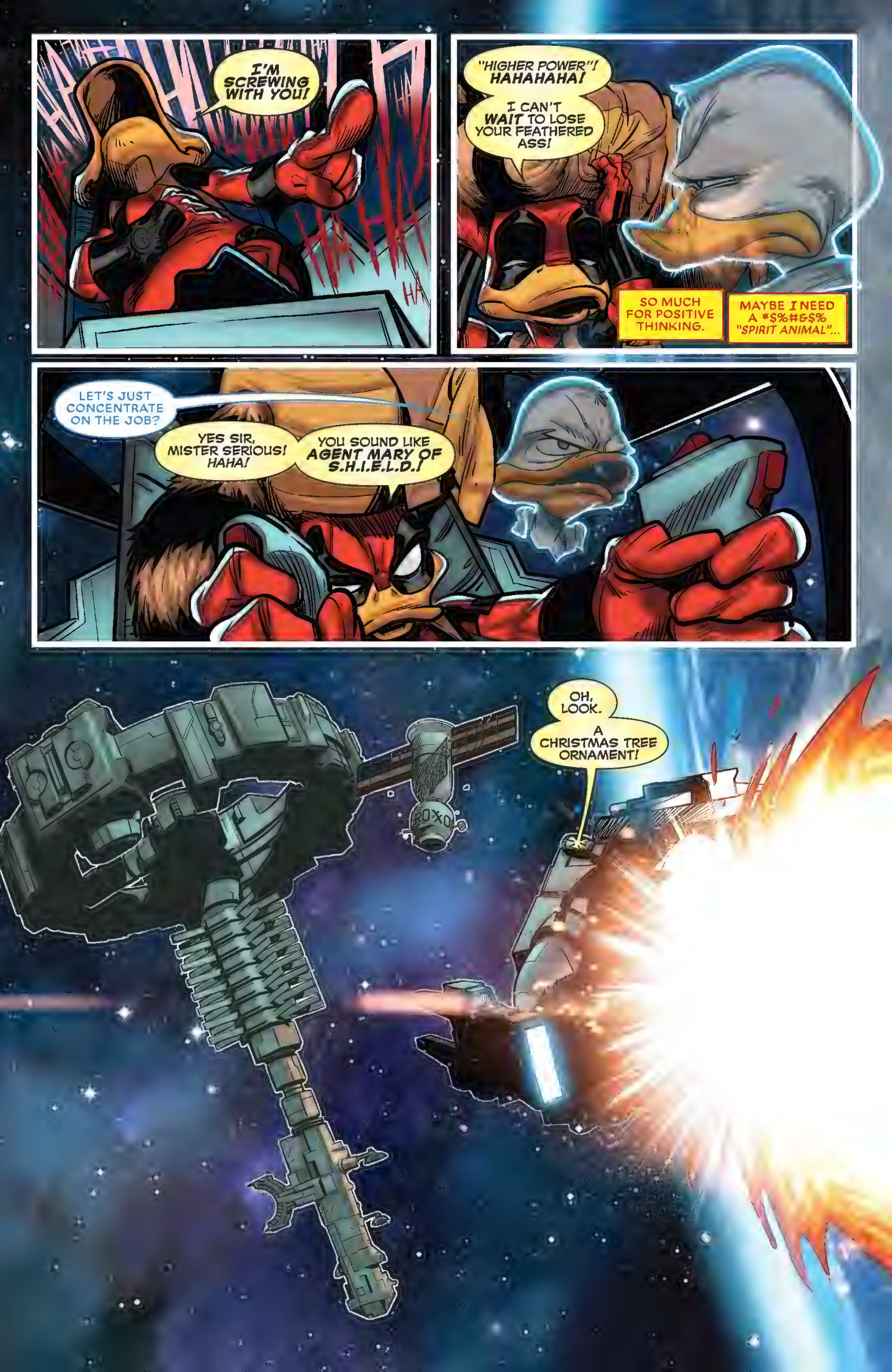

÷SIGH÷
HURGGH
DUDE. HOW MUCH FOOD YOU GOT INSIDE THIS TINY BODY, ANYWAY?
MY BODY?
YOU'RE THE ONE WHO BROUGHT THE CHILI DOGS TO THE PARTY--
RABIES...
SPACE RABIES...
HE KEEPS SAYIN' THAT.
HE BIT US. I REMEMBER NOW.
CHOMPED ME RIGHT IN THE TELEPORTER.
THE FEEDBACK EFFECT MUSTA MERGED US INTO ONE BODY.
WHERE'D YOU GET THAT THING, ANYWAY?
S.H.I.E.L.D. WELL, S.H.I.E.L.D. SURPLUS STORE.
HAVEN'T CHANGED THE BATTERIES IN A WHILE.
NO POINT NOW.
COUPLE NEW NINE-VOLTS AIN'T GONNA FIX THIS MESS.

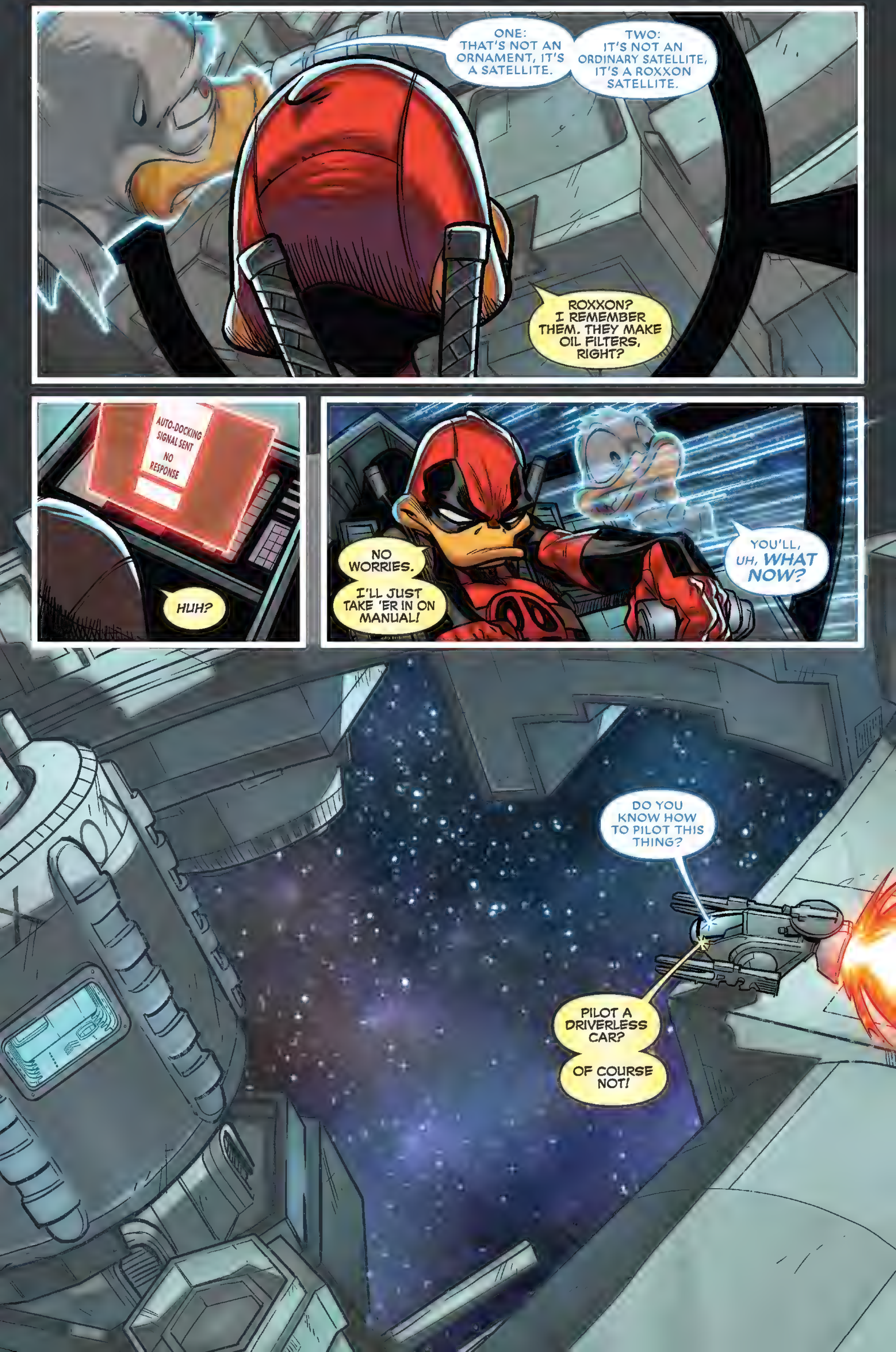

I THINK WE OUGHTA LOOK AT THIS SPACE RABIES THING...
YOU'RE RIGHT. WE DON'T WANT TO START RAVING AN' FOAMING AT THE MOUTH...
ARE YOU KIDDING? THAT SOUNDS AWESOME!
MAYBE WE SHOULD TRY APPROACHING THE SITUATION RATIONALLY?
I'M ALWAYS UP FOR NEW STUFF.
WHAT YOU GOT IN MIND, SPIRIT ANIMAL?
DON'T CALL ME THAT.
IF WE HAD INTERNET ACCESS, I COULD RUN A SEARCH ON SPACE RABIES. BUT THERE'S NO CELL SERVICE OUT HERE IN NOWHEREVILLE...
I'M GETTING A BAR.
WELL, NOT A BAR. ONE OF THOSE RAINBOW DINGLES?
LET ME SEE THAT.
HOLY ABANDONMENT ISSUES. THIS HOUSE STILL HAS WIFI!
IT'S A WEAK SIGNAL. TRY WALKIN' IT AROUND.
I HAVE ALWAYS RELIED ON THE INCOMPETENCE OF UTILITY COMPANIES.
HURGGGHH!

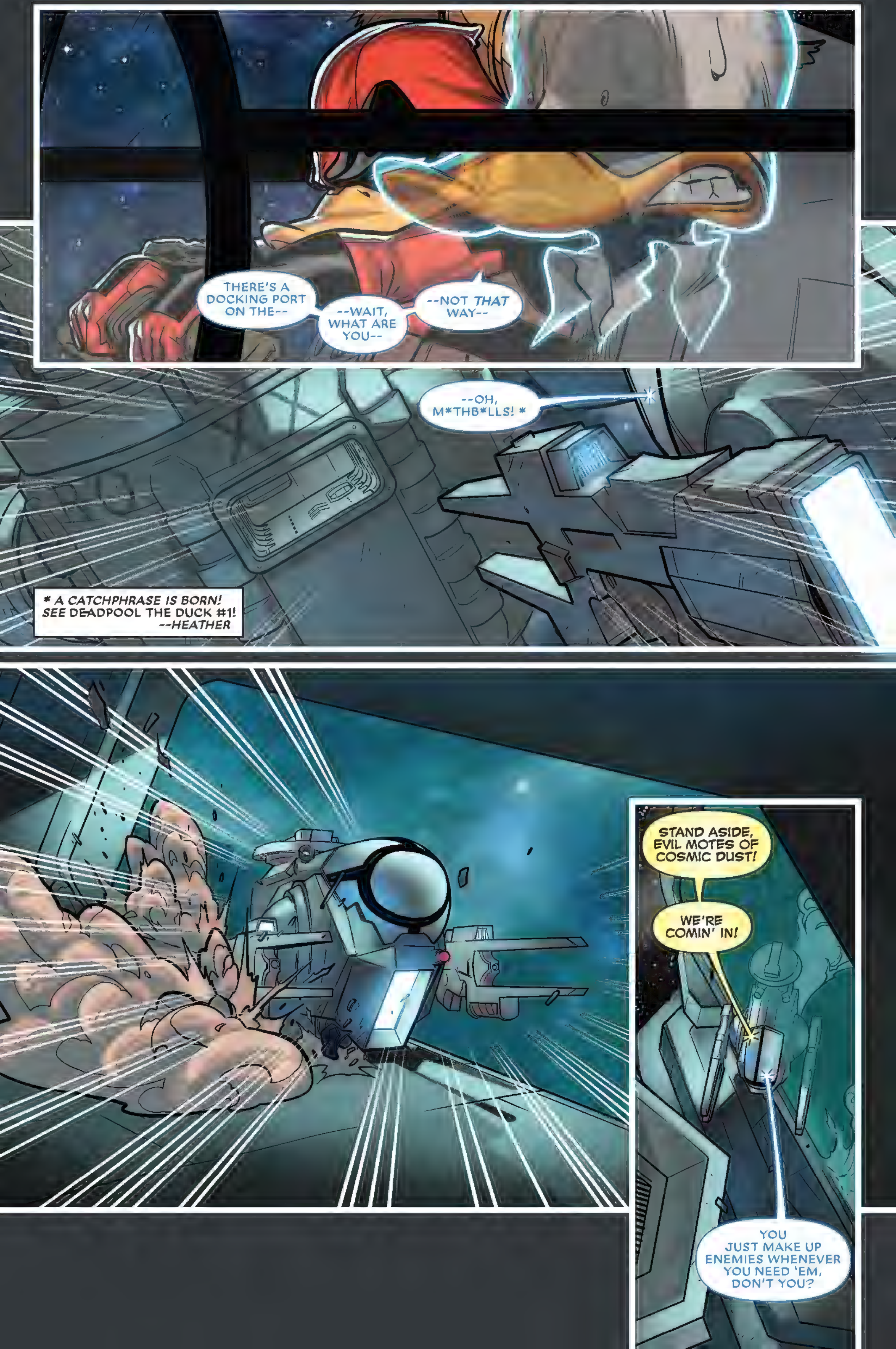

A SUBJECTIVE ETERNITY LATER...
THAT'S WEIRD...
...BEST RECEPTION IS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE POOL.
YOU SURE YOU DON'T JUST WANT TO PLAY WITH THE SPACESHIP AGAIN?
LOOK AT THAT. AMAZING WHAT YOU CAN LEARN ON THE-- WAIT, DAMMIT! GO BACK!
HOW COME YOU GET TO CONTROL OUR SHARED BODY, ANYWAY?
'CAUSE I'M TOO *POSITIVE* FOR THE *NEGATIVE ZONE!**
*SEE DEADPOOL VS. ANNIHILUS: A DIALECTIC FOR THE POST-NUCLEAR ERA. --HEATHER
THERE. SPACE RABIES.
"ONE OF A NEW BREED OF BIOLOGICAL WEAPONS. EXISTENCE HAS NOT BEEN VERIFIED, BUT IT'S RUMORED TO BE THE PRODUCT OF..."
WILIPEDIA
"OF..." COME ON, LOAD...
BRAKABRAKABRAKA

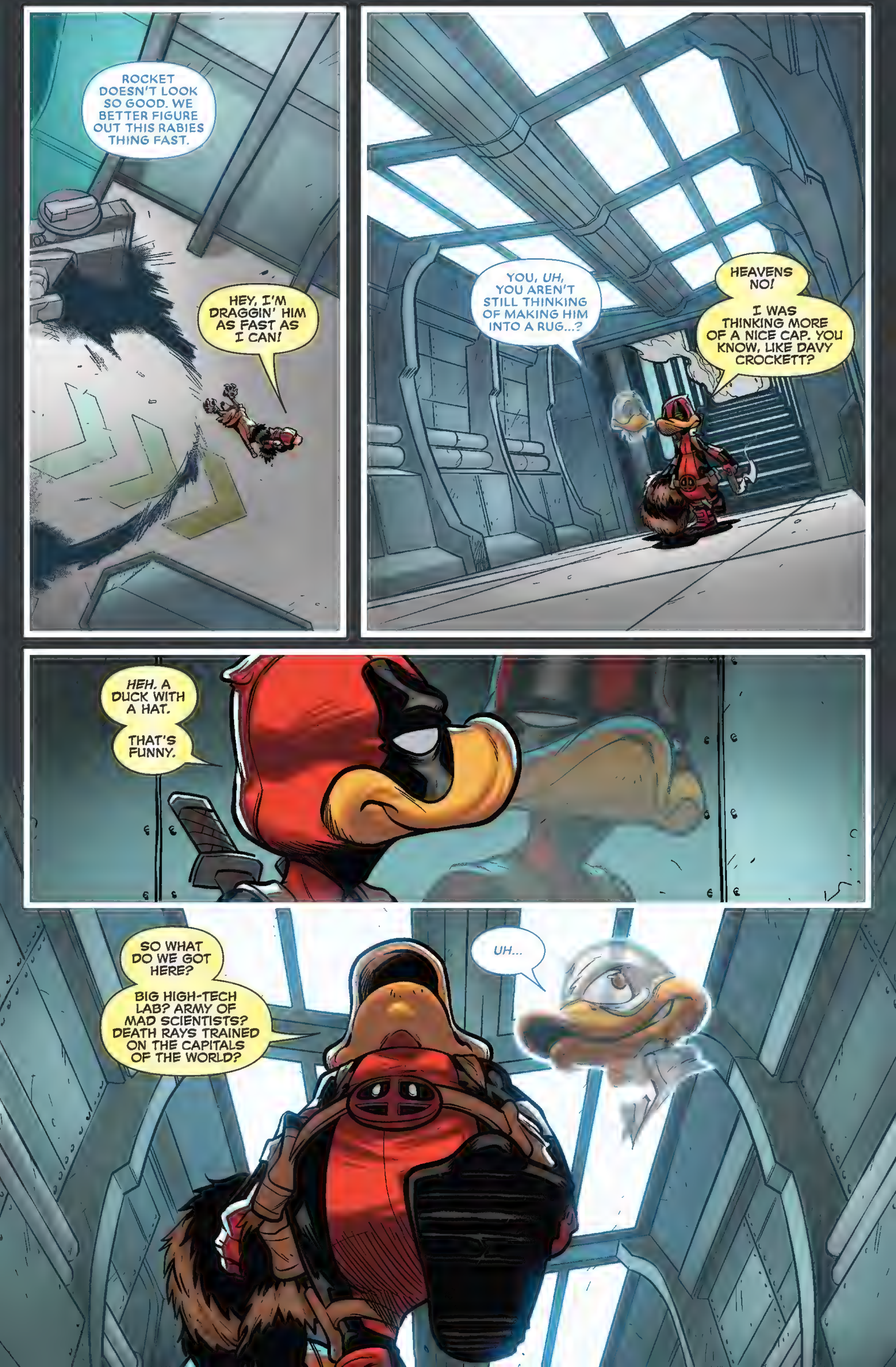

WHY DID YOU DO THAT?
THE PAGE WOULDN'T LOAD!
SORRY. ANGER ISSUES.
MAYBE IF YOU WERE A BETTER SPIRIT ANIMAL...
I'LL SPIRIT ANIMAL YOU IN THE MOUTH! BEAK!
NOW WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO?
MAYBE THAT?
EMERGENCY RETURN
HUH. OKAY.
I NEVER COULD RESIST THE LURE OF A BIG RED BUTTON...
HURGGGGGGHHHH!
REALLY?

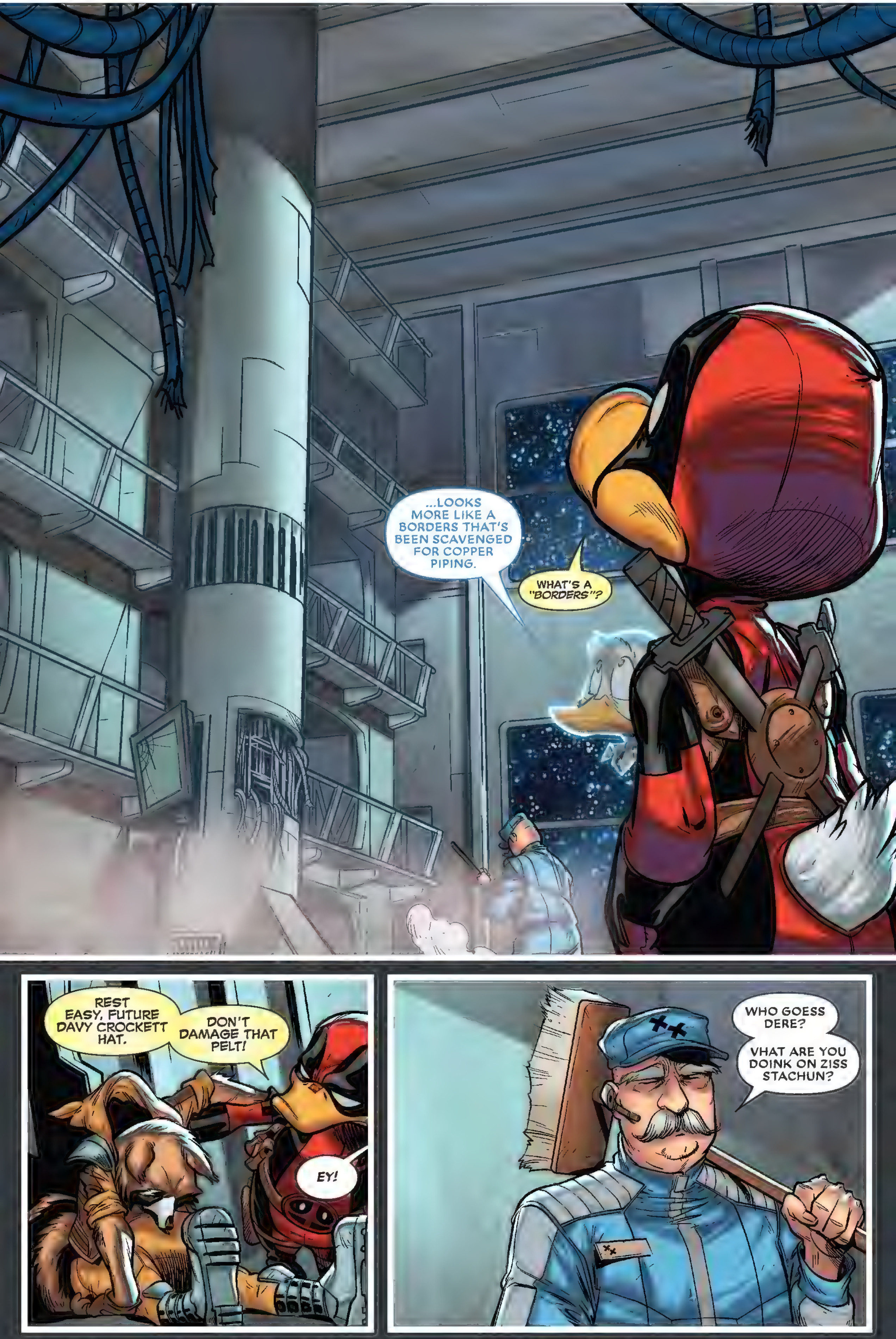

YOU HEAR A LOT OF STORIES ABOUT DEADPOOL. USUALLY FROM SOME GUY WITH NO LEGS IN A HOSPITAL BED.
BUT I'LL SAY THIS: HE DOES SEEM TO GET STUFF DONE.
MAN. AM I ACTUALLY LOOKIN' AT THE BRIGHT SIDE?
THAT'S *DEFINITELY* A SIGN OF MENTAL ILLNESS...
THIS MUST BE ONE OF THOSE DRIVERLESS CARS!
LITTLE CRAMPED...
WE'RE CLIMBIN' PRETTY HIGH...
RELAX, SPIRIT ANIMAL!
IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY. LET YOUR ANGER ISSUES GO!
Y'KNOW, I...
I DO HAVE A PROBLEM IN THAT AREA.
YEAH? MAYBE THIS IS A GOOD THING, THEN.
MAYBE SOME HIGHER POWER HAS BROUGHT US TOGETHER TO HELP AND SUPPORT EACH OTHER?
I...

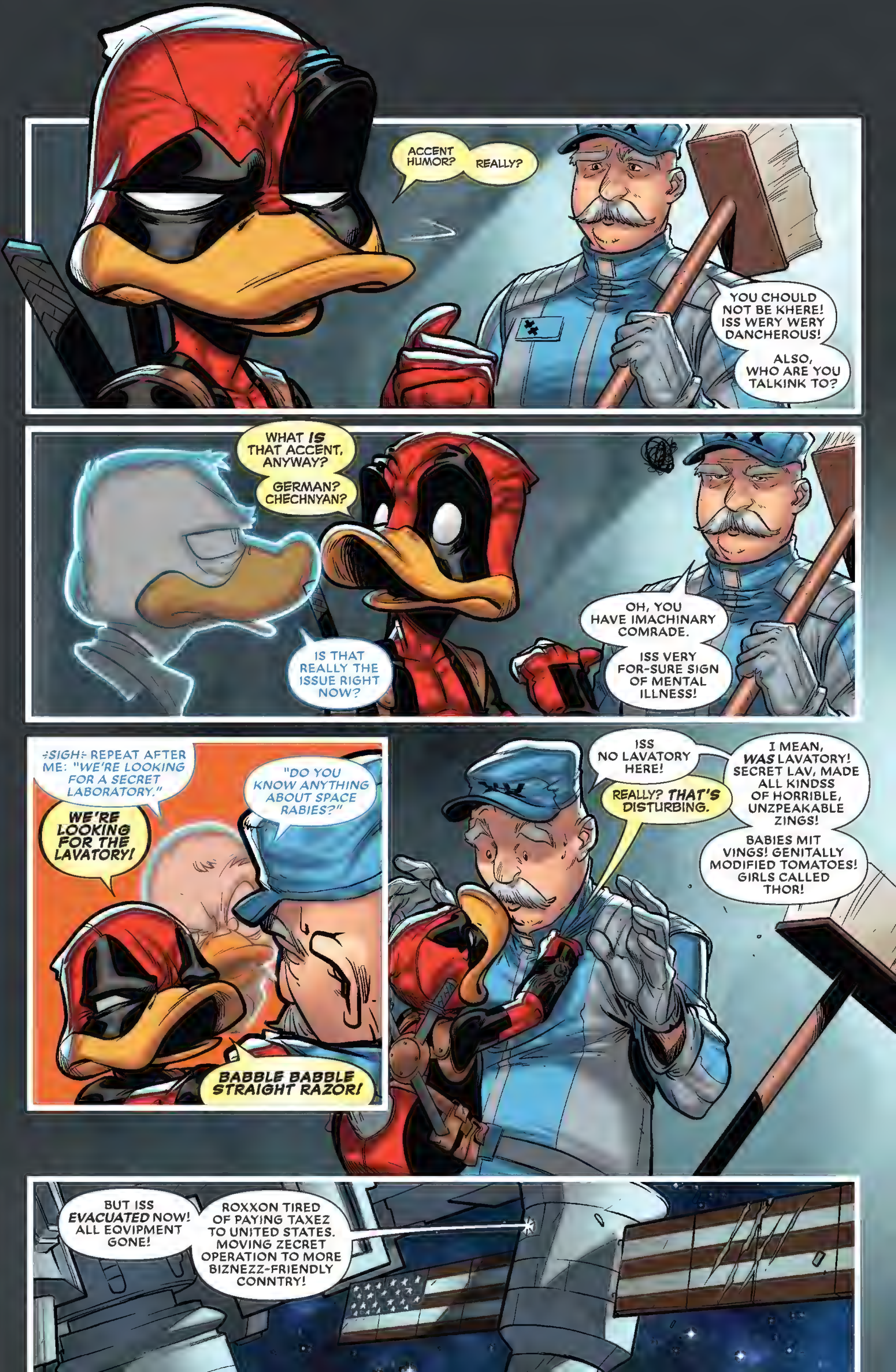

HAHAHA
I'M SCREWING WITH YOU!
HA HA HA
"HIGHER POWER"! HAHAHAHA!
I CAN'T WAIT TO LOSE YOUR FEATHERED ASS!
SO MUCH FOR POSITIVE THINKING.
MAYBE I NEED A *$%#&$% "SPIRIT ANIMAL"...
LET'S JUST CONCENTRATE ON THE JOB?
YES SIR, MISTER SERIOUS! HAHA!
YOU SOUND LIKE AGENT MARY OF S.H.I.E.L.D.!
OH, LOOK.
A CHRISTMAS TREE ORNAMENT!
ROXXO

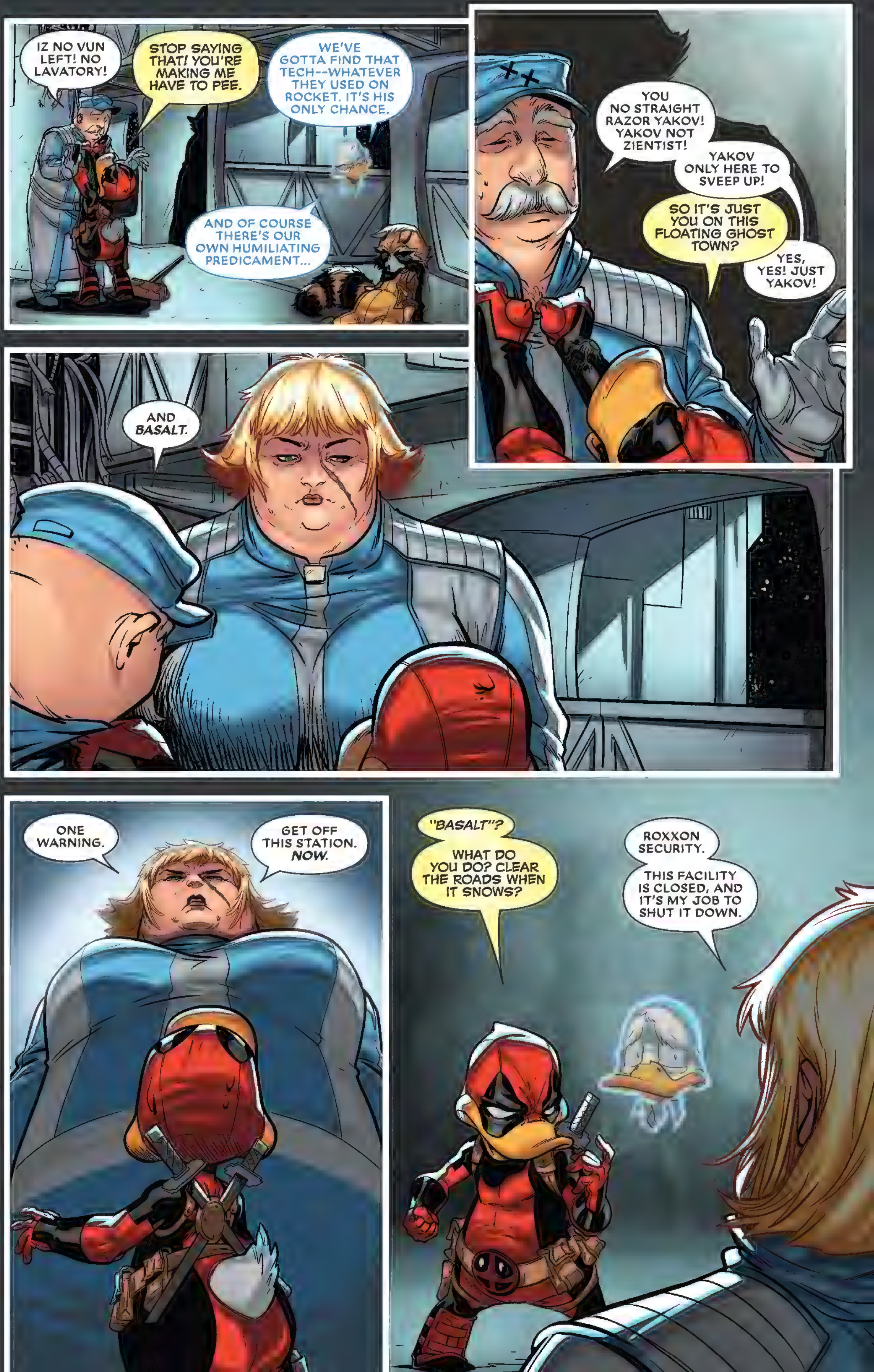

ONE: THAT'S NOT AN ORNAMENT, IT'S A SATELLITE.
TWO: IT'S NOT AN ORDINARY SATELLITE, IT'S A ROXXON SATELLITE.
ROXXON? I REMEMBER THEM. THEY MAKE OIL FILTERS, RIGHT?
AUTO-DOCKING SIGNAL SENT
NO RESPONSE
HUH?
NO WORRIES.
I'LL JUST TAKE 'ER IN ON MANUAL!
YOU'LL, UH, WHAT NOW?
DO YOU KNOW HOW TO PILOT THIS THING?
PILOT A DRIVERLESS CAR?
OF COURSE NOT!

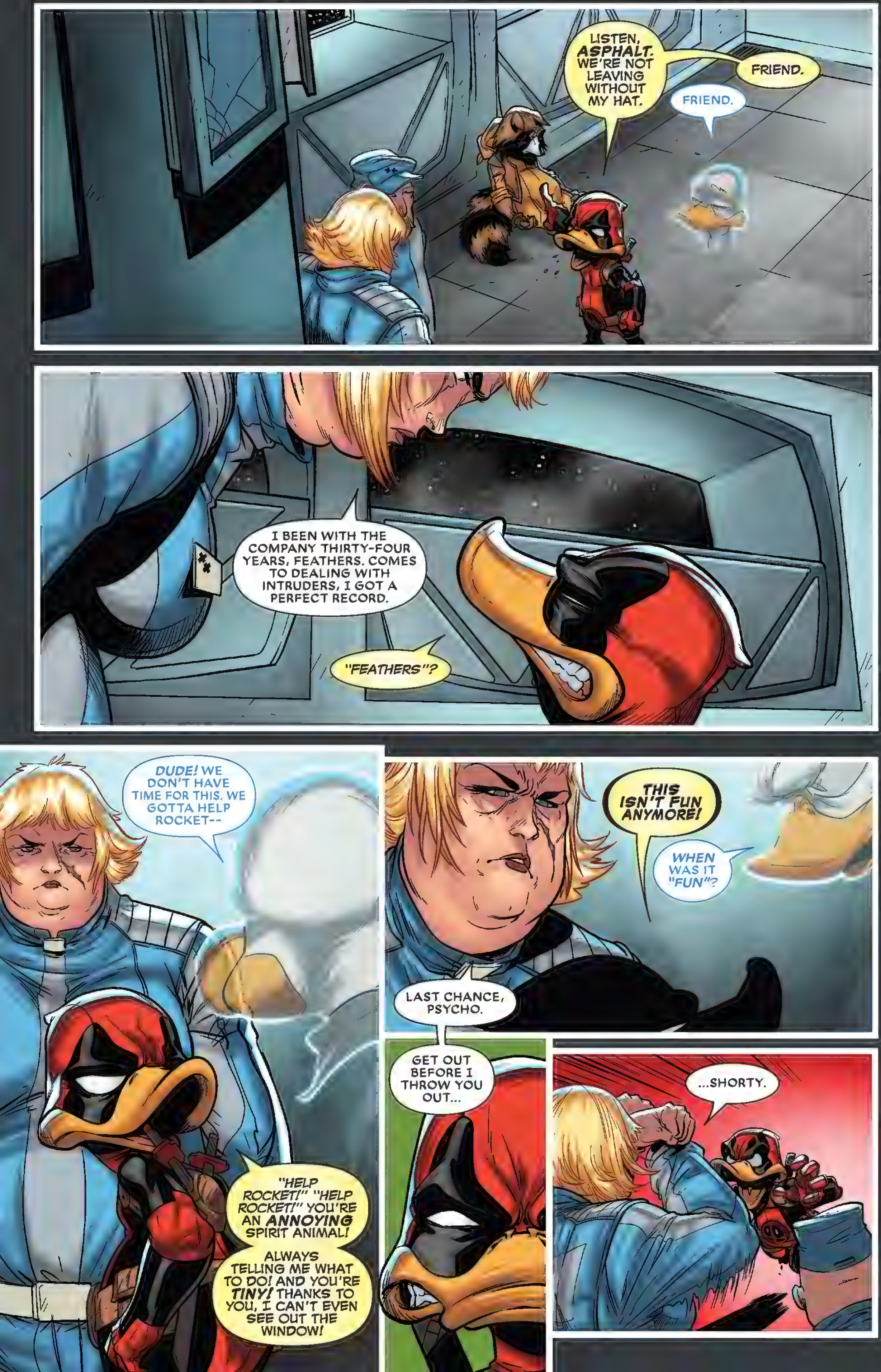

THERE'S A DOCKING PORT ON THE--
--WAIT, WHAT ARE YOU--
--NOT *THAT* WAY--
--OH, M*THB*LLS! *
* *A CATCHPHRASE IS BORN! SEE DEADPOOL THE DUCK #1! --HEATHER*
STAND ASIDE, EVIL MOTES OF COSMIC DUST!
WE'RE COMIN' IN!
YOU JUST MAKE UP ENEMIES WHENEVER YOU NEED 'EM, DON'T YOU?

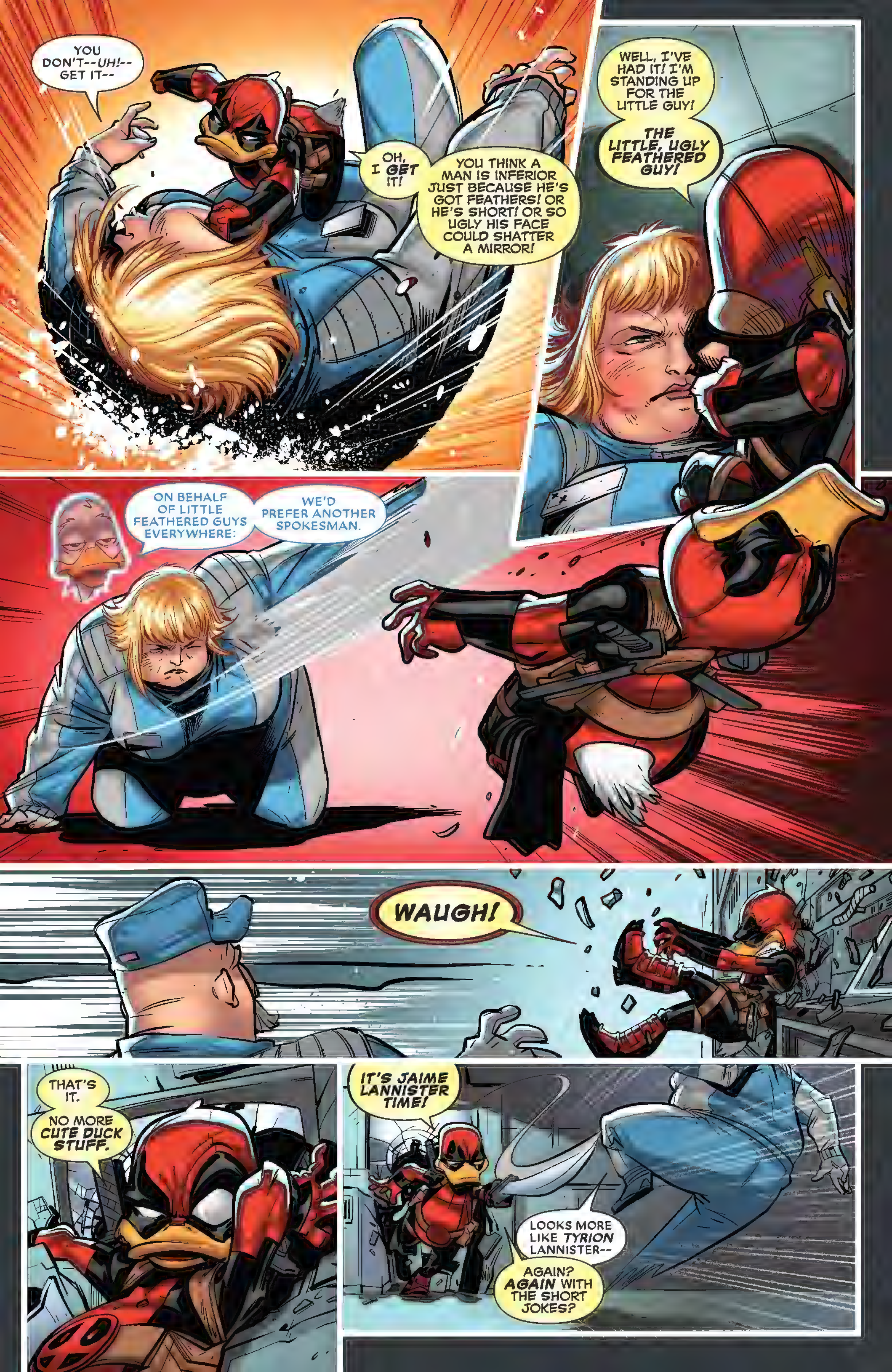

ROCKET DOESN'T LOOK SO GOOD. WE BETTER FIGURE OUT THIS RABIES THING FAST.
HEY, I'M DRAGGIN' HIM AS FAST AS I CAN!
YOU, *UH*, YOU AREN'T STILL THINKING OF MAKING HIM INTO A RUG...?
HEAVENS NO!
I WAS THINKING MORE OF A NICE CAP. YOU KNOW, LIKE DAVY CROCKETT?
HEH. A DUCK WITH A HAT.
THAT'S FUNNY.
SO WHAT DO WE GOT HERE?
BIG HIGH-TECH LAB? ARMY OF MAD SCIENTISTS? DEATH RAYS TRAINED ON THE CAPITALS OF THE WORLD?
UH...

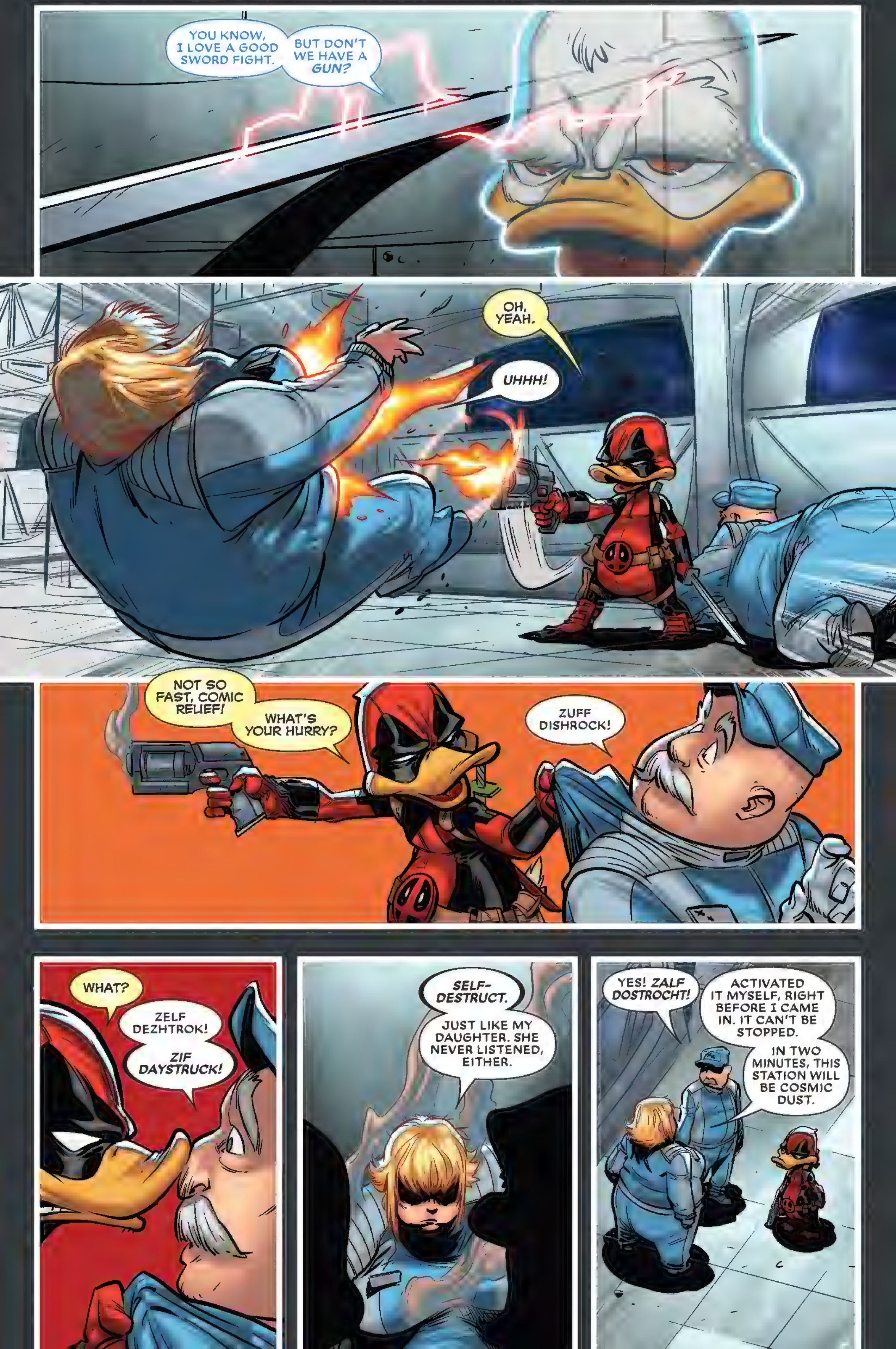

...LOOKS MORE LIKE A BORDERS THAT'S BEEN SCAVENGED FOR COPPER PIPING.
WHAT'S A "BORDERS"?
REST EASY, FUTURE DAVY CROCKETT HAT.
DON'T DAMAGE THAT PELT!
EY!
WHO GOESS DERE?
VHAT ARE YOU DOINK ON ZISS STACHUN?

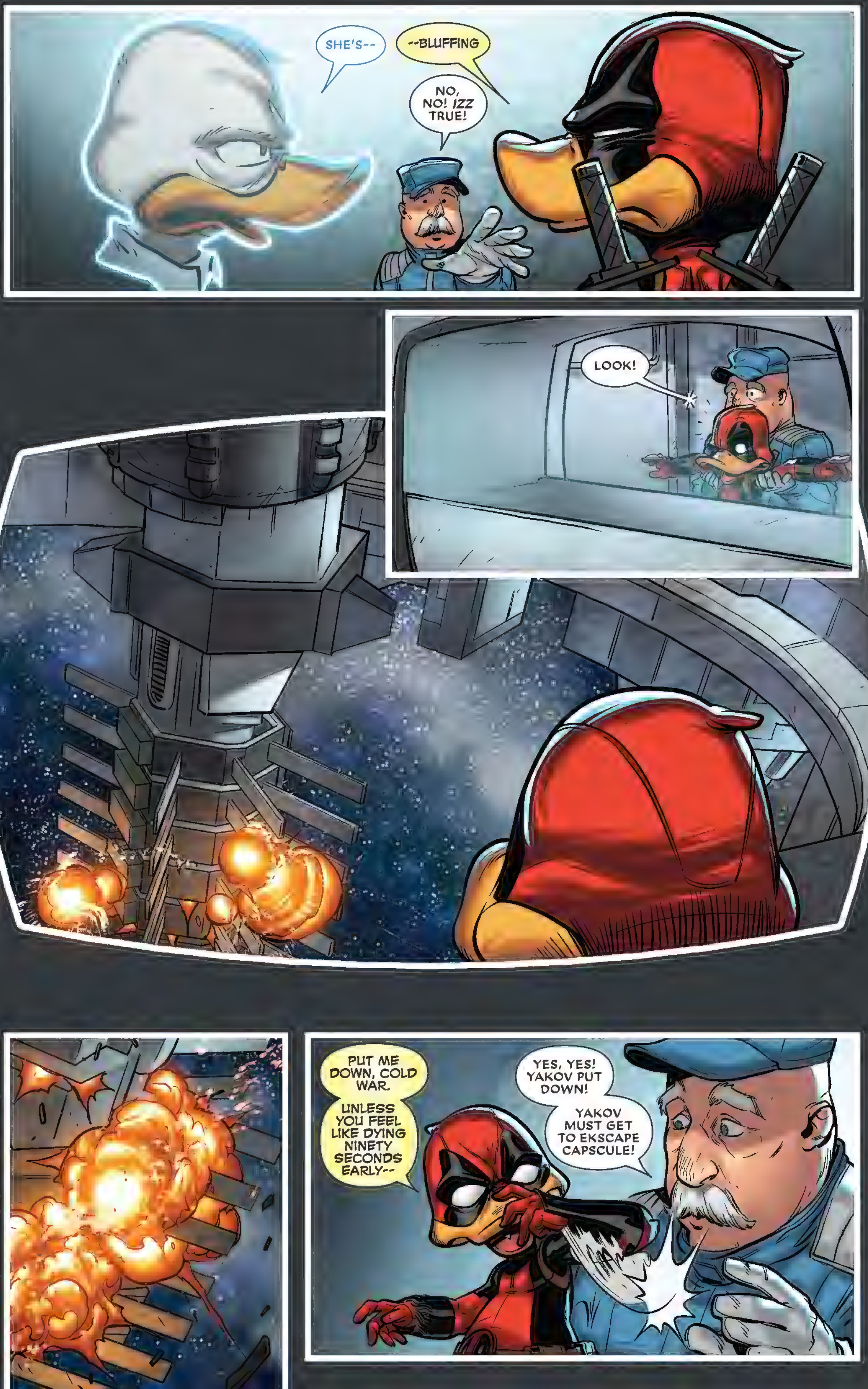

ACCENT HUMOR?
REALLY?
YOU CHOULD NOT BE KHERE! ISS WERY WERY DANCHEROUS!
ALSO, WHO ARE YOU TALKINK TO?
WHAT *IS* THAT ACCENT, ANYWAY?
GERMAN? CHECHNYAN?
IS THAT REALLY THE ISSUE RIGHT NOW?
OH, YOU HAVE IMACHINARY COMRADE.
ISS VERY FOR-SURE SIGN OF MENTAL ILLNESS!
SIGH REPEAT AFTER ME: "WE'RE LOOKING FOR A SECRET LABORATORY."
WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE LAVATORY!
"DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT SPACE RABIES?"
BABBLE BABBLE STRAIGHT RAZOR!
ISS NO LAVATORY HERE!
REALLY? *THAT'S* DISTURBING.
I MEAN, *WAS* LAVATORY! SECRET LAV, MADE ALL KINDSS OF HORRIBLE, UNZPEAKABLE ZINGS!
BABIES MIT VINGS! GENITALLY MODIFIED TOMATOES! GIRLS CALLED THOR!
BUT ISS *EVACUATED* NOW! ALL EQVIPMENT GONE!
ROXXON TIRED OF PAYING TAXEZ TO UNITED STATES. MOVING ZECRET OPERATION TO MORE BIZNEZZ-FRIENDLY CONNTRY!

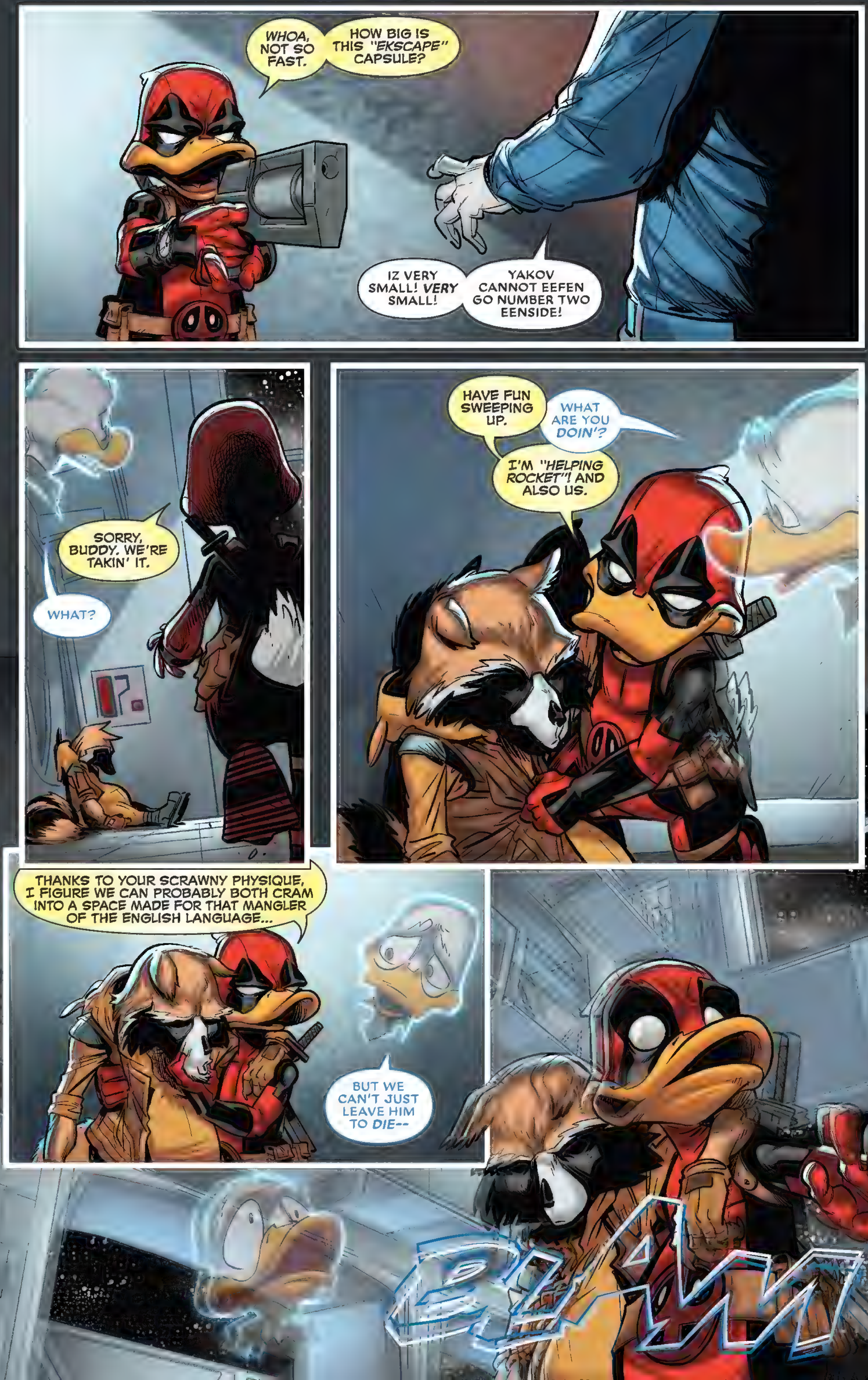

IZ NO VUN LEFT! NO LAVATORY!
STOP SAYING THAT! YOU'RE MAKING ME HAVE TO PEE.
WE'VE GOTTA FIND THAT TECH--WHATEVER THEY USED ON ROCKET. IT'S HIS ONLY CHANCE.
AND OF COURSE THERE'S OUR OWN HUMILIATING PREDICAMENT...
YOU NO STRAIGHT RAZOR YAKOV! YAKOV NOT ZIENTIST!
YAKOV ONLY HERE TO SVEEP UP!
SO IT'S JUST YOU ON THIS FLOATING GHOST TOWN?
YES, YES! JUST YAKOV!
AND *BASALT.*
ONE WARNING.
GET OFF THIS STATION. *NOW.*
"*BASALT*"?
WHAT DO YOU DO? CLEAR THE ROADS WHEN IT SNOWS?
ROXXON SECURITY.
THIS FACILITY IS CLOSED, AND IT'S MY JOB TO SHUT IT DOWN.

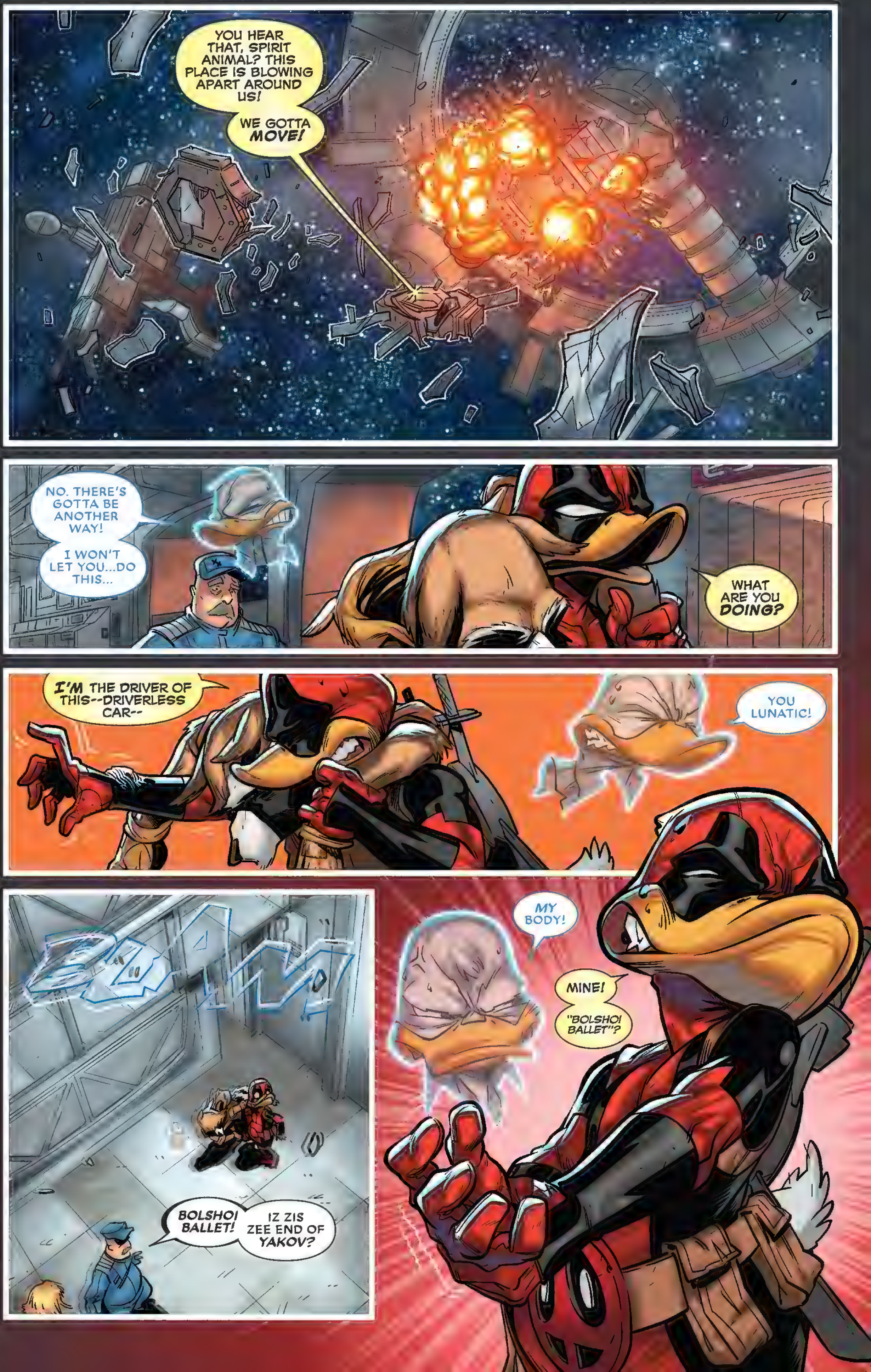

LISTEN, ASPHALT. WE'RE NOT LEAVING WITHOUT MY HAT.
FRIEND.
FRIEND.
I BEEN WITH THE COMPANY THIRTY-FOUR YEARS, FEATHERS. COMES TO DEALING WITH INTRUDERS, I GOT A PERFECT RECORD.
"FEATHERS"?
DUDE! WE DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS. WE GOTTA HELP ROCKET--
"HELP ROCKET!" "HELP ROCKET!" YOU'RE AN ANNOYING SPIRIT ANIMAL!
ALWAYS TELLING ME WHAT TO DO! AND YOU'RE TINY! THANKS TO YOU, I CAN'T EVEN SEE OUT THE WINDOW!
THIS ISN'T FUN ANYMORE!
WHEN WAS IT "FUN"?
LAST CHANCE, PSYCHO.
GET OUT BEFORE I THROW YOU OUT...
...SHORTY.


YOU DON'T--UH!--GET IT--
OH, I GET IT!
YOU THINK A MAN IS INFERIOR JUST BECAUSE HE'S GOT FEATHERS! OR HE'S SHORT! OR SO UGLY HIS FACE COULD SHATTER A MIRROR!
WELL, I'VE HAD IT! I'M STANDING UP FOR THE LITTLE GUY!
THE LITTLE, UGLY FEATHERED GUY!
ON BEHALF OF LITTLE FEATHERED GUYS EVERYWHERE:
WE'D PREFER ANOTHER SPOKESMAN.
WAUGH!
THAT'S IT.
NO MORE CUTE DUCK STUFF.
IT'S JAIME LANNISTER TIME!
LOOKS MORE LIKE TYRION LANNISTER--
AGAIN? AGAIN WITH THE SHORT JOKES?


YOU KNOW, I LOVE A GOOD SWORD FIGHT.
BUT DON'T WE HAVE A *GUN?*
OH, YEAH.
UHHH!
NOT SO FAST, COMIC RELIEF!
WHAT'S YOUR HURRY?
ZUFF DISHROCK!
WHAT?
ZELF DEZHTROK!
ZIF DAYSTRUCK!
SELF-DESTRUCT.
JUST LIKE MY DAUGHTER. SHE NEVER LISTENED, EITHER.
YES! *ZALF DOSTROCHT!*
ACTIVATED IT MYSELF, RIGHT BEFORE I CAME IN. IT CAN'T BE STOPPED.
IN TWO MINUTES, THIS STATION WILL BE COSMIC DUST.

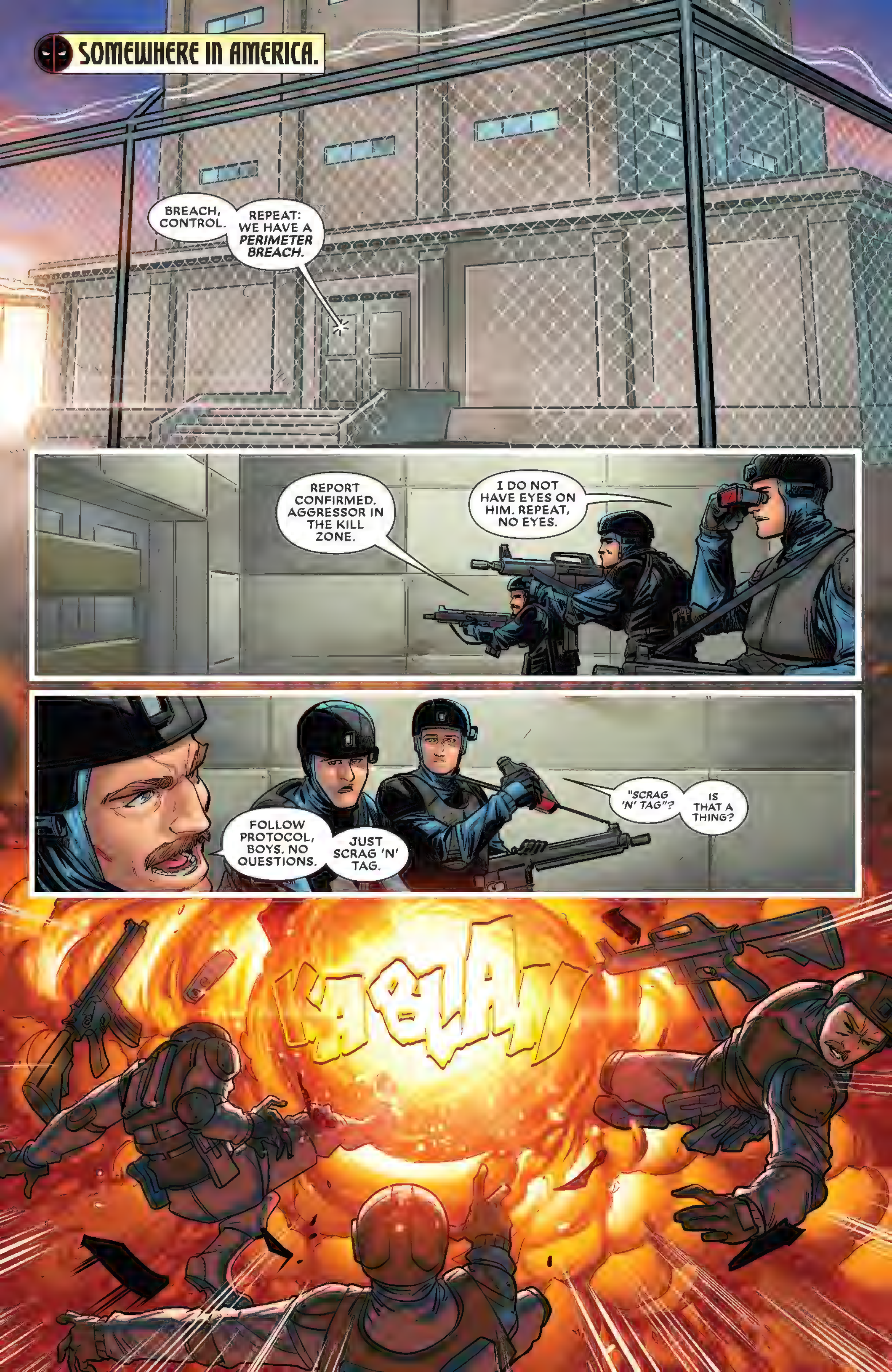

SHE'S--
--BLUFFING
NO, NO! IZZ TRUE!
LOOK!
PUT ME DOWN, COLD WAR.
UNLESS YOU FEEL LIKE DYING NINETY SECONDS EARLY--
YES, YES! YAKOV PUT DOWN!
YAKOV MUST GET TO EKSCAPE CAPSCULE!

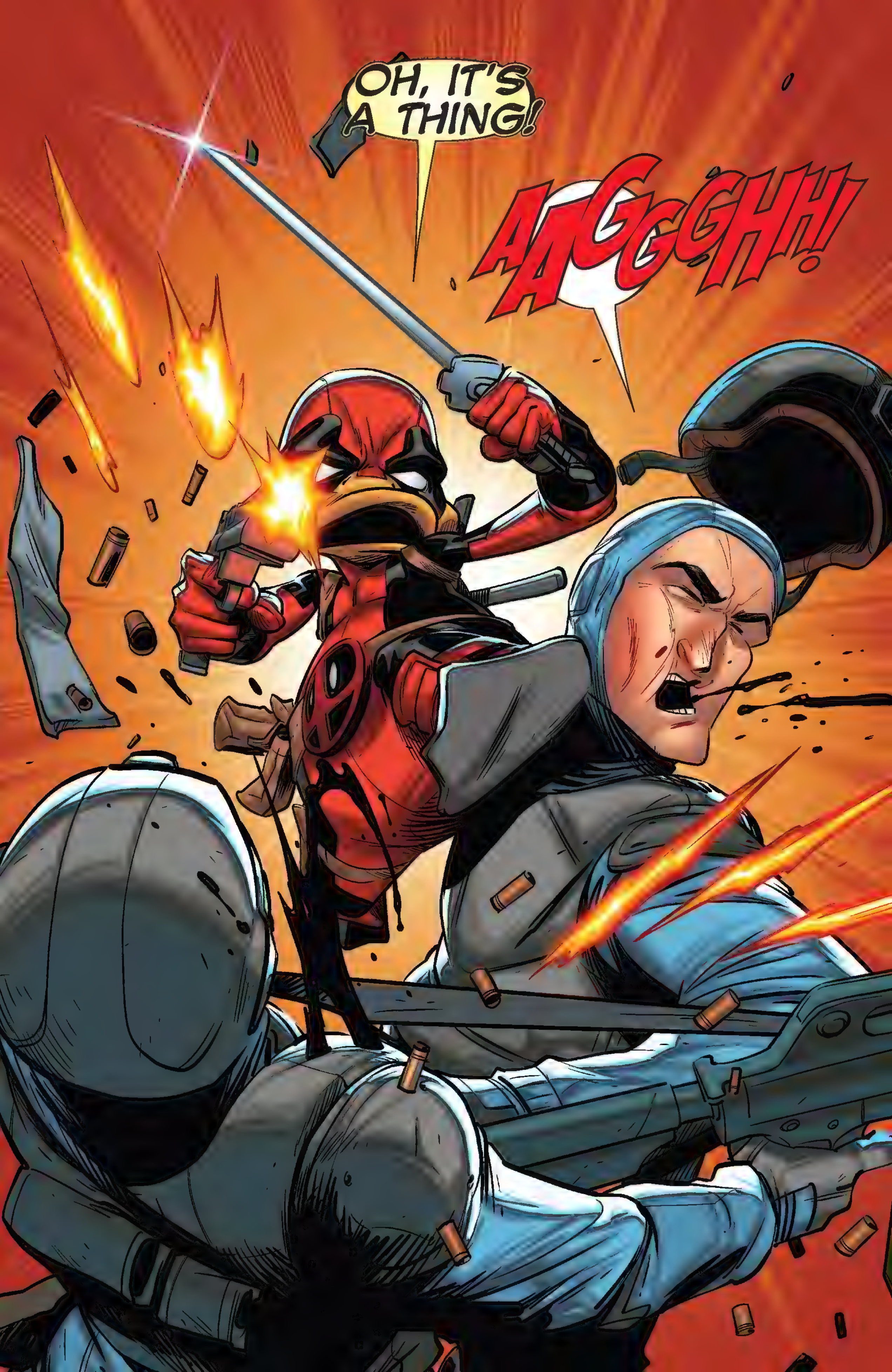

WHOA, NOT SO FAST.
HOW BIG IS THIS "EKSCAPE" CAPSULE?
IZ VERY SMALL! *VERY* SMALL!
YAKOV CANNOT EEFEN GO NUMBER TWO EENSIDE!
SORRY, BUDDY. WE'RE TAKIN' IT.
WHAT?
HAVE FUN SWEEPING UP.
WHAT ARE YOU *DOIN'?*
I'M *"HELPING ROCKET"!* AND ALSO US.
THANKS TO YOUR SCRAWNY PHYSIQUE, I FIGURE WE CAN PROBABLY BOTH CRAM INTO A SPACE MADE FOR THAT MANGLER OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE...
BUT WE CAN'T JUST LEAVE HIM TO *DIE--*
BLAM

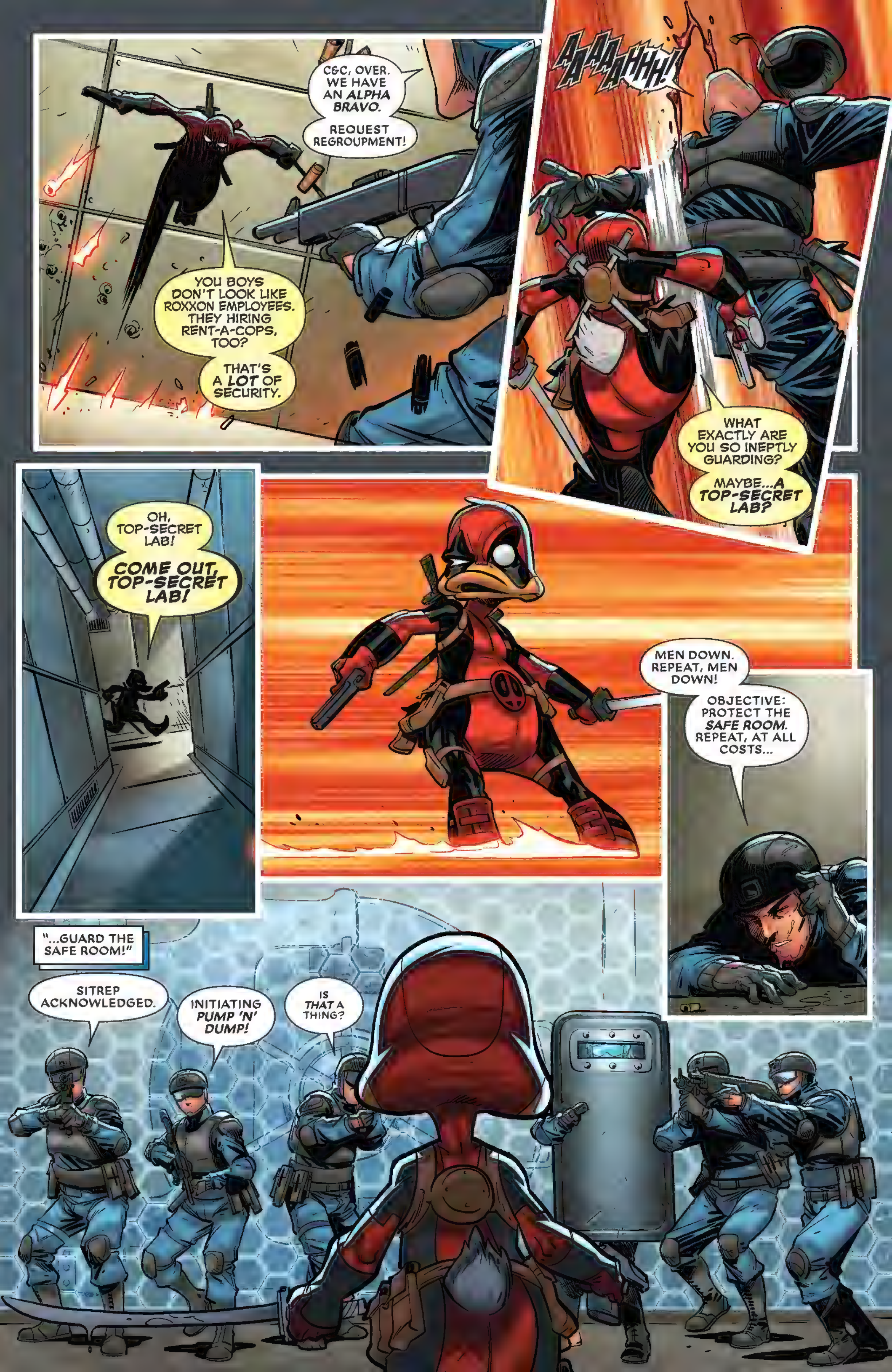

YOU HEAR THAT, SPIRIT ANIMAL? THIS PLACE IS BLOWING APART AROUND US!
WE GOTTA *MOVE!*
NO. THERE'S GOTTA BE ANOTHER WAY!
I WON'T LET YOU...DO THIS...
WHAT ARE YOU *DOING?*
I'M THE DRIVER OF THIS--DRIVERLESS CAR--
YOU LUNATIC!
BLAM!
MY BODY!
MINE!
"BOLSHOI BALLET"?
BOLSHOI BALLET!
IZ ZIS ZEE END OF *YAKOV?*

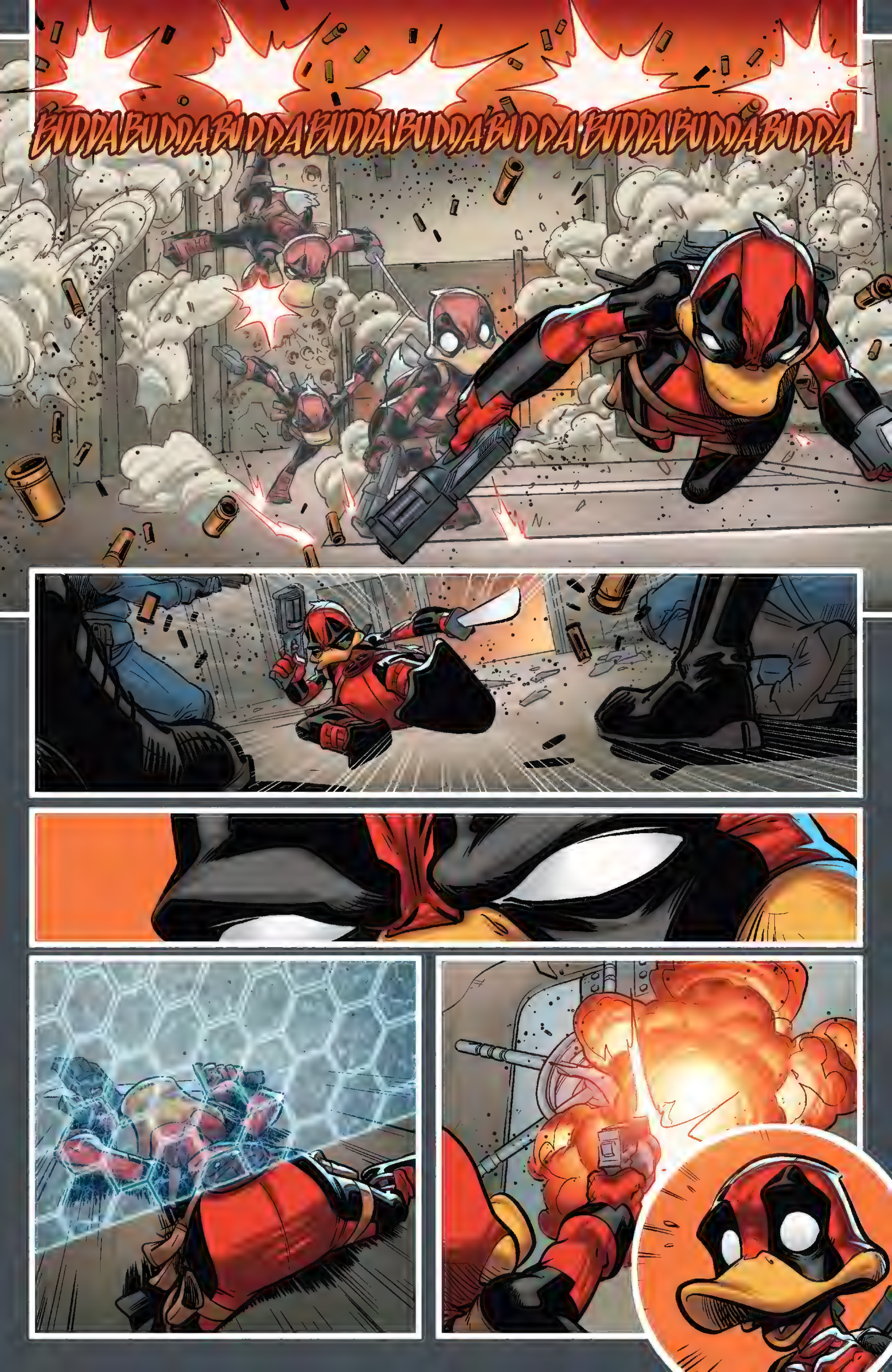
DEADPOOL THE DUCK #3

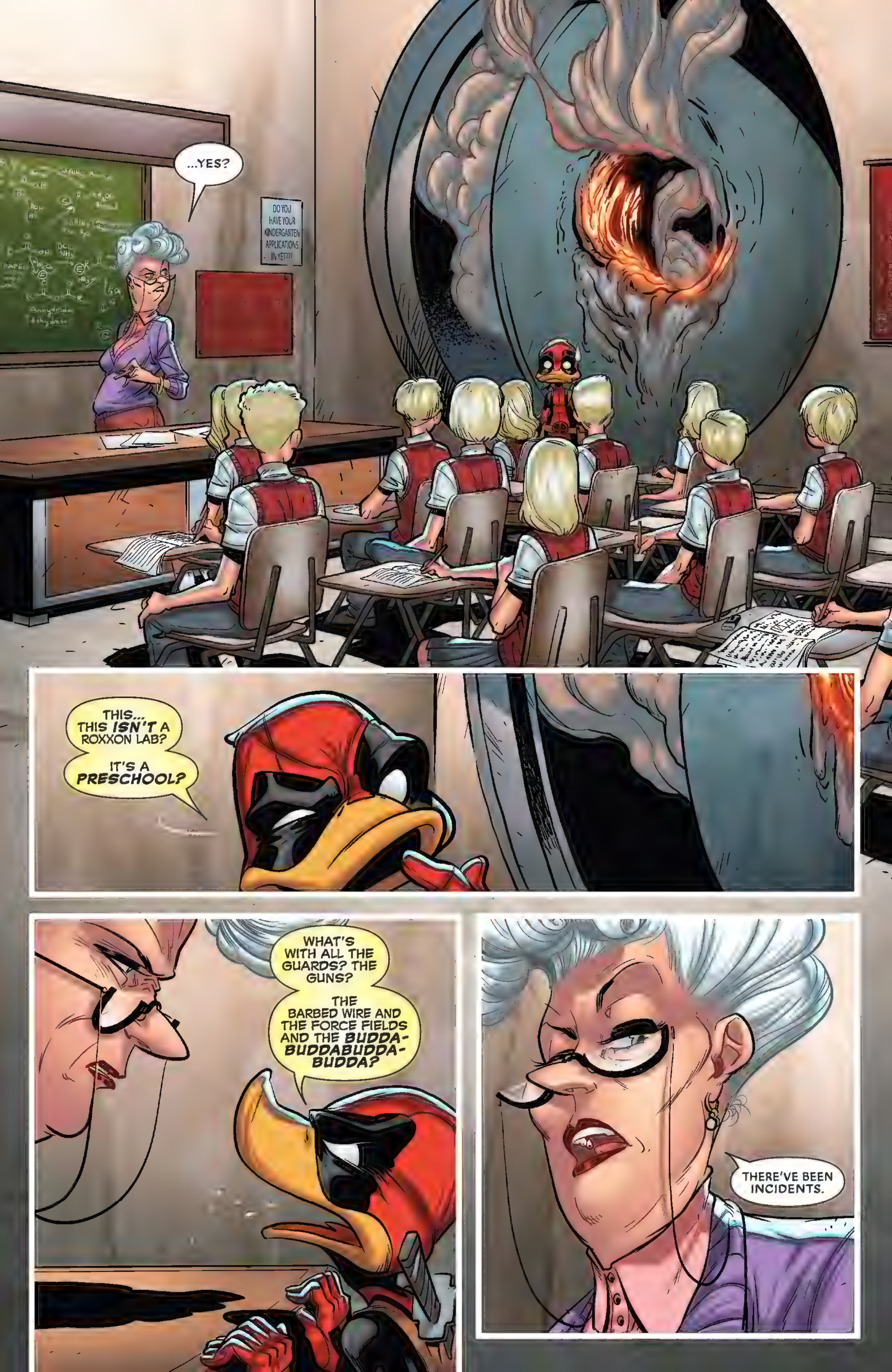
awesome
PLAN
GO
bang!
all your base belong to
ME

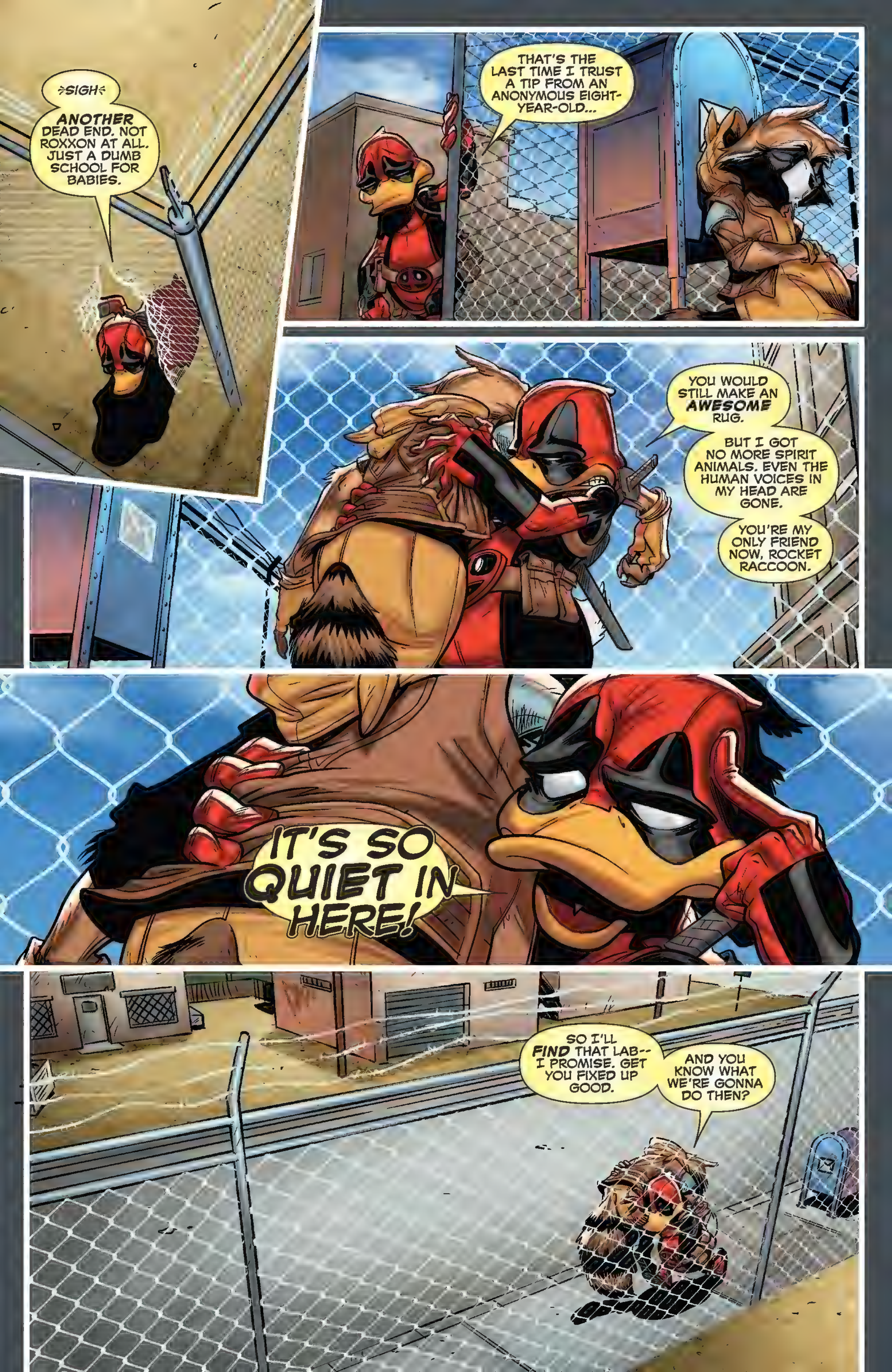

SOMEWHERE IN AMERICA.
BREACH, CONTROL.
REPEAT: WE HAVE A *PERIMETER BREACH.*
REPORT CONFIRMED. AGGRESSOR IN THE KILL ZONE.
I DO NOT HAVE EYES ON HIM. REPEAT, NO EYES.
FOLLOW PROTOCOL, BOYS. NO QUESTIONS.
JUST SCRAG 'N' TAG.
"SCRAG 'N' TAG"?
IS THAT A THING?
KABLAM

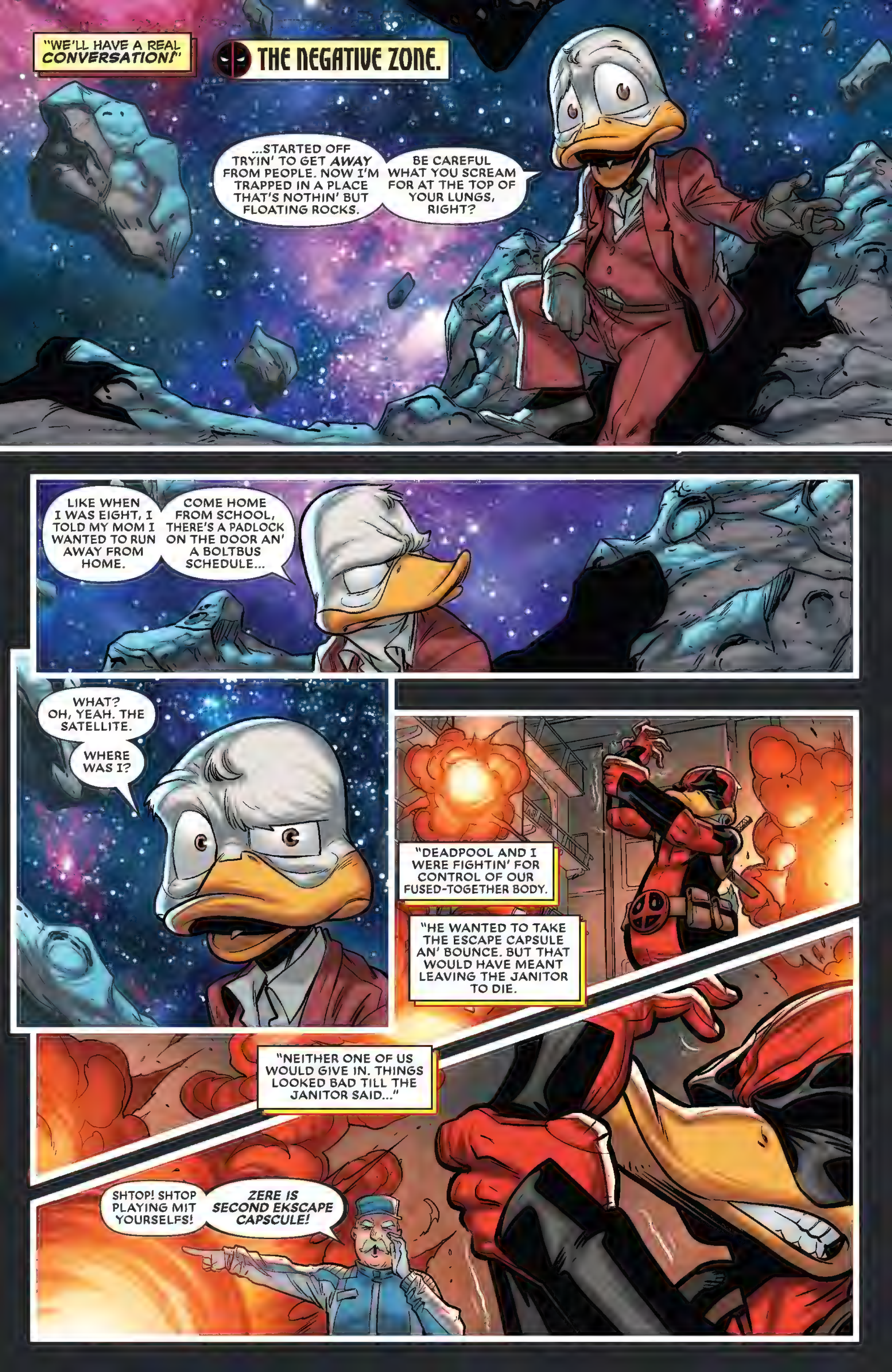

OH, IT'S A THING!
AAAGGGHH!

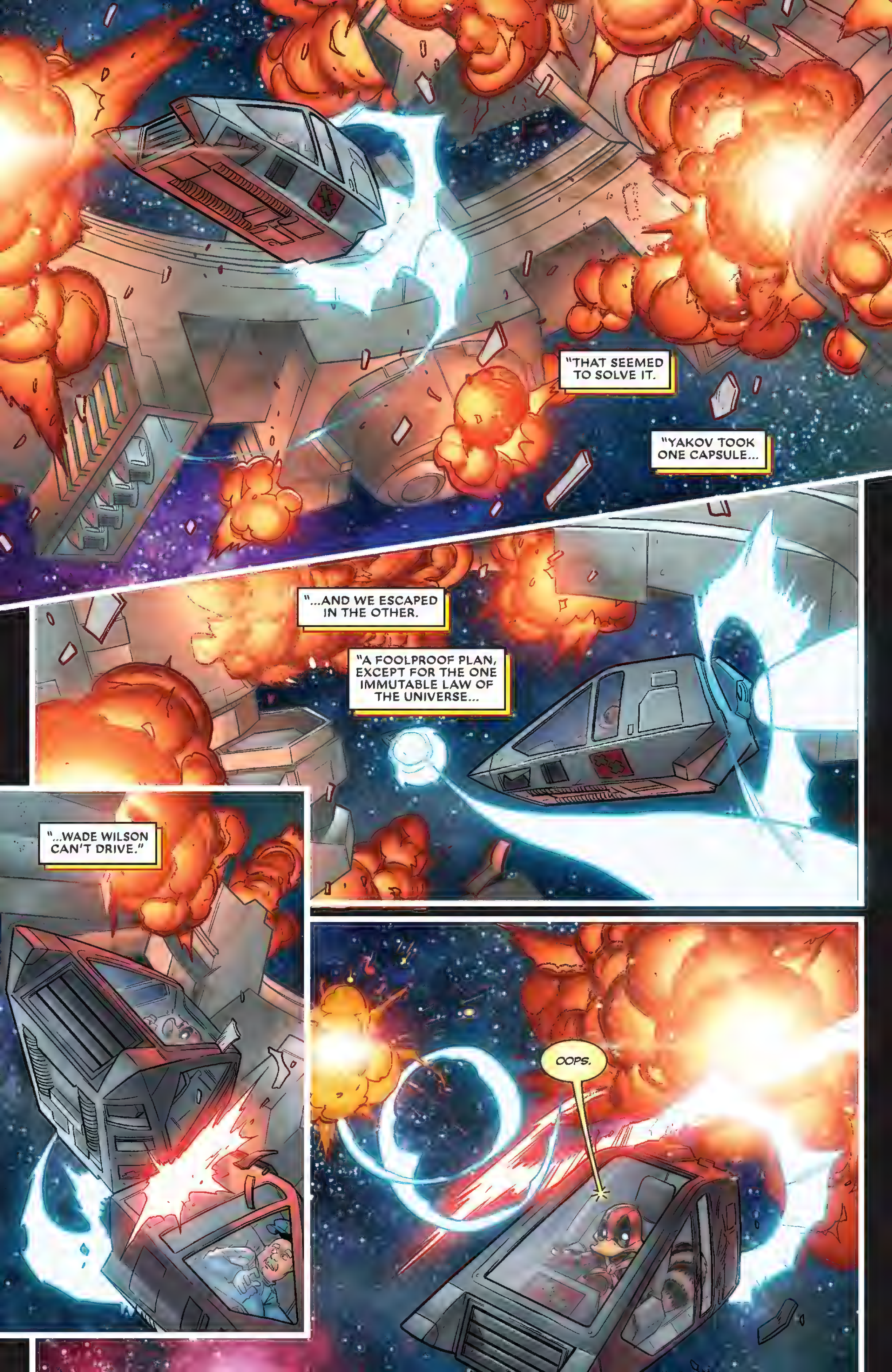

C&C, OVER. WE HAVE AN *ALPHA BRAVO.*
REQUEST REGROUPMENT!
YOU BOYS DON'T LOOK LIKE ROXXON EMPLOYEES. THEY HIRING RENT-A-COPS, TOO?
THAT'S A *LOT* OF SECURITY.
AAAAAHHH!
WHAT EXACTLY ARE YOU SO INEPTLY GUARDING?
MAYBE...A *TOP-SECRET LAB?*
OH, TOP-SECRET LAB!
COME OUT, TOP-SECRET LAB!
MEN DOWN. REPEAT, MEN DOWN!
OBJECTIVE: PROTECT THE *SAFE ROOM.* REPEAT, AT ALL COSTS...
"...GUARD THE SAFE ROOM!"
SITREP ACKNOWLEDGED.
INITIATING *PUMP 'N' DUMP!*
IS *THAT* A THING?

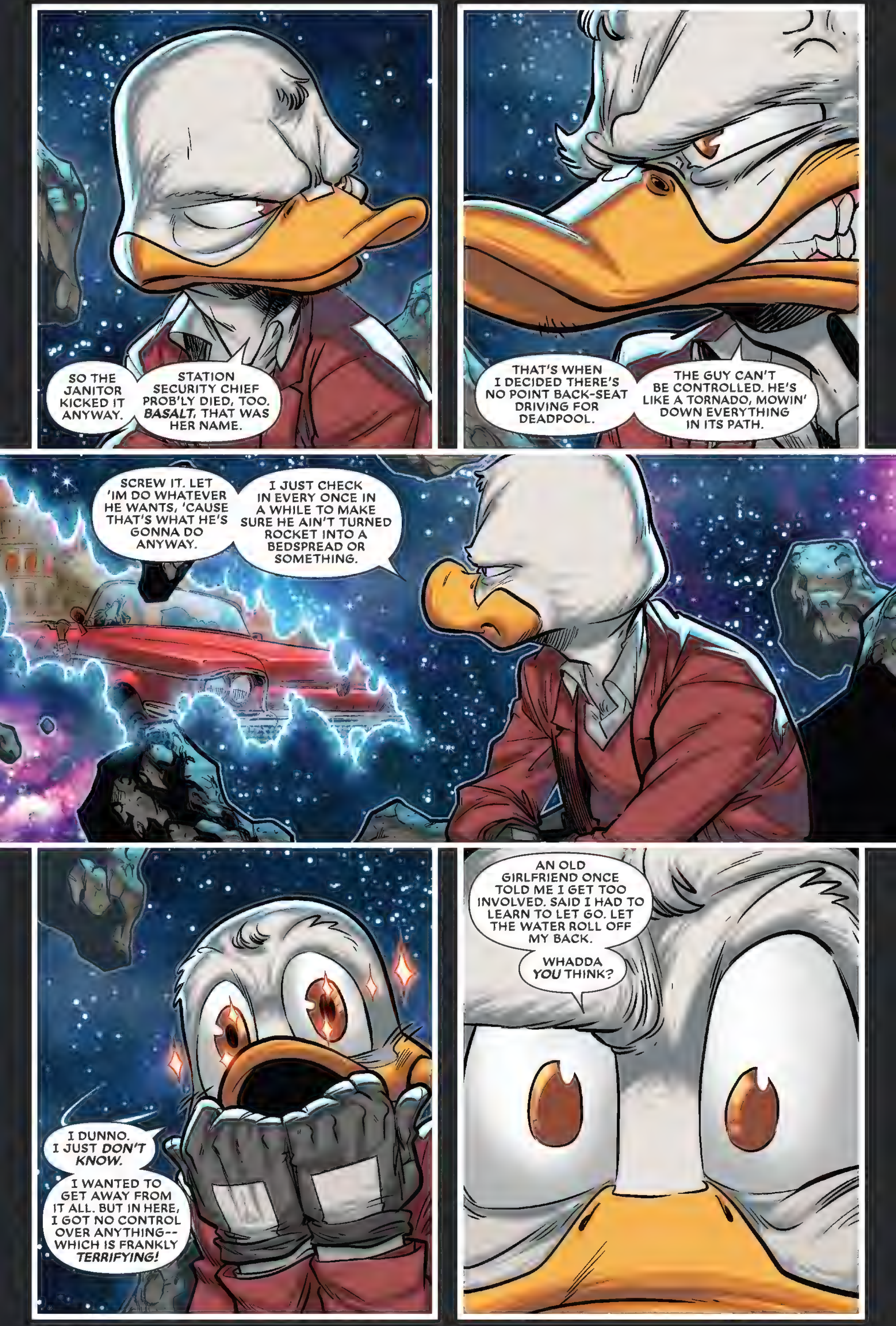

BUDDABUDDABUDDA BUDDABUDDABUDDA BUDDABUDDABUDDA

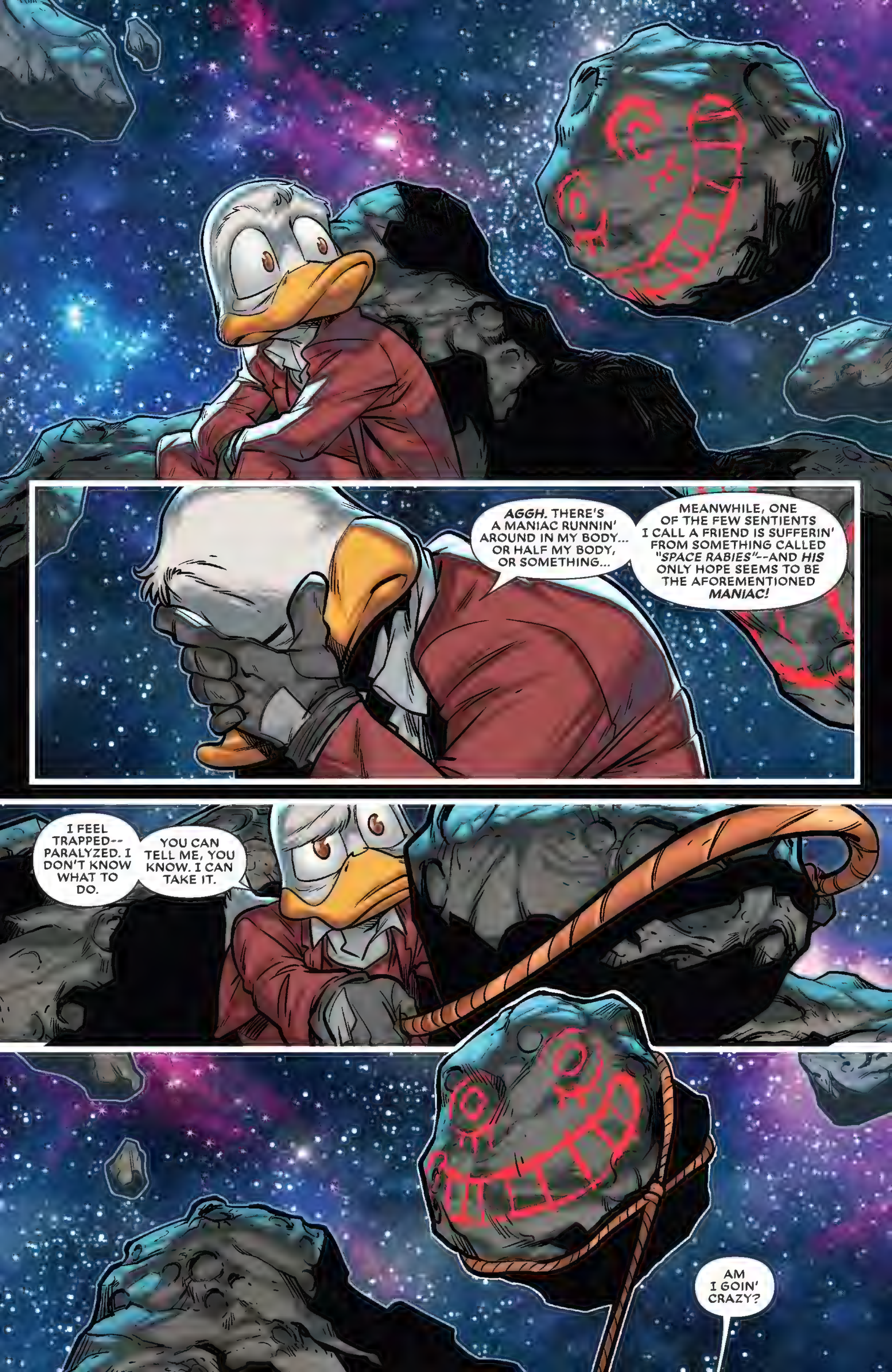

...YES?
DO YOU HAVE YOUR KINDERGARTEN APPLICATIONS IN YET???
THIS... THIS ISN'T A ROXXON LAB?
IT'S A PRESCHOOL?
WHAT'S WITH ALL THE GUARDS? THE GUNS?
THE BARBED WIRE AND THE FORCE FIELDS AND THE BUDDA-BUDDABUDDA-BUDDA?
THERE'VE BEEN INCIDENTS.

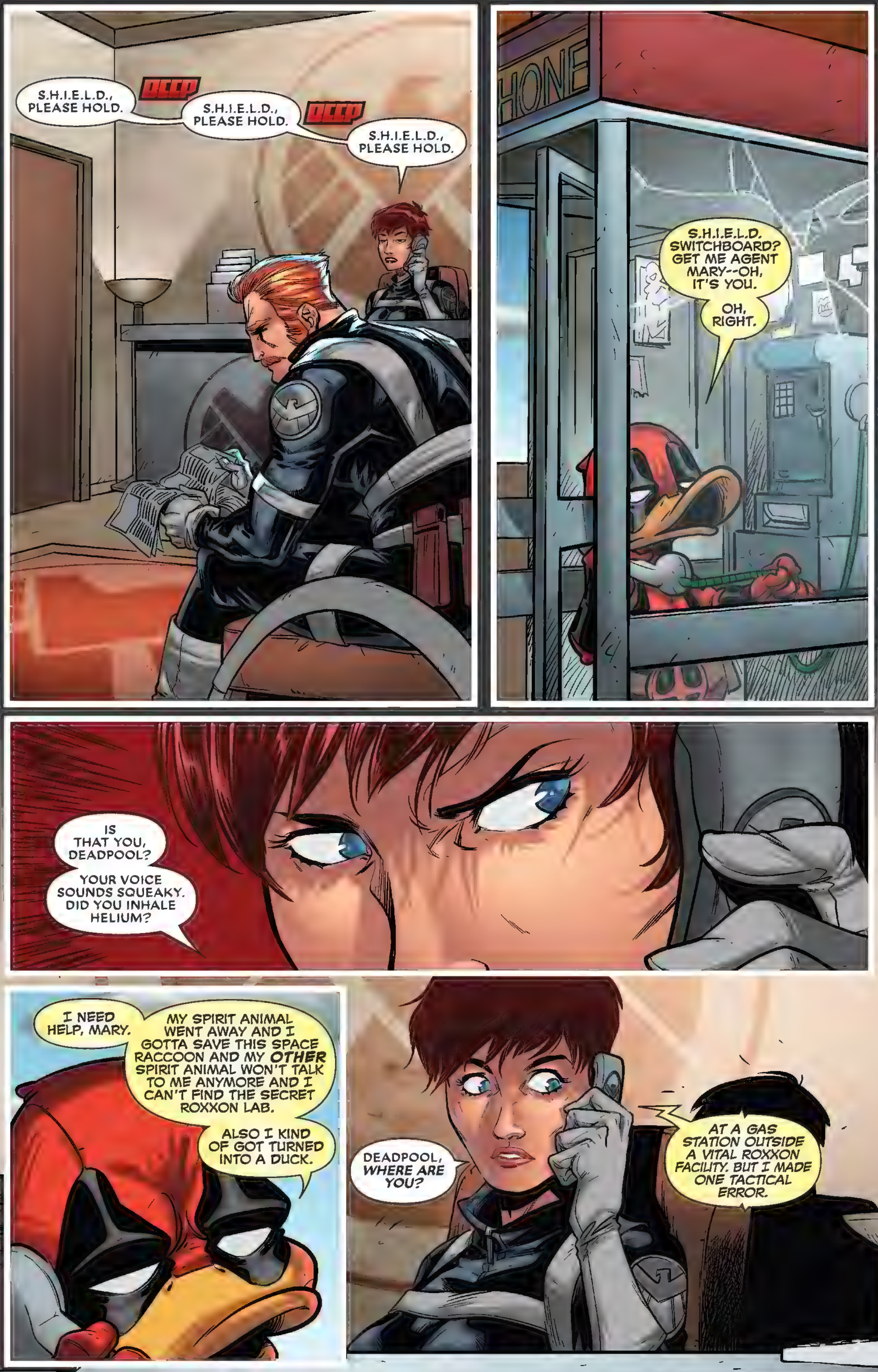

SIGH ANOTHER DEAD END. NOT ROXXON AT ALL. JUST A DUMB SCHOOL FOR BABIES.
THAT'S THE LAST TIME I TRUST A TIP FROM AN ANONYMOUS EIGHT-YEAR-OLD...
YOU WOULD STILL MAKE AN AWESOME RUG.
BUT I GOT NO MORE SPIRIT ANIMALS. EVEN THE HUMAN VOICES IN MY HEAD ARE GONE.
YOU'RE MY ONLY FRIEND NOW, ROCKET RACCOON.
IT'S SO QUIET IN HERE!
SO I'LL FIND THAT LAB-- I PROMISE. GET YOU FIXED UP GOOD.
AND YOU KNOW WHAT WE'RE GONNA DO THEN?

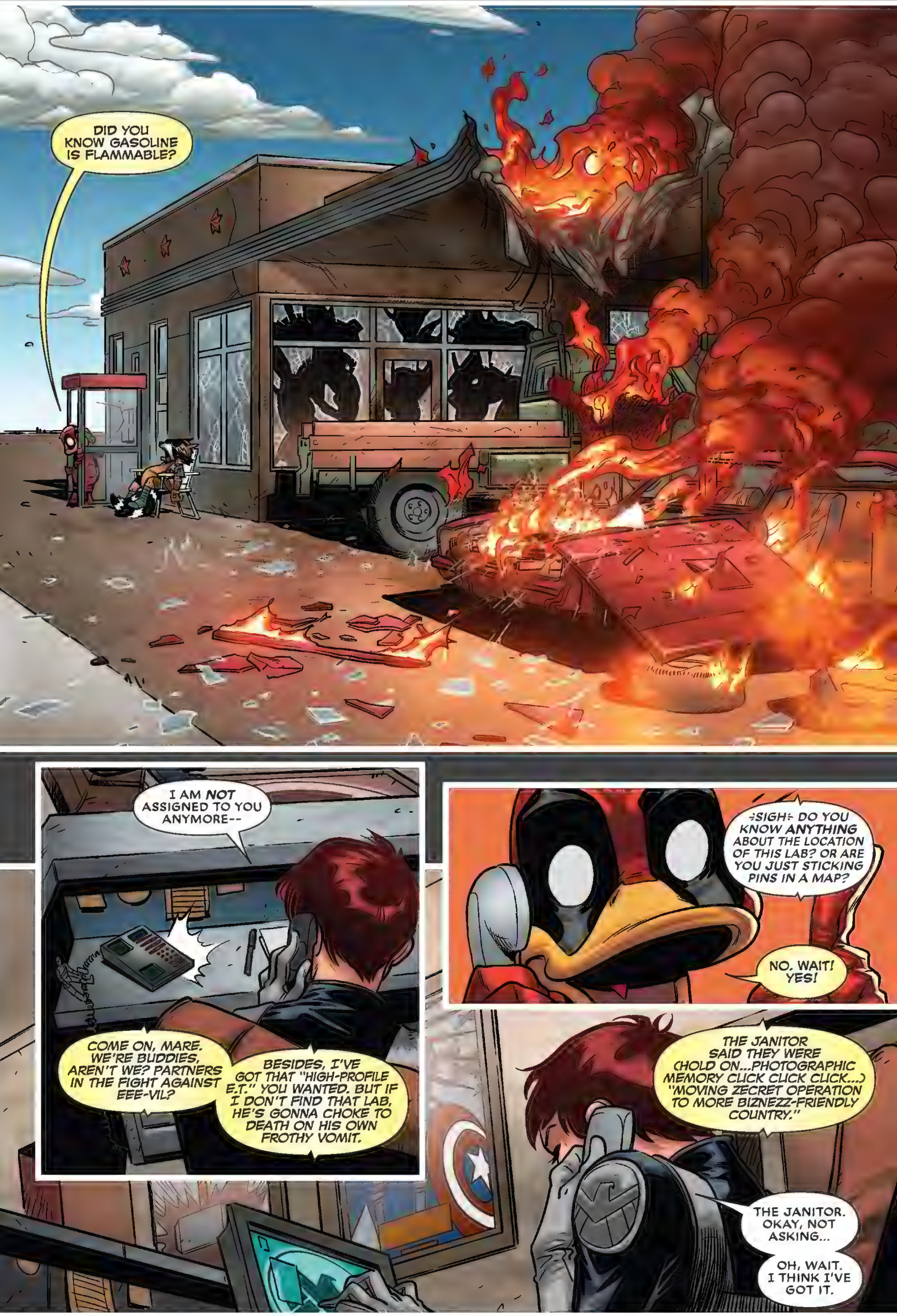

"WE'LL HAVE A REAL *CONVERSATION!*"
THE NEGATIVE ZONE.
...STARTED OFF TRYIN' TO GET *AWAY* FROM PEOPLE. NOW I'M TRAPPED IN A PLACE THAT'S NOTHIN' BUT FLOATING ROCKS.
BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SCREAM FOR AT THE TOP OF YOUR LUNGS, RIGHT?
LIKE WHEN I WAS EIGHT, I TOLD MY MOM I WANTED TO RUN AWAY FROM HOME.
COME HOME FROM SCHOOL, THERE'S A PADLOCK ON THE DOOR AN' A BOLTBUS SCHEDULE...
WHAT? OH, YEAH. THE SATELLITE.
WHERE WAS I?
"DEADPOOL AND I WERE FIGHTIN' FOR CONTROL OF OUR FUSED-TOGETHER BODY.
"HE WANTED TO TAKE THE ESCAPE CAPSULE AN' BOUNCE. BUT THAT WOULD HAVE MEANT LEAVING THE JANITOR TO DIE.
"NEITHER ONE OF US WOULD GIVE IN. THINGS LOOKED BAD TILL THE JANITOR SAID..."
SHTOP! SHTOP PLAYING MIT YOURSELFS!
ZERE IS SECOND EKSCAPE CAPSCULE!

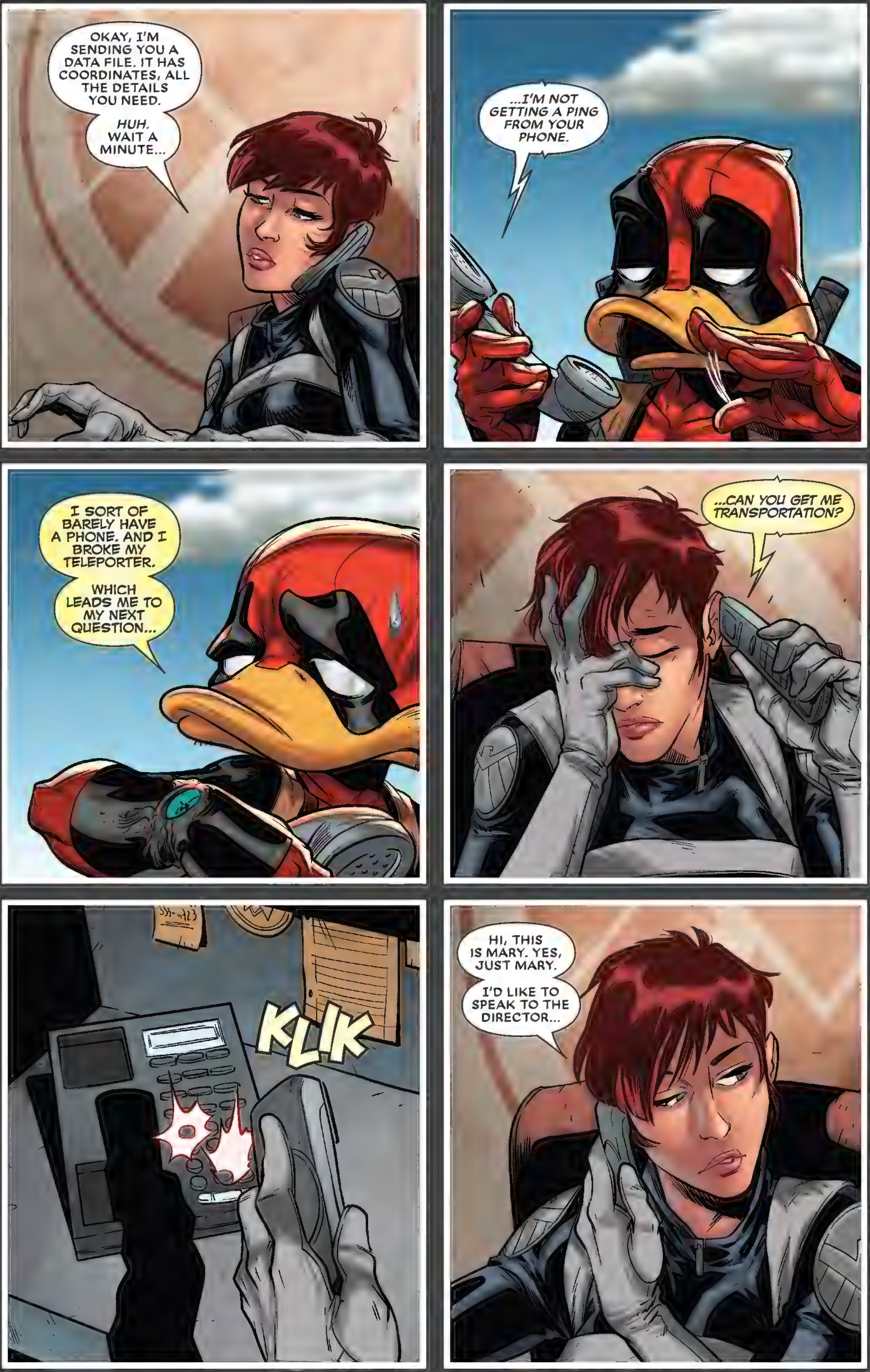

"THAT SEEMED TO SOLVE IT.
"YAKOV TOOK ONE CAPSULE...
"...AND WE ESCAPED IN THE OTHER.
"A FOOLPROOF PLAN, EXCEPT FOR THE ONE IMMUTABLE LAW OF THE UNIVERSE...
"...WADE WILSON CAN'T DRIVE."
OOPS.

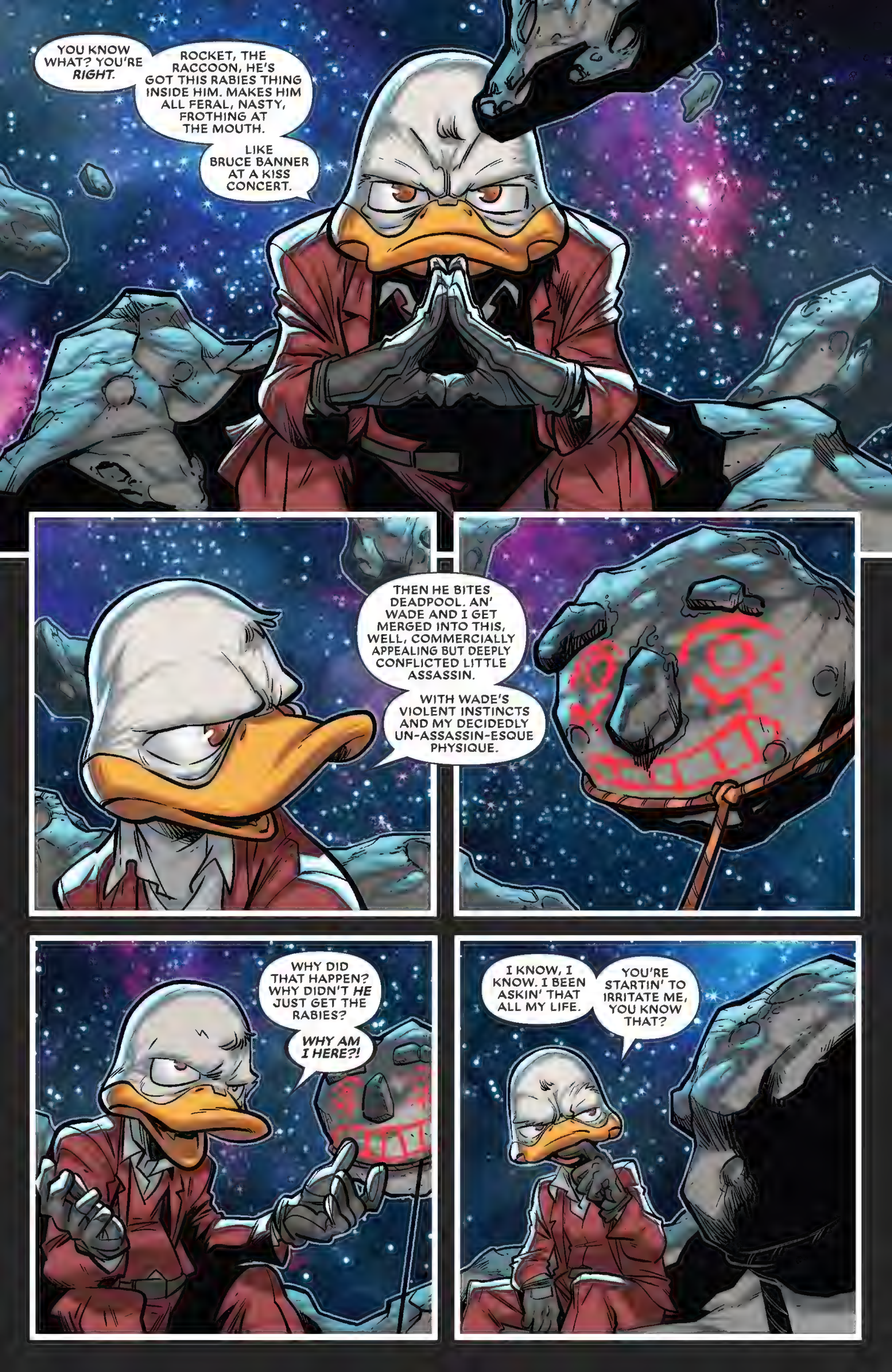

SO THE JANITOR KICKED IT ANYWAY.
STATION SECURITY CHIEF PROB'LY DIED, TOO. *BASALT,* THAT WAS HER NAME.
THAT'S WHEN I DECIDED THERE'S NO POINT BACK-SEAT DRIVING FOR DEADPOOL.
THE GUY CAN'T BE CONTROLLED. HE'S LIKE A TORNADO, MOWIN' DOWN EVERYTHING IN ITS PATH.
SCREW IT. LET 'IM DO WHATEVER HE WANTS, 'CAUSE THAT'S WHAT HE'S GONNA DO ANYWAY.
I JUST CHECK IN EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE TO MAKE SURE HE AIN'T TURNED ROCKET INTO A BEDSPREAD OR SOMETHING.
I DUNNO. I JUST *DON'T KNOW.*
I WANTED TO GET AWAY FROM IT ALL. BUT IN HERE, I GOT NO CONTROL OVER ANYTHING-- WHICH IS FRANKLY *TERRIFYING!*
AN OLD GIRLFRIEND ONCE TOLD ME I GET TOO INVOLVED. SAID I HAD TO LEARN TO LET GO. LET THE WATER ROLL OFF MY BACK.
WHADDA *YOU* THINK?

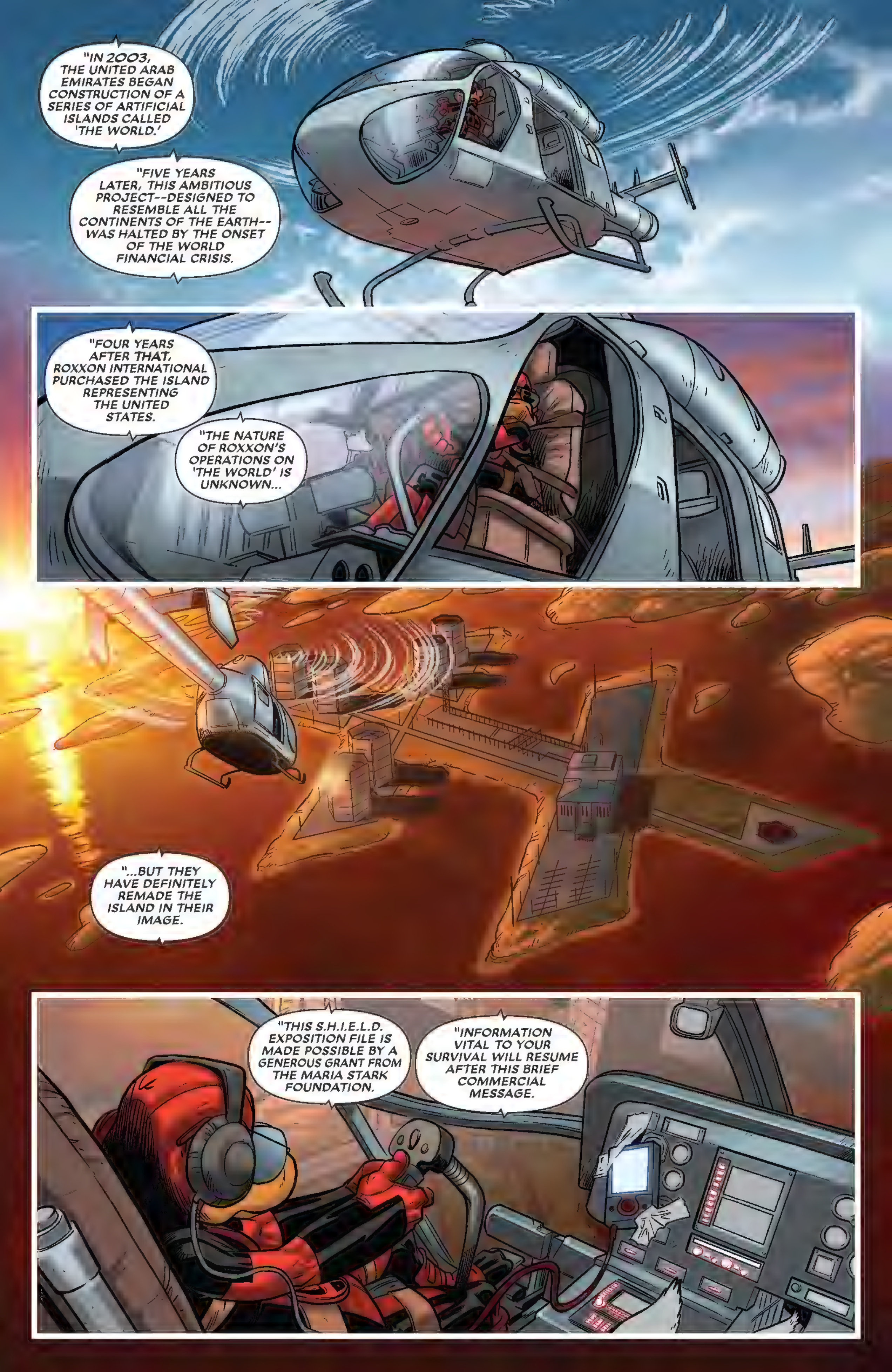

AGGH. THERE'S A MANIAC RUNNIN' AROUND IN MY BODY... OR HALF MY BODY, OR SOMETHING...
MEANWHILE, ONE OF THE FEW SENTIENTS I CALL A FRIEND IS SUFFERIN' FROM SOMETHING CALLED *"SPACE RABIES"*--AND *HIS* ONLY HOPE SEEMS TO BE THE AFOREMENTIONED *MANIAC!*
I FEEL TRAPPED--PARALYZED. I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.
YOU CAN TELL ME, YOU KNOW. I CAN TAKE IT.
AM I GOIN' CRAZY?

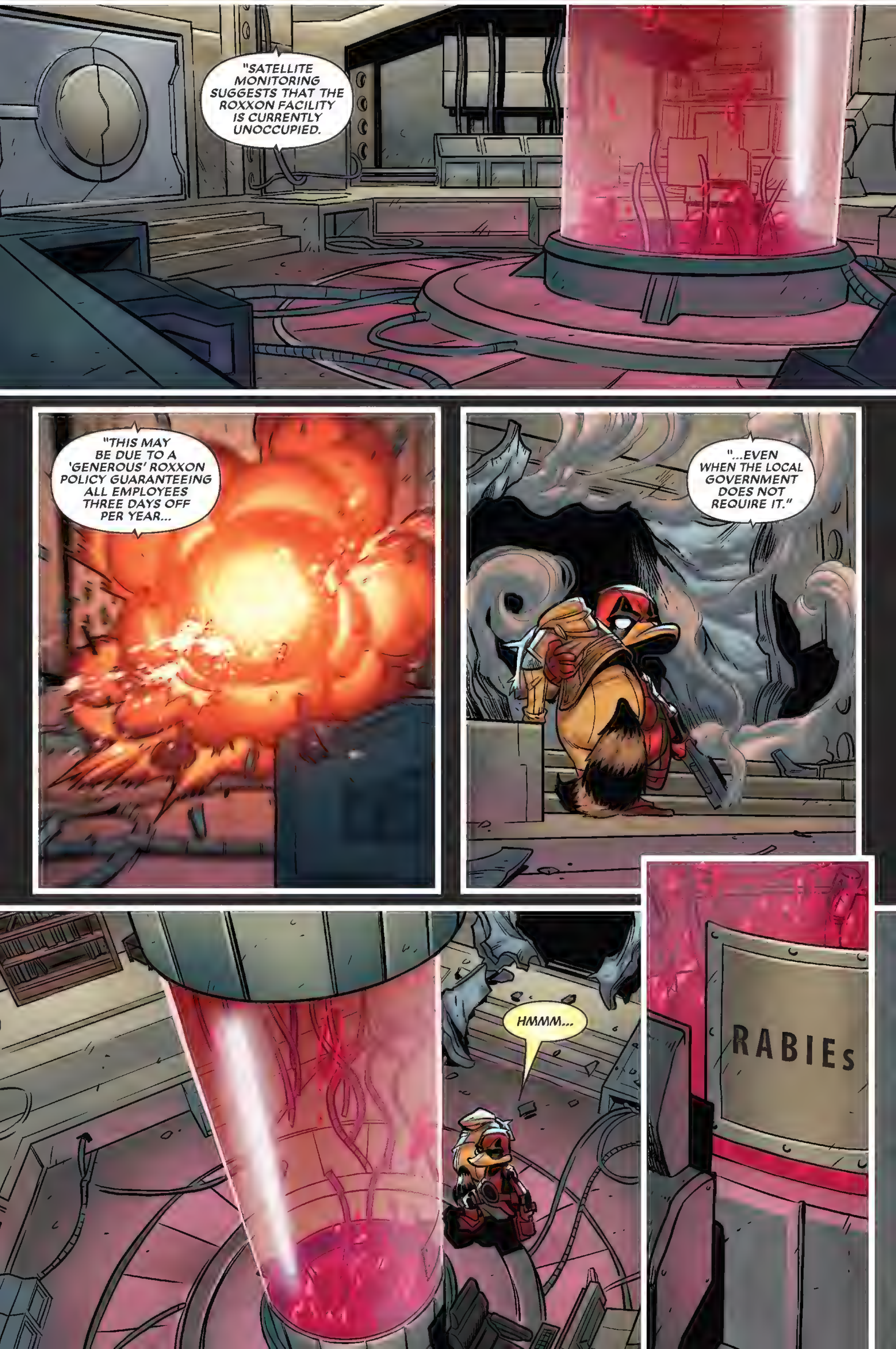

S.H.I.E.L.D., PLEASE HOLD.
BEEP
S.H.I.E.L.D., PLEASE HOLD.
BEEP
S.H.I.E.L.D., PLEASE HOLD.
HONE
S.H.I.E.L.D. SWITCHBOARD? GET ME AGENT MARY--OH, IT'S YOU.
OH, RIGHT.
IS THAT YOU, DEADPOOL?
YOUR VOICE SOUNDS SQUEAKY. DID YOU INHALE HELIUM?
I NEED HELP, MARY.
MY SPIRIT ANIMAL WENT AWAY AND I GOTTA SAVE THIS SPACE RACCOON AND MY *OTHER* SPIRIT ANIMAL WON'T TALK TO ME ANYMORE AND I CAN'T FIND THE SECRET ROXXON LAB.
ALSO I KIND OF GOT TURNED INTO A DUCK.
DEADPOOL, *WHERE ARE YOU?*
AT A GAS STATION OUTSIDE A VITAL ROXXON FACILITY. BUT I MADE ONE TACTICAL ERROR.

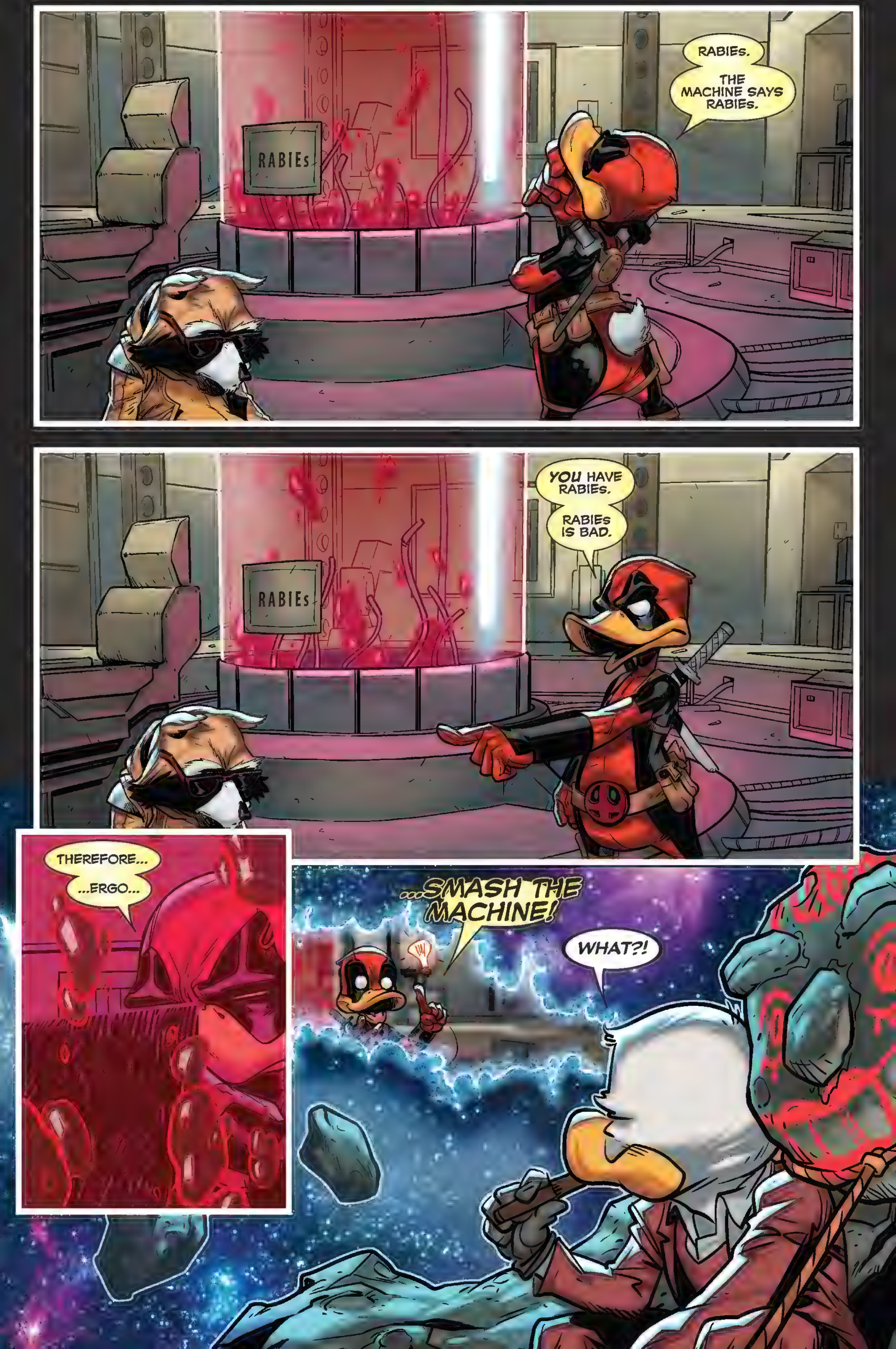

DID YOU KNOW GASOLINE IS FLAMMABLE?
I AM *NOT* ASSIGNED TO YOU ANYMORE--
COME ON, MARE. WE'RE BUDDIES, AREN'T WE? PARTNERS IN THE FIGHT AGAINST EEE-VIL?
BESIDES, I'VE GOT THAT "HIGH-PROFILE E.T." YOU WANTED. BUT IF I DON'T FIND THAT LAB, HE'S GONNA CHOKE TO DEATH ON HIS OWN FROTHY VOMIT.
-SIGH- DO YOU KNOW *ANYTHING* ABOUT THE LOCATION OF THIS LAB? OR ARE YOU JUST STICKING PINS IN A MAP?
NO, WAIT! YES!
THE JANITOR SAID THEY WERE (HOLD ON...PHOTOGRAPHIC MEMORY CLICK CLICK CLICK...) "MOVING ZECRET OPERATION TO MORE BIZNEZZ-FRIENDLY COUNTRY."
THE JANITOR. OKAY, NOT ASKING...
OH, WAIT. I THINK I'VE GOT IT.

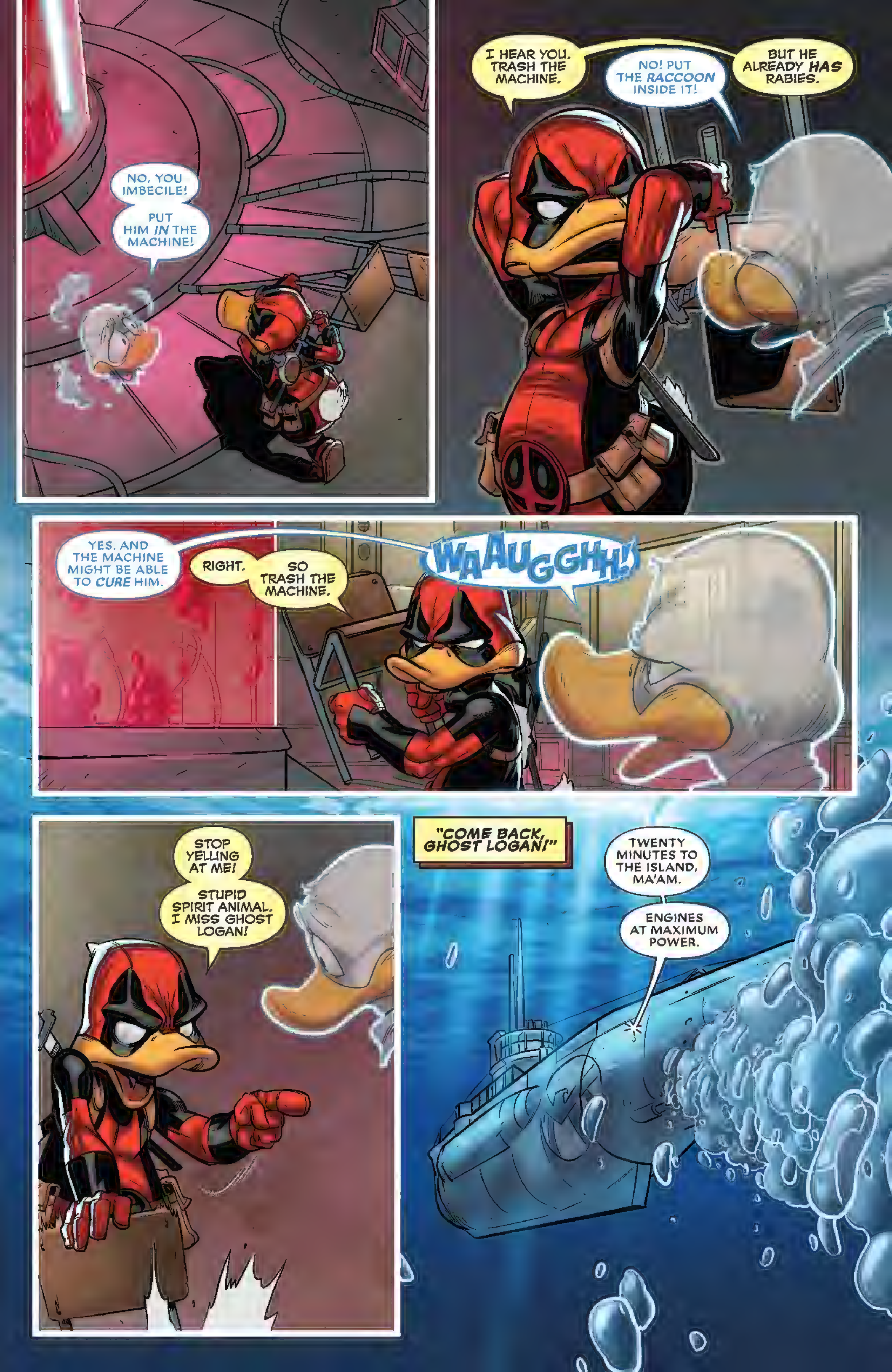

OKAY, I'M SENDING YOU A DATA FILE. IT HAS COORDINATES, ALL THE DETAILS YOU NEED.
HUH. WAIT A MINUTE...
...I'M NOT GETTING A PING FROM YOUR PHONE.
I SORT OF BARELY HAVE A PHONE. AND I BROKE MY TELEPORTER.
WHICH LEADS ME TO MY NEXT QUESTION...
...CAN YOU GET ME TRANSPORTATION?
555-4123
KLIK
HI, THIS IS MARY. YES, JUST MARY.
I'D LIKE TO SPEAK TO THE DIRECTOR...

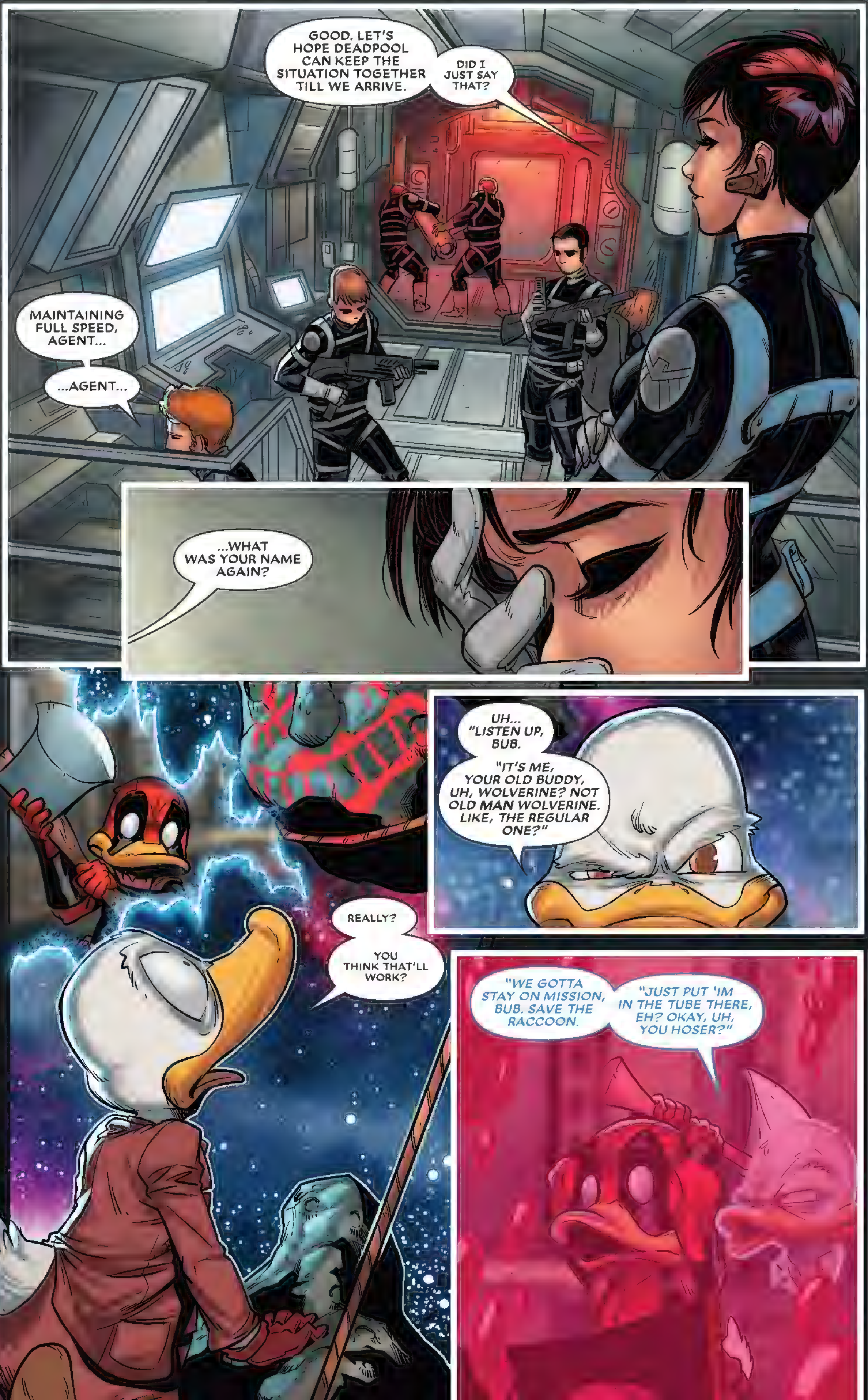

YOU KNOW WHAT? YOU'RE *RIGHT.*
ROCKET, THE RACCOON, HE'S GOT THIS RABIES THING INSIDE HIM. MAKES HIM ALL FERAL, NASTY, FROTHING AT THE MOUTH.
LIKE BRUCE BANNER AT A KISS CONCERT.
THEN HE BITES DEADPOOL. AN' WADE AND I GET MERGED INTO THIS, WELL, COMMERCIALLY APPEALING BUT DEEPLY CONFLICTED LITTLE ASSASSIN.
WITH WADE'S VIOLENT INSTINCTS AND MY DECIDEDLY UN-ASSASSIN-ESQUE PHYSIQUE.
WHY DID THAT HAPPEN? WHY DIDN'T *HE* JUST GET THE RABIES?
WHY AM I HERE?!
I KNOW, I KNOW. I BEEN ASKIN' THAT ALL MY LIFE.
YOU'RE STARTIN' TO IRRITATE ME, YOU KNOW THAT?

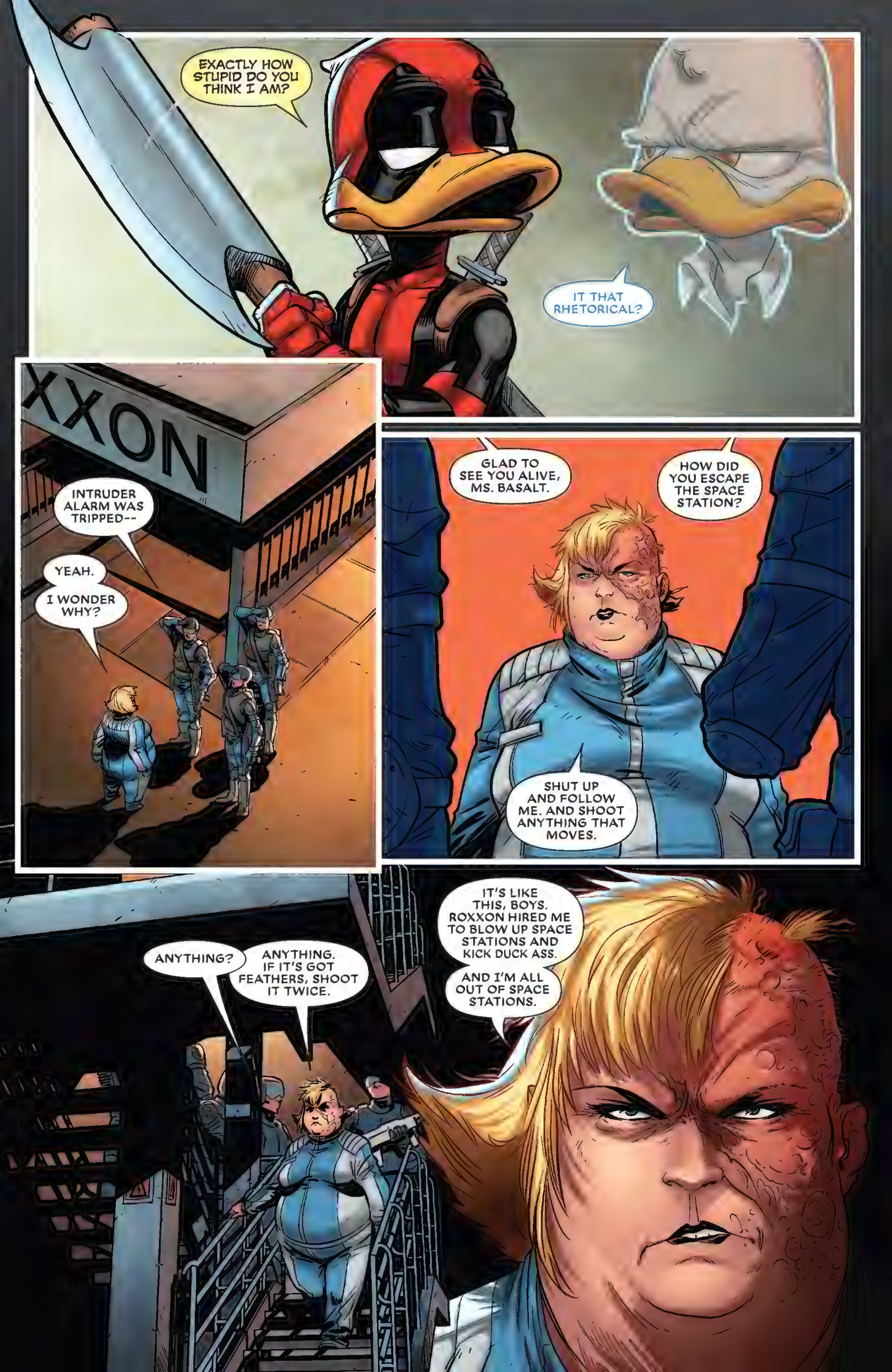

"IN 2003, THE UNITED ARAB EMIRATES BEGAN CONSTRUCTION OF A SERIES OF ARTIFICIAL ISLANDS CALLED 'THE WORLD.'
"FIVE YEARS LATER, THIS AMBITIOUS PROJECT--DESIGNED TO RESEMBLE ALL THE CONTINENTS OF THE EARTH--WAS HALTED BY THE ONSET OF THE WORLD FINANCIAL CRISIS.
"FOUR YEARS AFTER THAT, ROXXON INTERNATIONAL PURCHASED THE ISLAND REPRESENTING THE UNITED STATES.
"THE NATURE OF ROXXON'S OPERATIONS ON 'THE WORLD' IS UNKNOWN...
"...BUT THEY HAVE DEFINITELY REMADE THE ISLAND IN THEIR IMAGE.
"THIS S.H.I.E.L.D. EXPOSITION FILE IS MADE POSSIBLE BY A GENEROUS GRANT FROM THE MARIA STARK FOUNDATION.
"INFORMATION VITAL TO YOUR SURVIVAL WILL RESUME AFTER THIS BRIEF COMMERCIAL MESSAGE.


"SATELLITE MONITORING SUGGESTS THAT THE ROXXON FACILITY IS CURRENTLY UNOCCUPIED.
"THIS MAY BE DUE TO A 'GENEROUS' ROXXON POLICY GUARANTEEING ALL EMPLOYEES THREE DAYS OFF PER YEAR...
"...EVEN WHEN THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT DOES NOT REQUIRE IT."
HMMM...
RABIEs

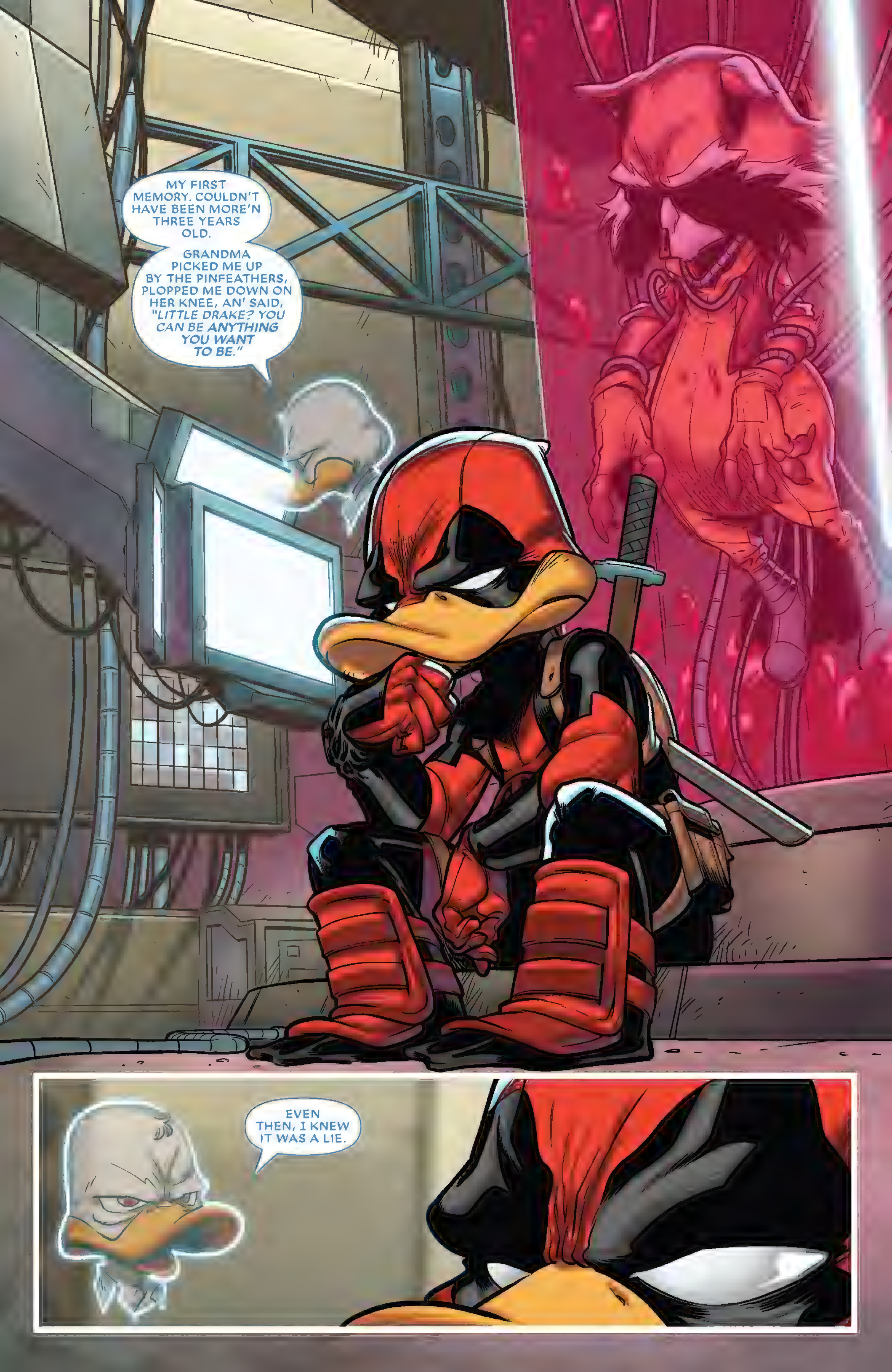

RABIEs
RABIEs.
THE MACHINE SAYS RABIEs.
RABIEs
YOU HAVE RABIEs.
RABIEs IS BAD.
THEREFORE...
...ERGO...
...SMASH THE MACHINE!
WHAT?!

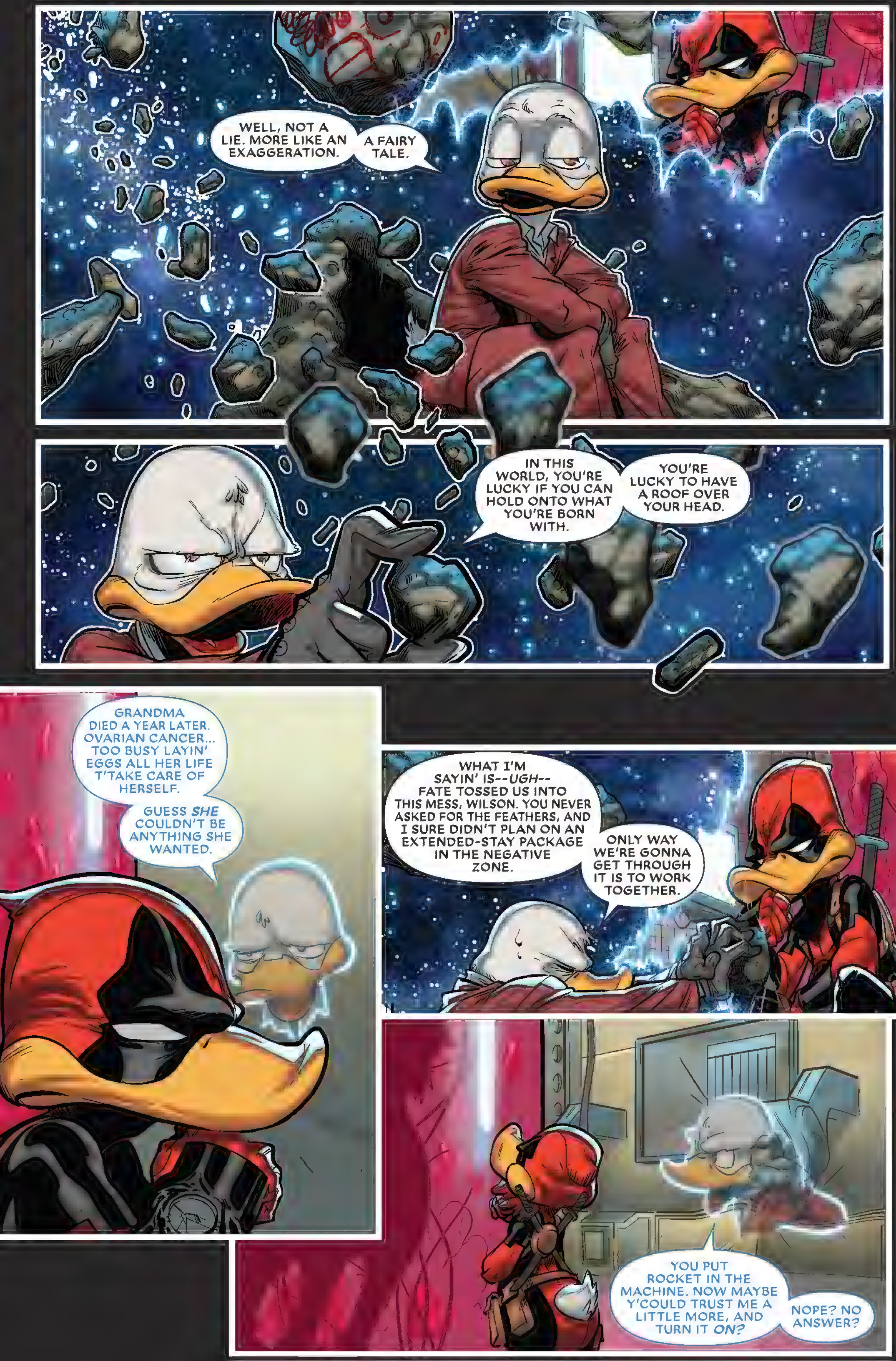

NO, YOU IMBECILE!
PUT HIM *IN* THE MACHINE!
I HEAR YOU. TRASH THE MACHINE.
NO! PUT THE *RACCOON* INSIDE IT!
BUT HE ALREADY *HAS* RABIES.
YES. AND THE MACHINE MIGHT BE ABLE TO *CURE* HIM.
RIGHT.
SO TRASH THE MACHINE.
WAAUGGHH!
STOP YELLING AT ME!
STUPID SPIRIT ANIMAL. I MISS GHOST LOGAN!
"COME BACK, GHOST LOGAN!"
TWENTY MINUTES TO THE ISLAND, MA'AM.
ENGINES AT MAXIMUM POWER.

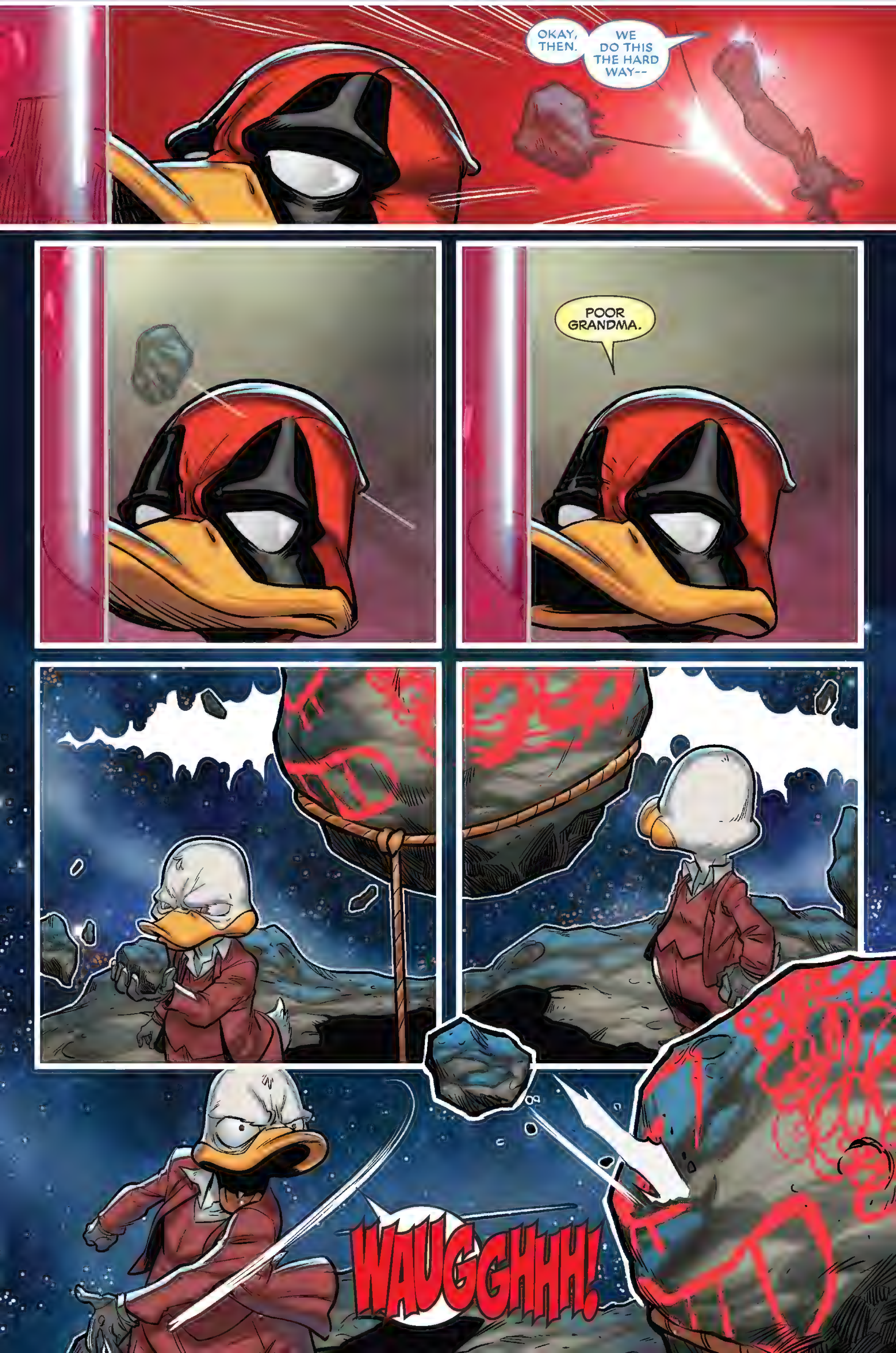

GOOD. LET'S HOPE DEADPOOL CAN KEEP THE SITUATION TOGETHER TILL WE ARRIVE.
DID I JUST SAY THAT?
MAINTAINING FULL SPEED, AGENT...
...AGENT...
...WHAT WAS YOUR NAME AGAIN?
UH... "LISTEN UP, BUB.
"IT'S ME, YOUR OLD BUDDY, UH, WOLVERINE? NOT OLD MAN WOLVERINE. LIKE, THE REGULAR ONE?"
REALLY?
YOU THINK THAT'LL WORK?
"WE GOTTA STAY ON MISSION, BUB. SAVE THE RACCOON.
"JUST PUT 'IM IN THE TUBE THERE, EH? OKAY, UH, YOU HOSER?"

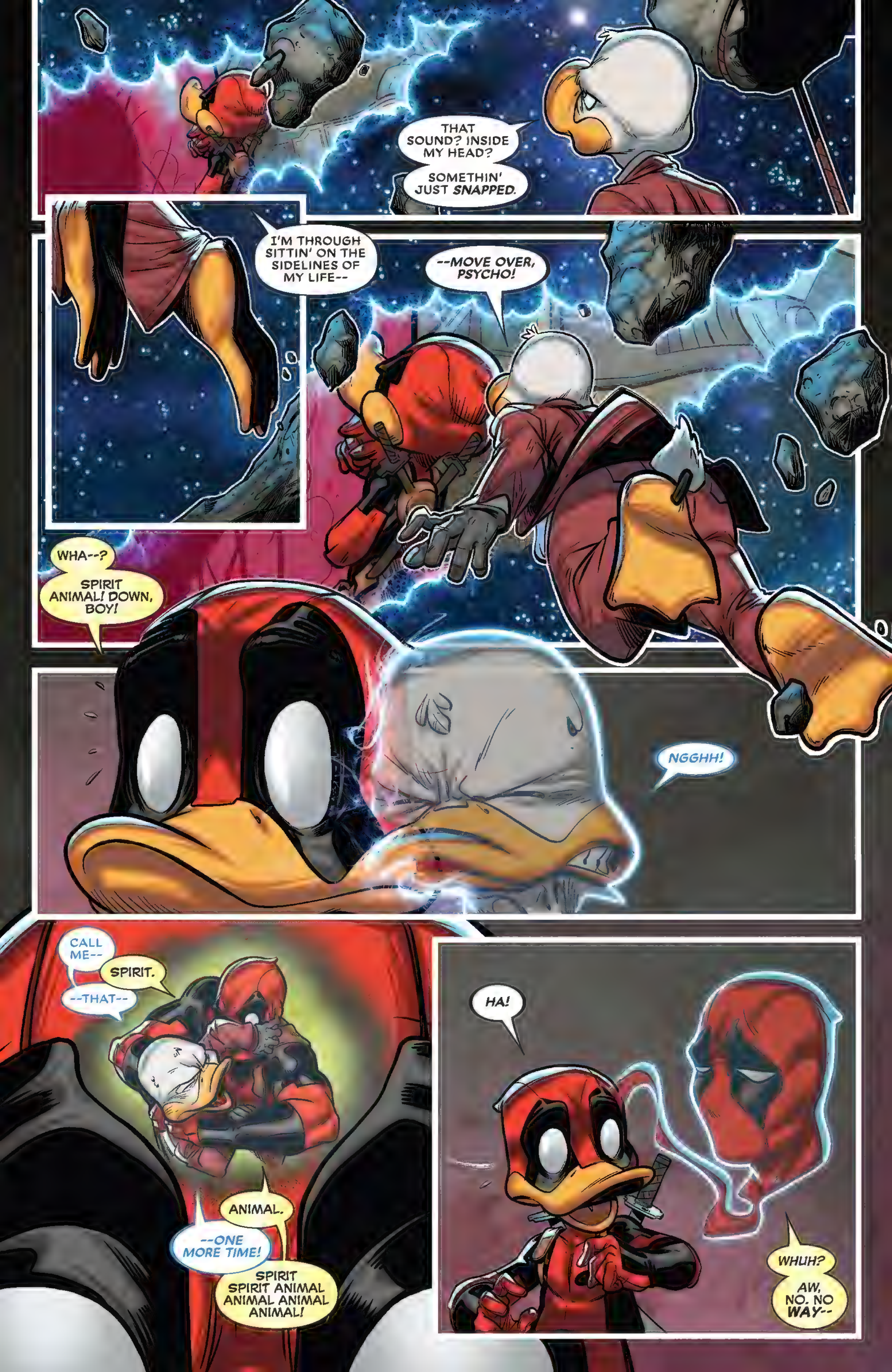

EXACTLY HOW STUPID DO YOU THINK I AM?
IT THAT RHETORICAL?
XXON
INTRUDER ALARM WAS TRIPPED--
YEAH.
I WONDER WHY?
GLAD TO SEE YOU ALIVE, MS. BASALT.
HOW DID YOU ESCAPE THE SPACE STATION?
SHUT UP AND FOLLOW ME. AND SHOOT ANYTHING THAT MOVES.
ANYTHING?
ANYTHING. IF IT'S GOT FEATHERS, SHOOT IT TWICE.
IT'S LIKE THIS, BOYS. ROXXON HIRED ME TO BLOW UP SPACE STATIONS AND KICK DUCK ASS.
AND I'M ALL OUT OF SPACE STATIONS.

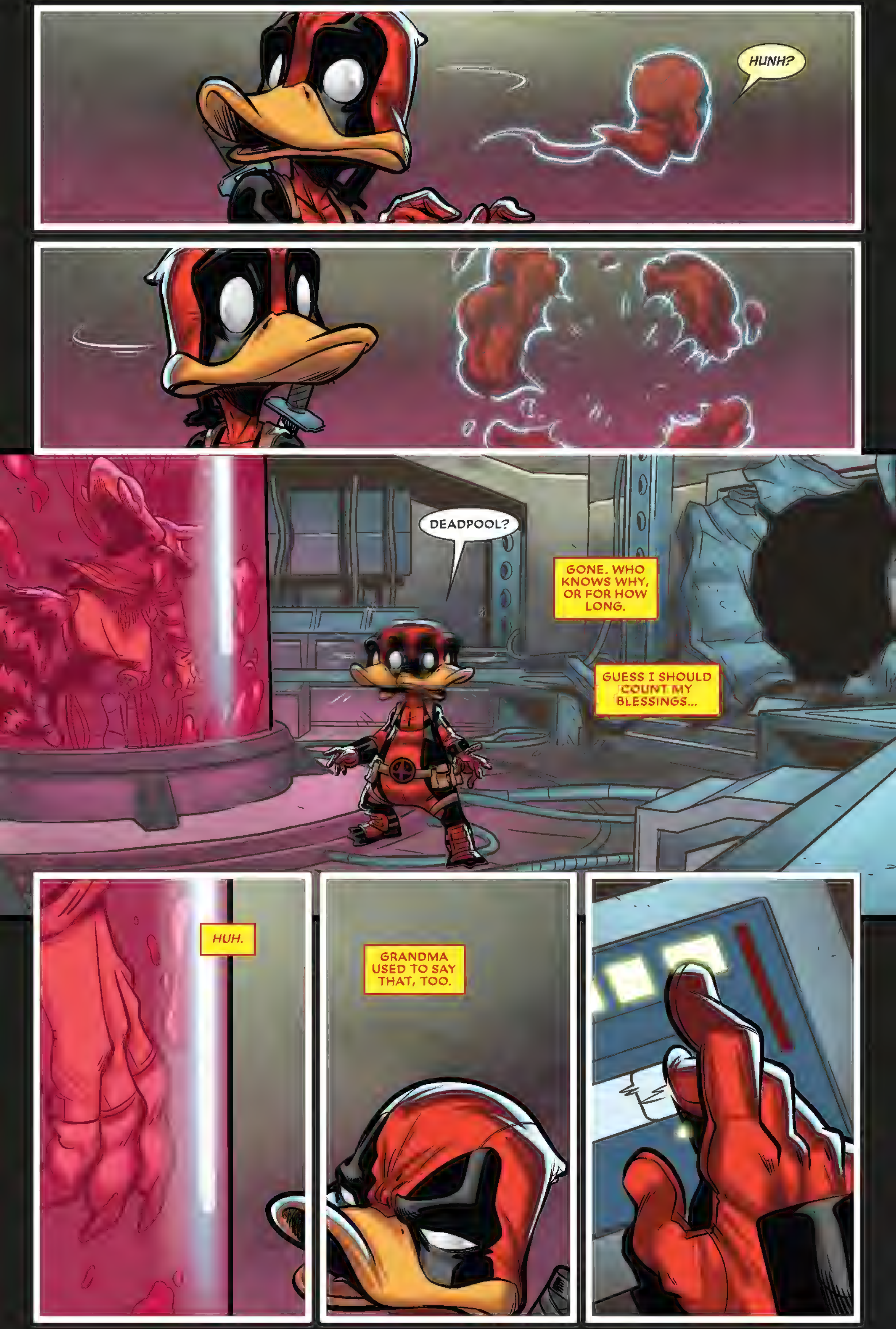
DEADPOOL THE DUCK #4

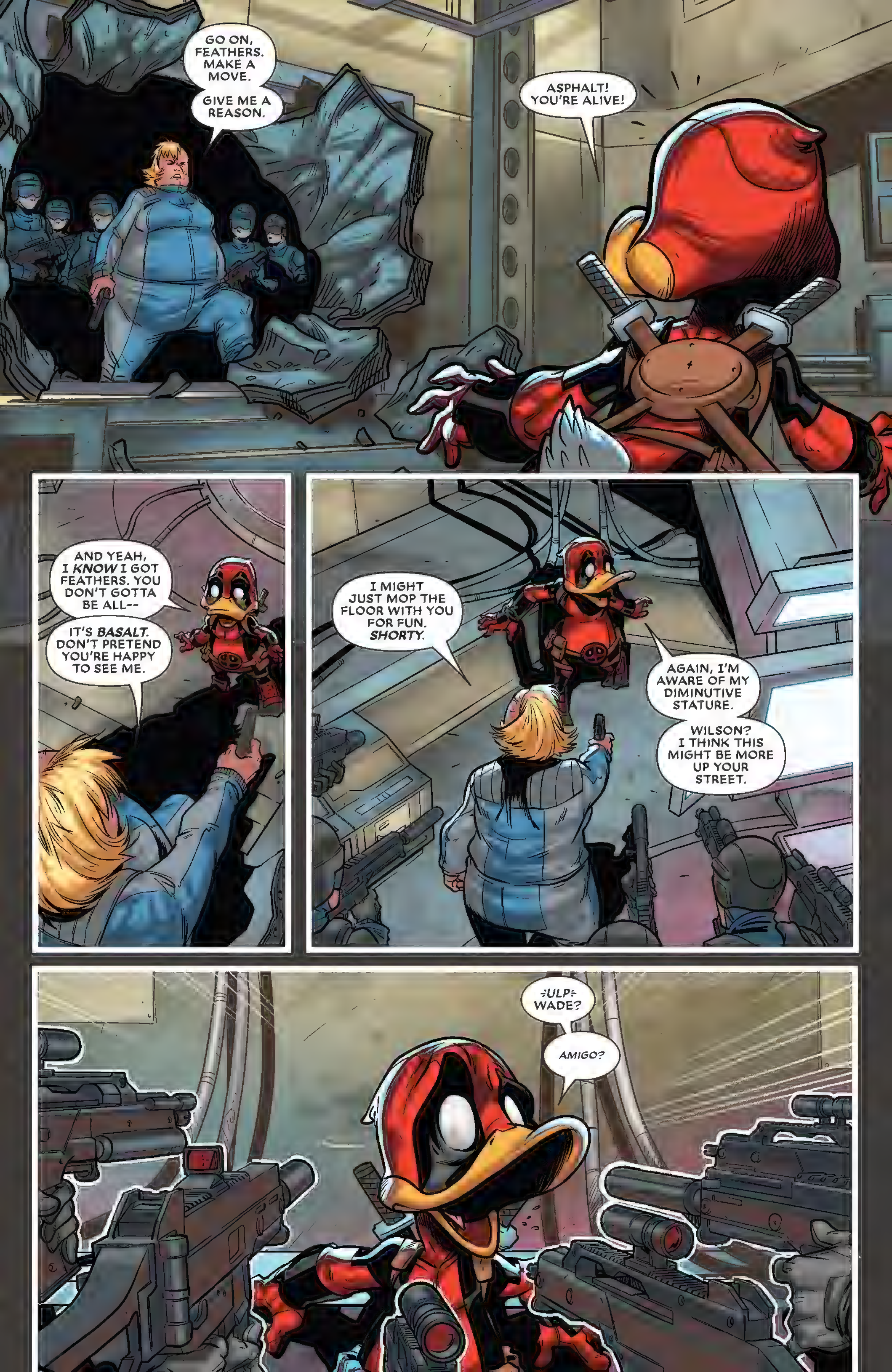

MY FIRST MEMORY. COULDN'T HAVE BEEN MORE'N THREE YEARS OLD.
GRANDMA PICKED ME UP BY THE PINFEATHERS, PLOPPED ME DOWN ON HER KNEE, AN' SAID, *"LITTLE DRAKE? YOU CAN BE ANYTHING YOU WANT TO BE."*
EVEN THEN, I KNEW IT WAS A LIE.

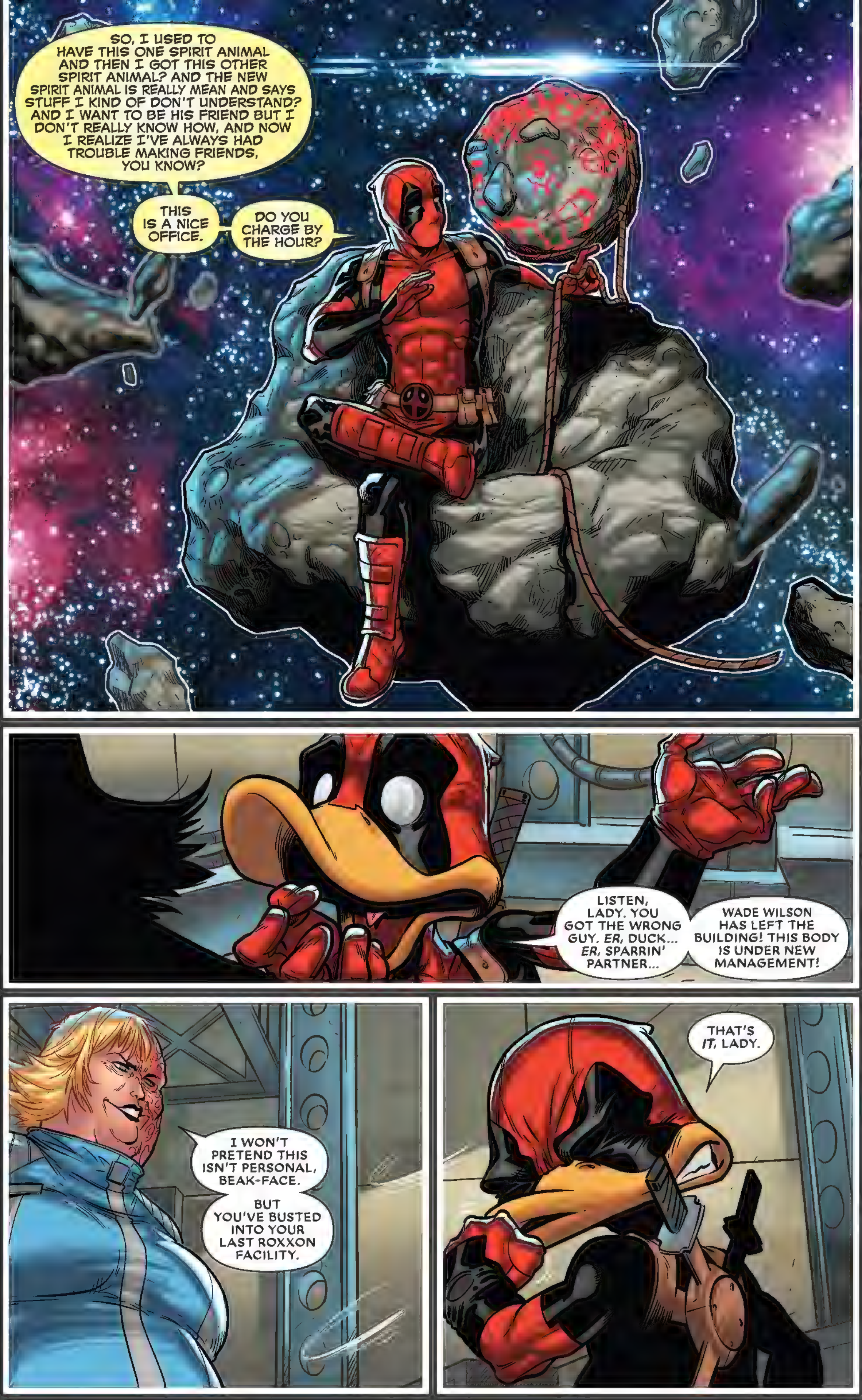

WELL, NOT A LIE. MORE LIKE AN EXAGGERATION.
A FAIRY TALE.
IN THIS WORLD, YOU'RE LUCKY IF YOU CAN HOLD ONTO WHAT YOU'RE BORN WITH.
YOU'RE LUCKY TO HAVE A ROOF OVER YOUR HEAD.
GRANDMA DIED A YEAR LATER. OVARIAN CANCER... TOO BUSY LAYIN' EGGS ALL HER LIFE T'TAKE CARE OF HERSELF.
GUESS *SHE* COULDN'T BE ANYTHING SHE WANTED.
WHAT I'M SAYIN' IS--*UGH*--FATE TOSSED US INTO THIS MESS, WILSON. YOU NEVER ASKED FOR THE FEATHERS, AND I SURE DIDN'T PLAN ON AN EXTENDED-STAY PACKAGE IN THE NEGATIVE ZONE.
ONLY WAY WE'RE GONNA GET THROUGH IT IS TO WORK TOGETHER.
YOU PUT ROCKET IN THE MACHINE. NOW MAYBE Y'COULD TRUST ME A LITTLE MORE, AND TURN IT *ON?*
NOPE? NO ANSWER?

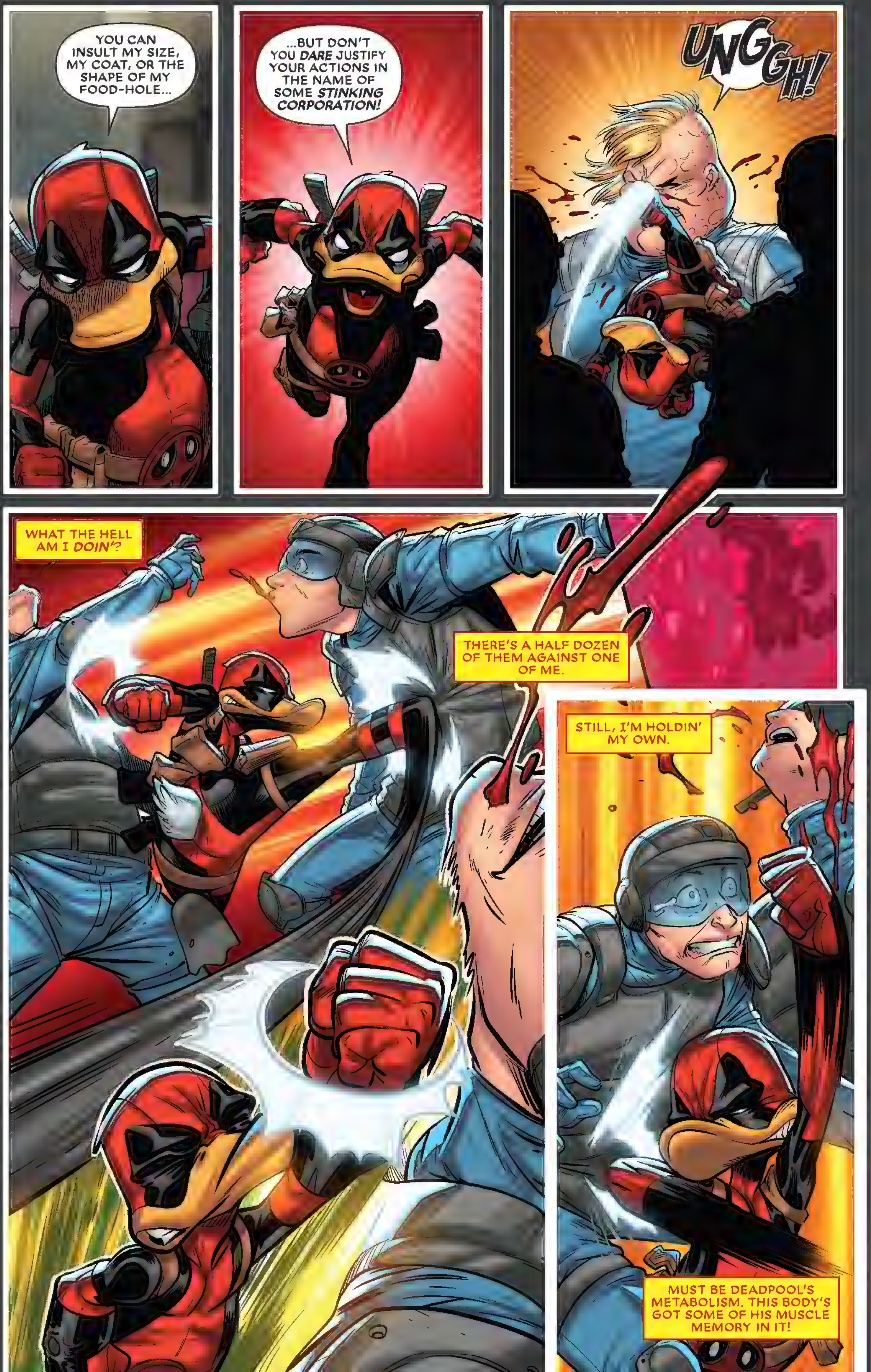

OKAY, THEN.
WE DO THIS THE HARD WAY--
POOR GRANDMA.
WAUGGHHH!

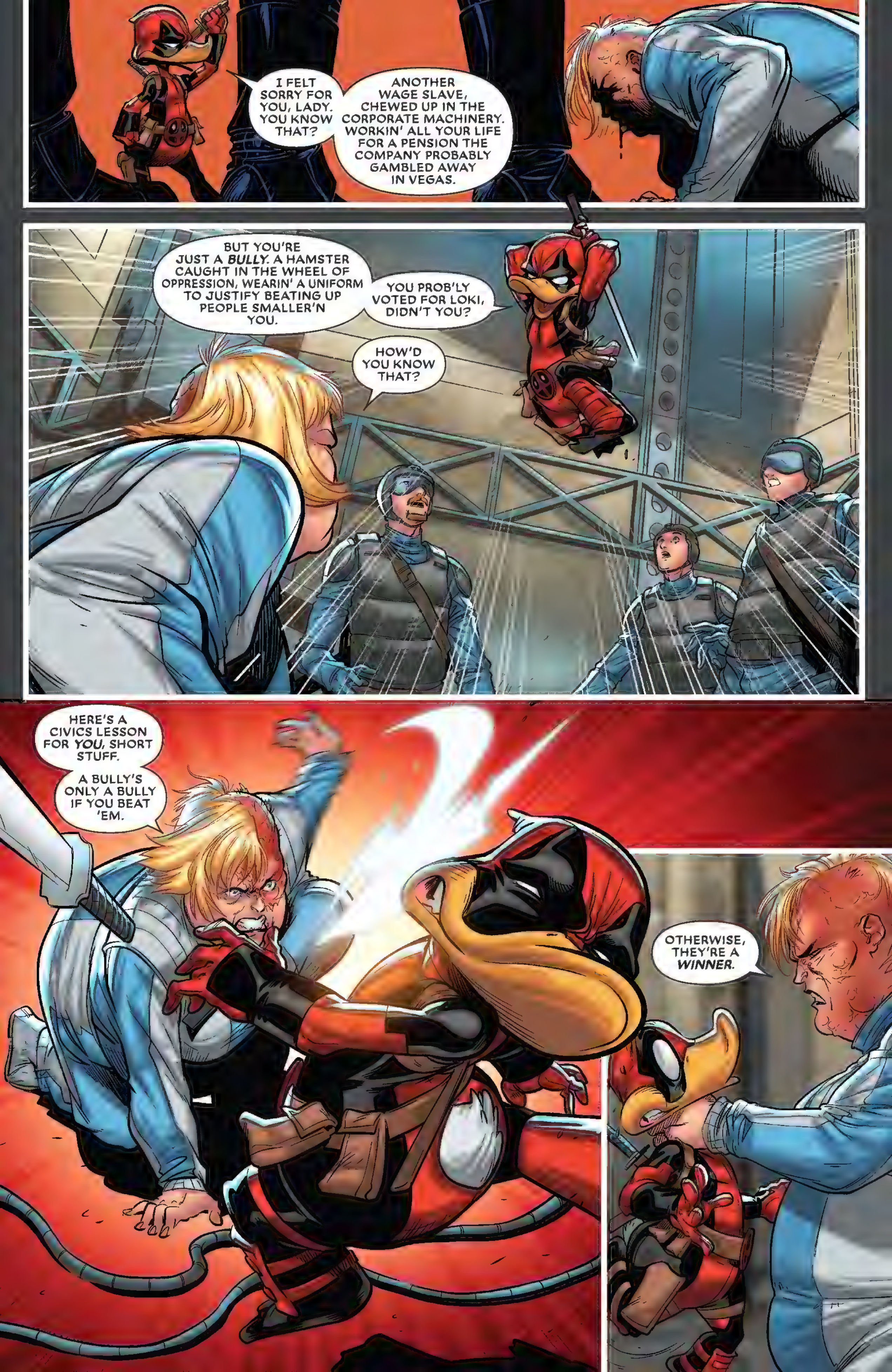

THAT SOUND? INSIDE MY HEAD?
SOMETHIN' JUST *SNAPPED.*
I'M THROUGH SITTIN' ON THE SIDELINES OF MY LIFE--
--MOVE OVER, PSYCHO!
WHA--?
SPIRIT ANIMAL! DOWN, BOY!
NGGHH!
CALL ME--
SPIRIT.
--THAT--
ANIMAL.
--ONE MORE TIME!
SPIRIT SPIRIT ANIMAL ANIMAL ANIMAL ANIMAL!
HA!
WHUH?
AW, NO. NO *WAY--*

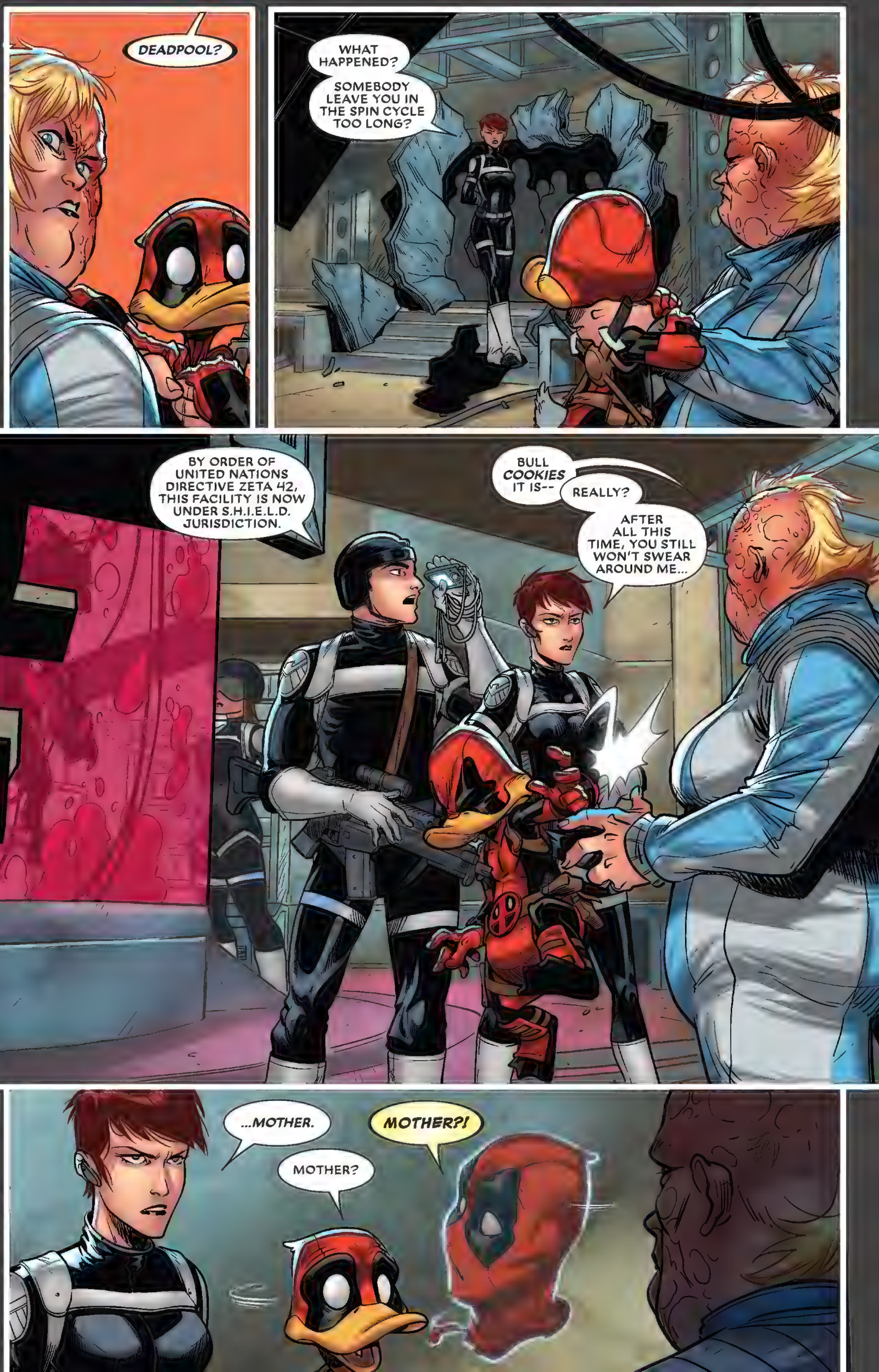

HUNH?
DEADPOOL?
GONE. WHO KNOWS WHY, OR FOR HOW LONG.
GUESS I SHOULD COUNT MY BLESSINGS...
HUH.
GRANDMA USED TO SAY THAT, TOO.

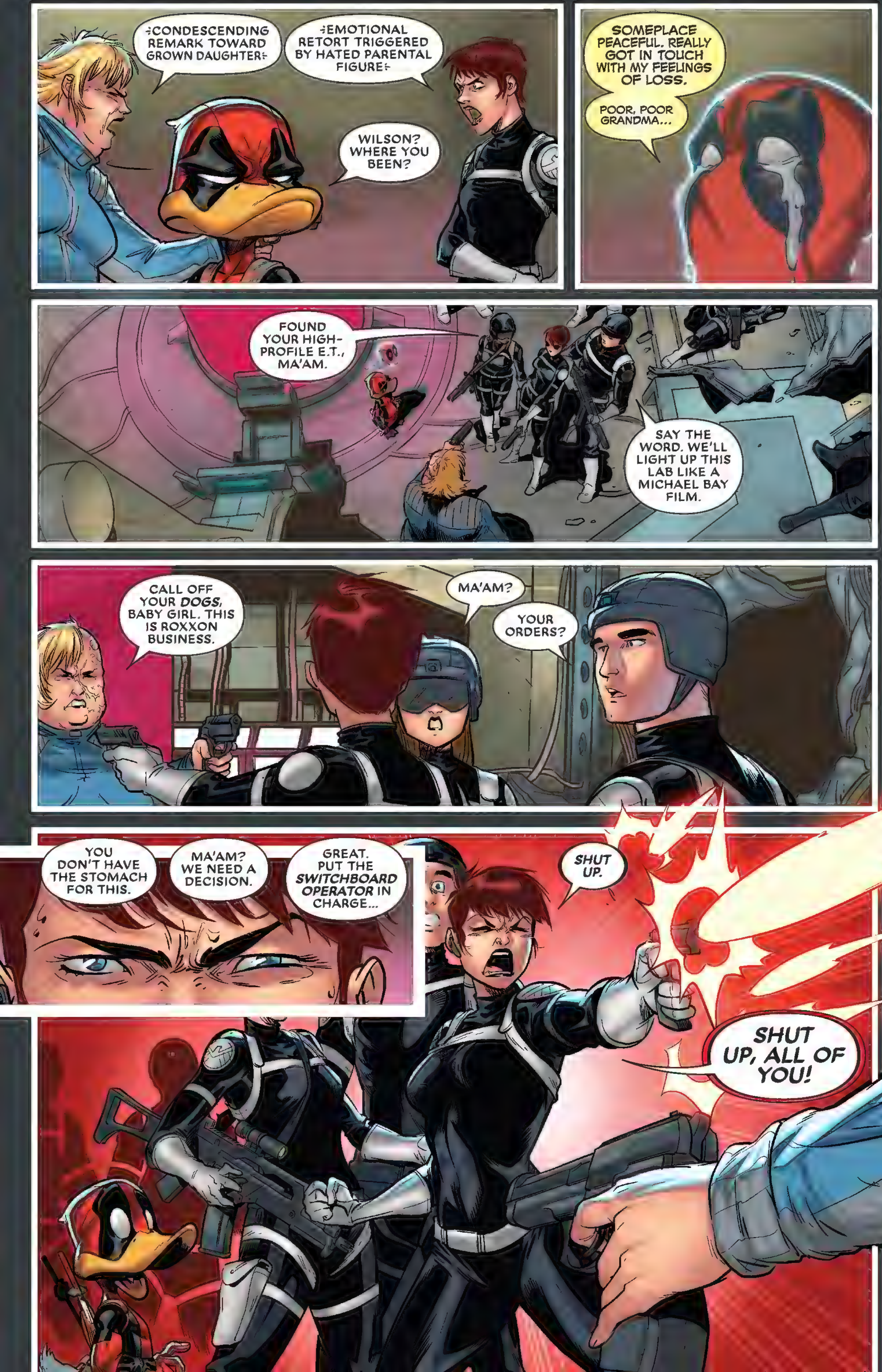

GO ON, FEATHERS. MAKE A MOVE.
GIVE ME A REASON.
ASPHALT! YOU'RE ALIVE!
AND YEAH, I *KNOW* I GOT FEATHERS. YOU DON'T GOTTA BE ALL--
IT'S *BASALT.* DON'T PRETEND YOU'RE HAPPY TO SEE ME.
I MIGHT JUST MOP THE FLOOR WITH YOU FOR FUN. *SHORTY.*
AGAIN, I'M AWARE OF MY DIMINUTIVE STATURE.
WILSON? I THINK THIS MIGHT BE MORE UP YOUR STREET.
=ULP= WADE?
AMIGO?

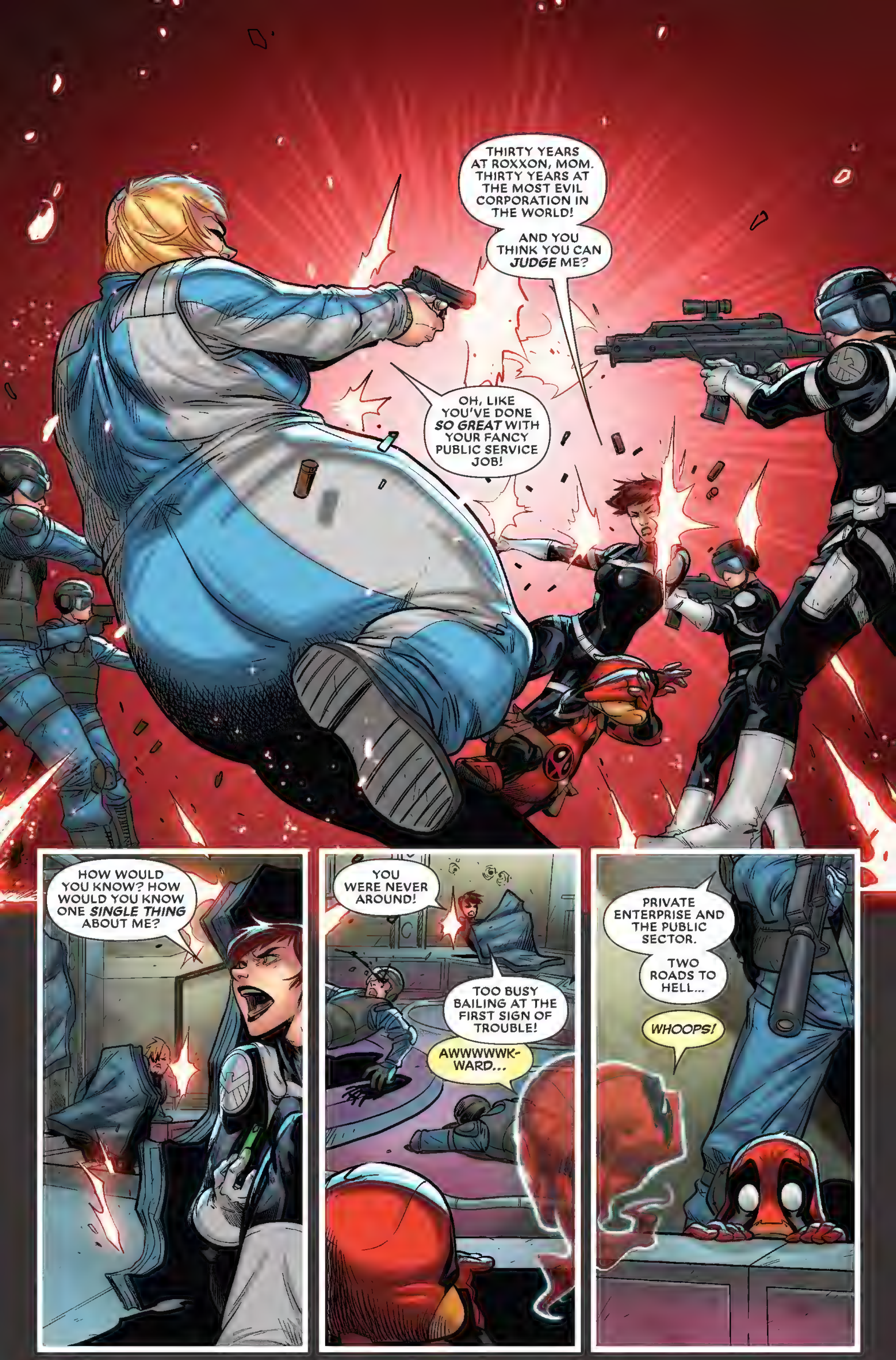

SO, I USED TO HAVE THIS ONE SPIRIT ANIMAL AND THEN I GOT THIS OTHER SPIRIT ANIMAL? AND THE NEW SPIRIT ANIMAL IS REALLY MEAN AND SAYS STUFF I KIND OF DON'T UNDERSTAND? AND I WANT TO BE HIS FRIEND BUT I DON'T REALLY KNOW HOW, AND NOW I REALIZE I'VE ALWAYS HAD TROUBLE MAKING FRIENDS, YOU KNOW?
THIS IS A NICE OFFICE.
DO YOU CHARGE BY THE HOUR?
LISTEN, LADY. YOU GOT THE WRONG GUY. *ER,* DUCK... *ER,* SPARRIN' PARTNER...
WADE WILSON HAS LEFT THE BUILDING! THIS BODY IS UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT!
I WON'T PRETEND THIS ISN'T PERSONAL, BEAK-FACE.
BUT YOU'VE BUSTED INTO YOUR LAST ROXXON FACILITY.
THAT'S *IT,* LADY.

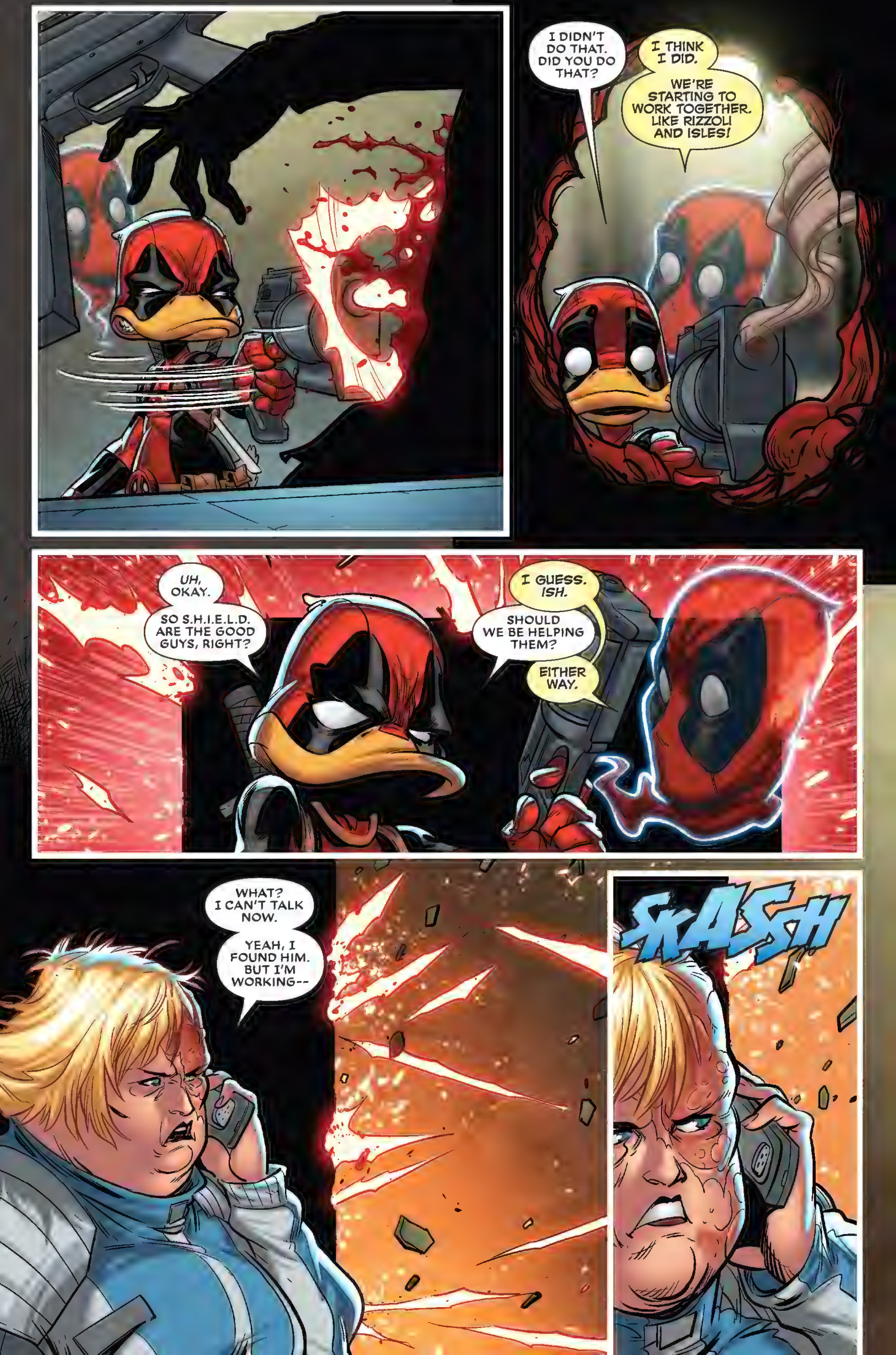

YOU CAN INSULT MY SIZE, MY COAT, OR THE SHAPE OF MY FOOD-HOLE...
...BUT DON'T YOU *DARE* JUSTIFY YOUR ACTIONS IN THE NAME OF SOME *STINKING CORPORATION!*
UNGGH!
WHAT THE HELL AM I *DOIN'*?
THERE'S A HALF DOZEN OF THEM AGAINST ONE OF ME.
STILL, I'M HOLDIN' MY OWN.
MUST BE DEADPOOL'S METABOLISM. THIS BODY'S GOT SOME OF HIS MUSCLE MEMORY IN IT!

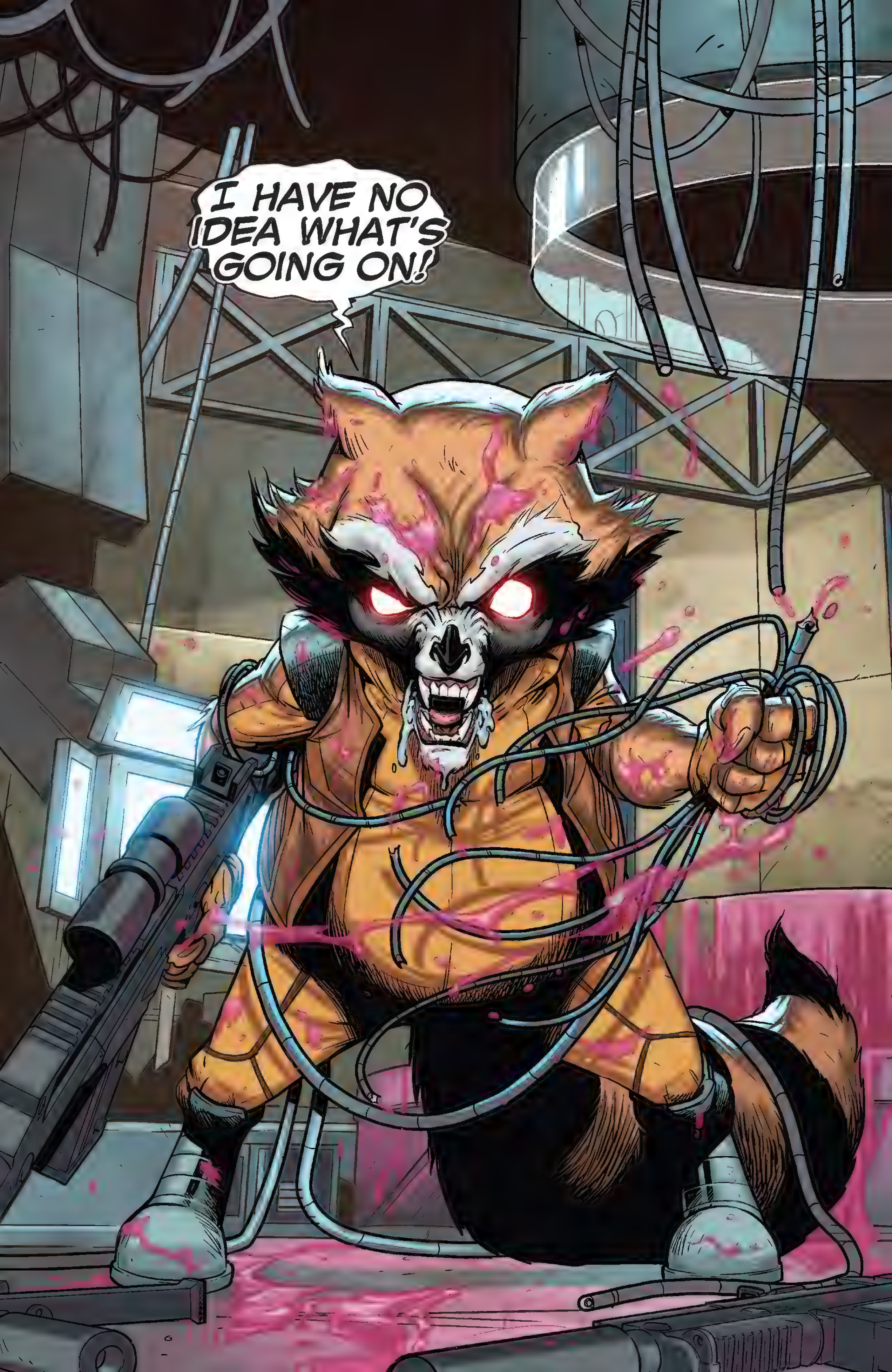

I FELT SORRY FOR YOU, LADY. YOU KNOW THAT?
ANOTHER WAGE SLAVE, CHEWED UP IN THE CORPORATE MACHINERY. WORKIN' ALL YOUR LIFE FOR A PENSION THE COMPANY PROBABLY GAMBLED AWAY IN VEGAS.
BUT YOU'RE JUST A *BULLY.* A HAMSTER CAUGHT IN THE WHEEL OF OPPRESSION, WEARIN' A UNIFORM TO JUSTIFY BEATING UP PEOPLE SMALLER'N YOU.
YOU PROB'LY VOTED FOR LOKI, DIDN'T YOU?
HOW'D YOU KNOW THAT?
HERE'S A CIVICS LESSON FOR *YOU,* SHORT STUFF.
A BULLY'S ONLY A BULLY IF YOU BEAT 'EM.
OTHERWISE, THEY'RE A *WINNER.*

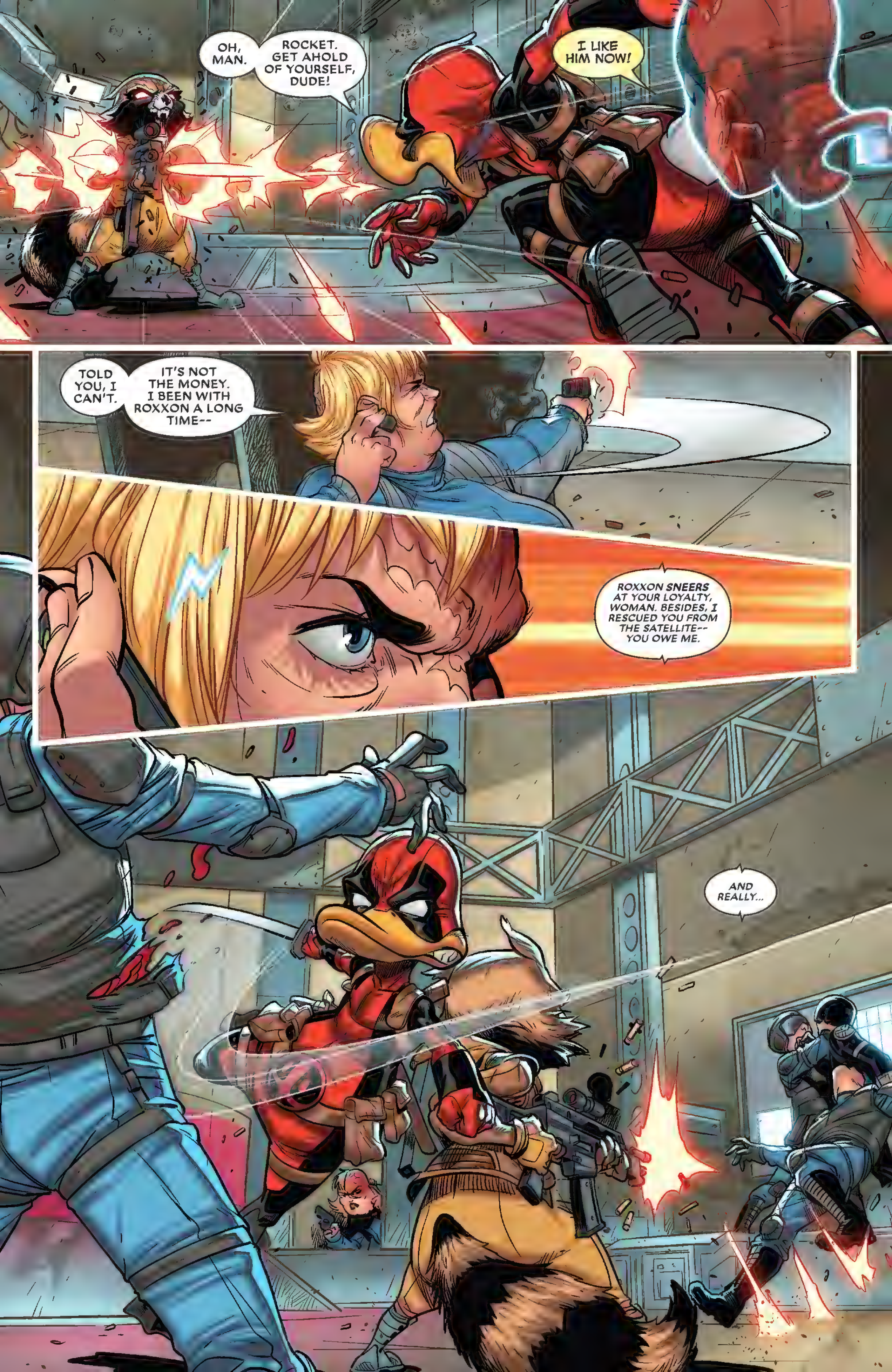

DEADPOOL?
WHAT HAPPENED?
SOMEBODY LEAVE YOU IN THE SPIN CYCLE TOO LONG?
BY ORDER OF UNITED NATIONS DIRECTIVE ZETA 42, THIS FACILITY IS NOW UNDER S.H.I.E.L.D. JURISDICTION.
BULL *COOKIES* IT IS--
REALLY?
AFTER ALL THIS TIME, YOU STILL WON'T SWEAR AROUND ME...
...MOTHER.
MOTHER?
MOTHER?!

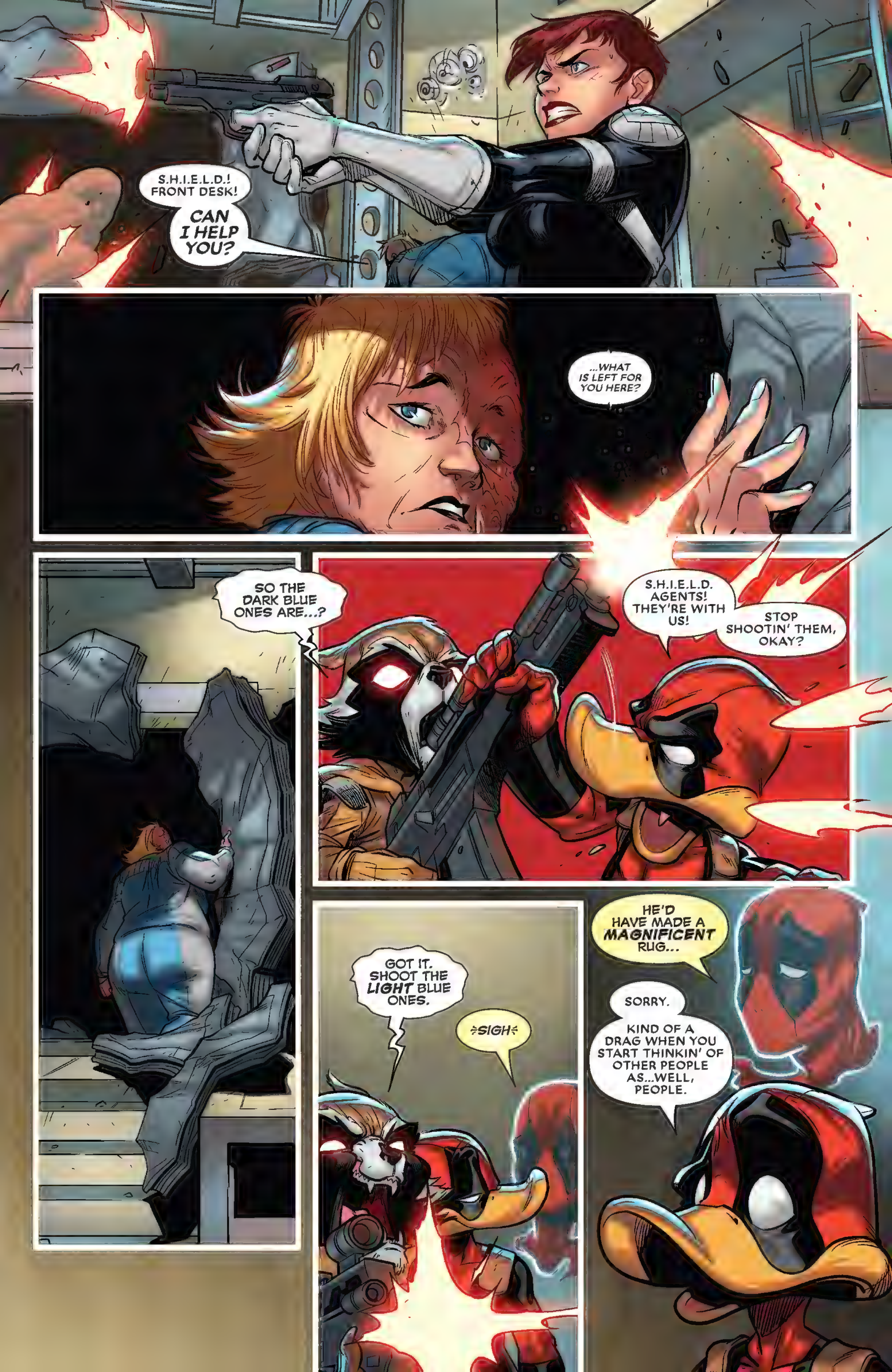

÷CONDESCENDING REMARK TOWARD GROWN DAUGHTER÷
÷EMOTIONAL RETORT TRIGGERED BY HATED PARENTAL FIGURE÷
WILSON? WHERE YOU BEEN?
SOMEPLACE PEACEFUL. REALLY GOT IN TOUCH WITH MY FEELINGS OF LOSS.
POOR, POOR GRANDMA...
FOUND YOUR HIGH-PROFILE E.T., MA'AM.
SAY THE WORD. WE'LL LIGHT UP THIS LAB LIKE A MICHAEL BAY FILM.
CALL OFF YOUR *DOGS*, BABY GIRL. THIS IS ROXXON BUSINESS.
MA'AM?
YOUR ORDERS?
YOU DON'T HAVE THE STOMACH FOR THIS.
MA'AM? WE NEED A DECISION.
GREAT. PUT THE *SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR* IN CHARGE...
SHUT UP.
SHUT UP, ALL OF YOU!

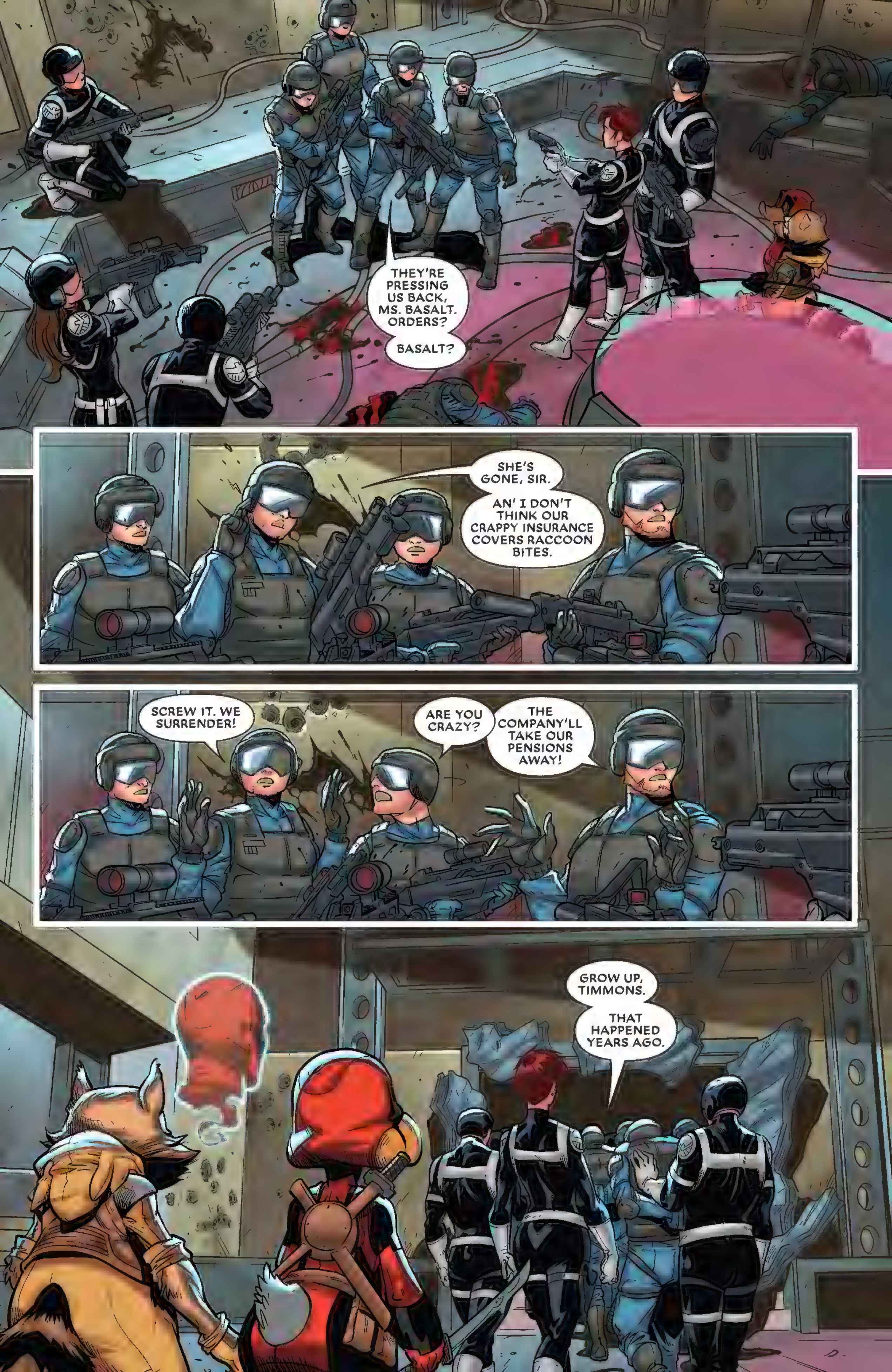

THIRTY YEARS AT ROXXON, MOM. THIRTY YEARS AT THE MOST EVIL CORPORATION IN THE WORLD!
AND YOU THINK YOU CAN *JUDGE* ME?
OH, LIKE YOU'VE DONE *SO GREAT* WITH YOUR FANCY PUBLIC SERVICE JOB!
HOW WOULD YOU KNOW? HOW WOULD YOU KNOW ONE *SINGLE THING* ABOUT ME?
YOU WERE NEVER AROUND!
TOO BUSY BAILING AT THE FIRST SIGN OF TROUBLE!
AWWWWWK-WARD...
PRIVATE ENTERPRISE AND THE PUBLIC SECTOR.
TWO ROADS TO HELL...
WHOOPS!

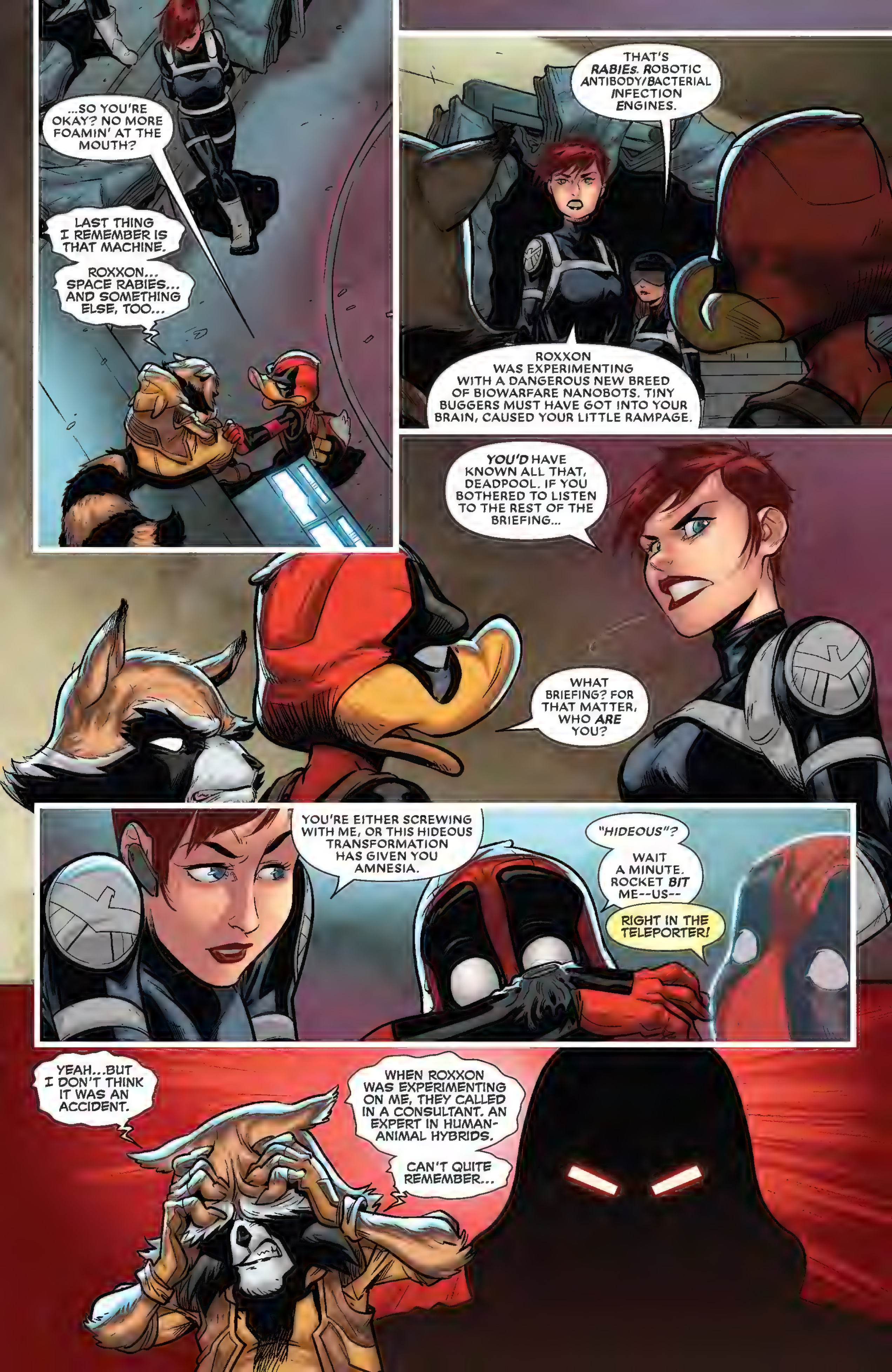

I DIDN'T DO THAT. DID YOU DO THAT?
I THINK I DID.
WE'RE STARTING TO WORK TOGETHER. LIKE RIZZOLI AND ISLES!
UH, OKAY.
SO S.H.I.E.L.D. ARE THE GOOD GUYS, RIGHT?
I GUESS. ISH.
SHOULD WE BE HELPING THEM?
EITHER WAY.
WHAT? I CAN'T TALK NOW.
YEAH, I FOUND HIM. BUT I'M WORKING--
SKASH

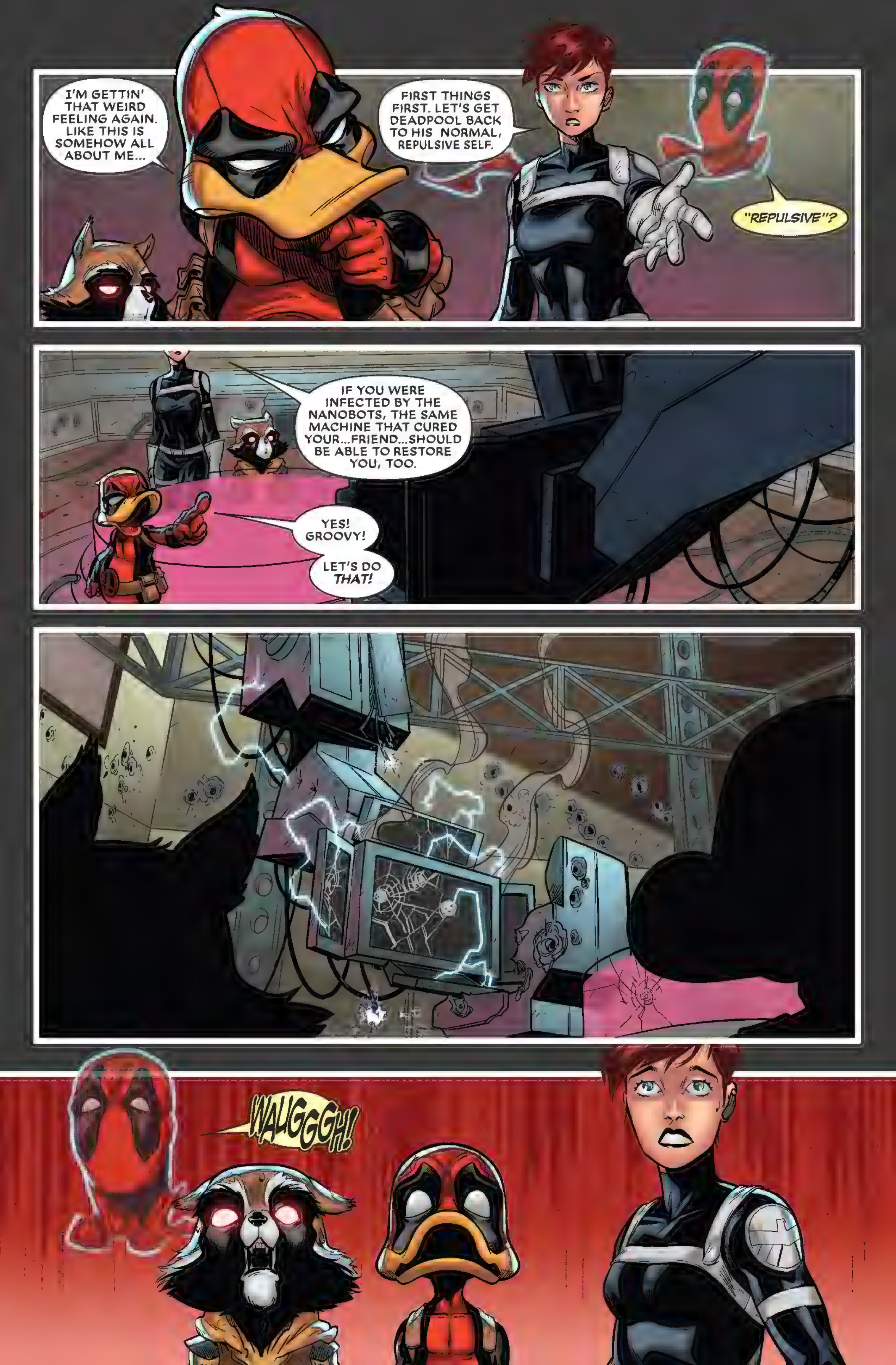

I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT'S GOING ON!

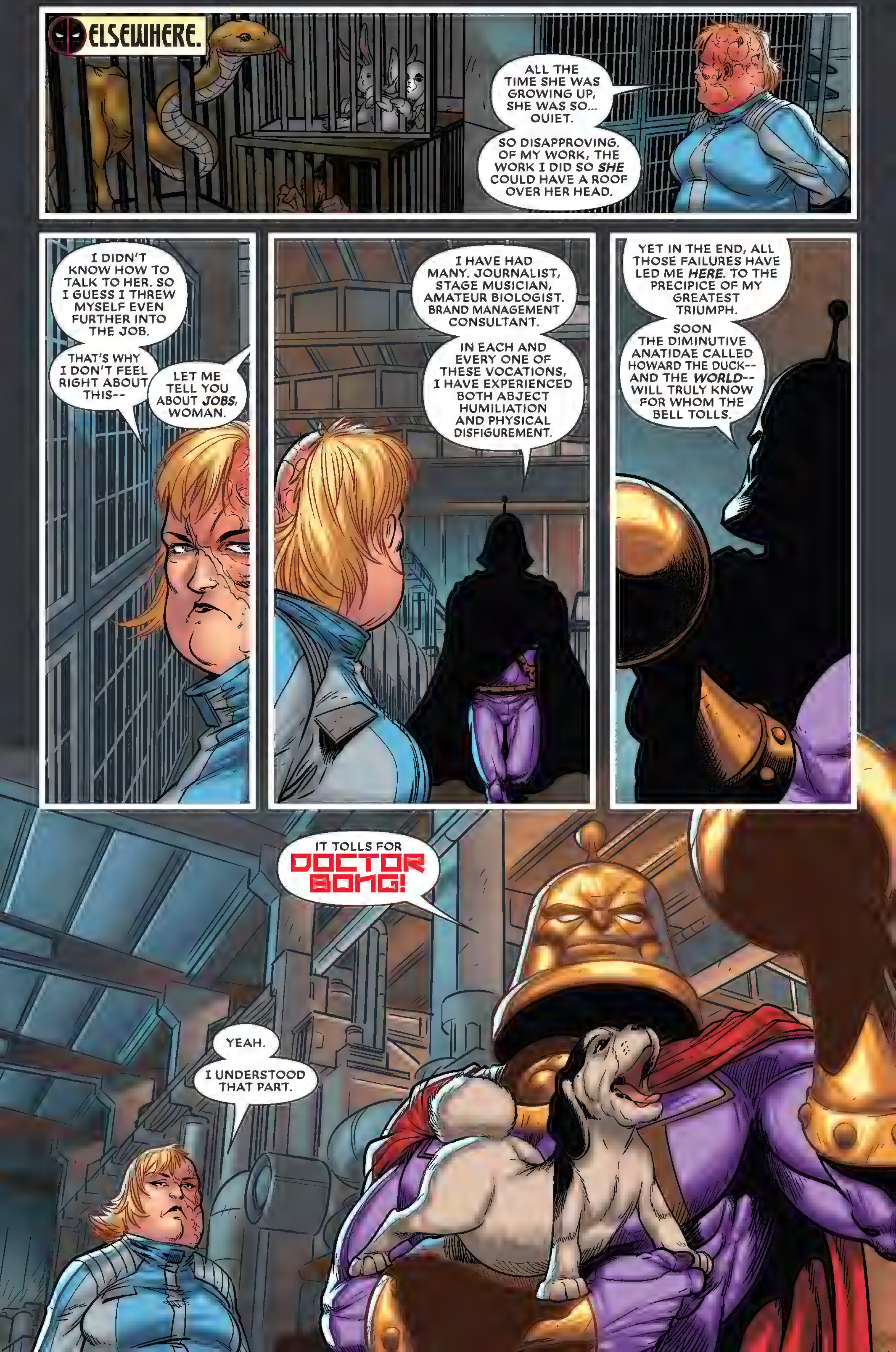

OH, MAN.
ROCKET. GET AHOLD OF YOURSELF, DUDE!
I LIKE HIM NOW!
TOLD YOU, I CAN'T.
IT'S NOT THE MONEY. I BEEN WITH ROXXON A LONG TIME--
ROXXON SNEERS AT YOUR LOYALTY, WOMAN. BESIDES, I RESCUED YOU FROM THE SATELLITE-- YOU OWE ME.
AND REALLY...


S.H.I.E.L.D.! FRONT DESK!
CAN I HELP YOU?
...WHAT IS LEFT FOR YOU HERE?
SO THE DARK BLUE ONES ARE...?
S.H.I.E.L.D. AGENTS! THEY'RE WITH US!
STOP SHOOTIN' THEM, OKAY?
GOT IT. SHOOT THE LIGHT BLUE ONES.
SIGH
HE'D HAVE MADE A MAGNIFICENT RUG...
SORRY.
KIND OF A DRAG WHEN YOU START THINKIN' OF OTHER PEOPLE AS...WELL, PEOPLE.

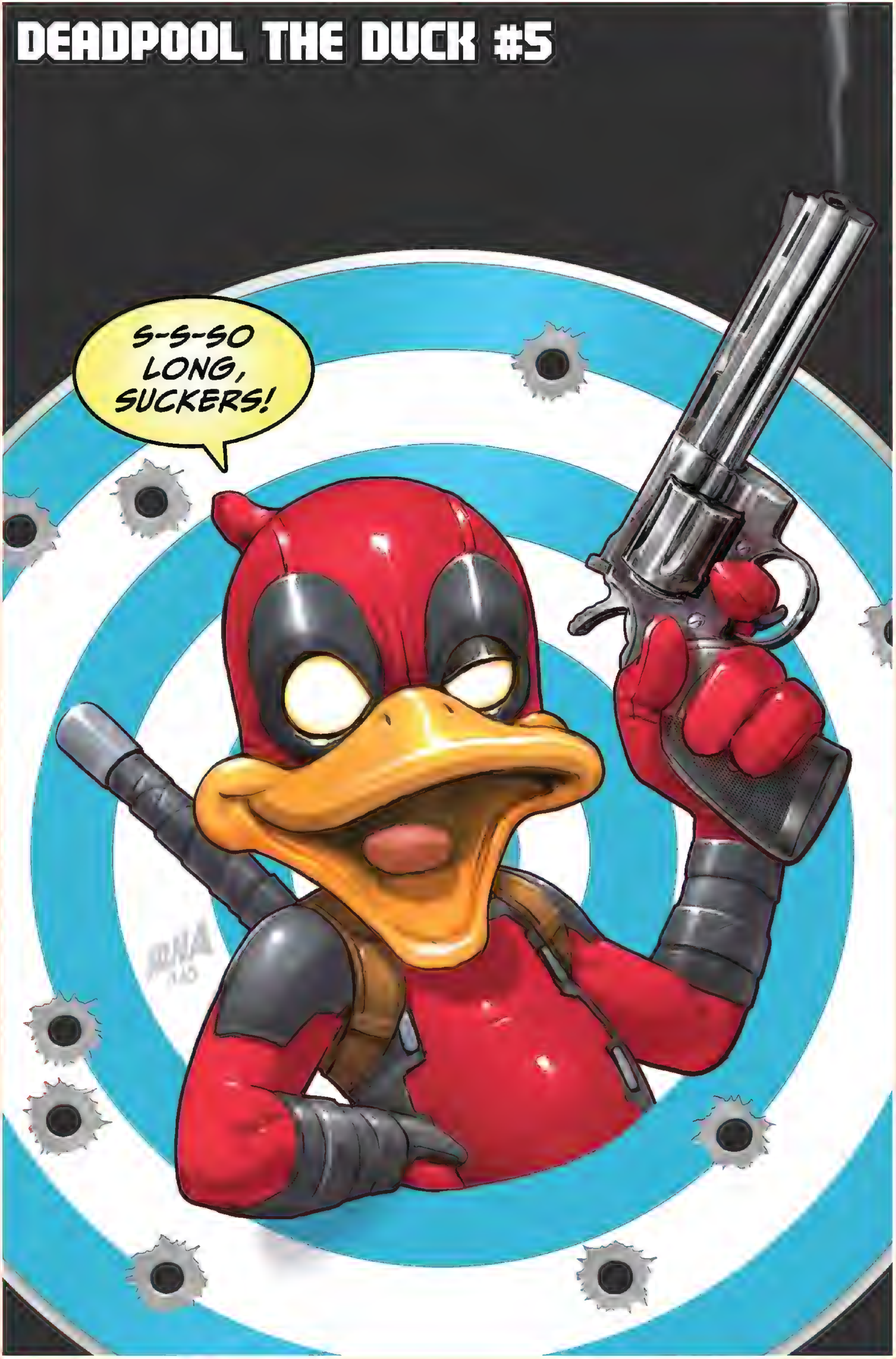

THEY'RE PRESSING US BACK, MS. BASALT. ORDERS?
BASALT?
SHE'S GONE, SIR.
AN' I DON'T THINK OUR CRAPPY INSURANCE COVERS RACCOON BITES.
SCREW IT. WE SURRENDER!
ARE YOU CRAZY?
THE COMPANY'LL TAKE OUR PENSIONS AWAY!
GROW UP, TIMMONS.
THAT HAPPENED YEARS AGO.


...SO YOU'RE OKAY? NO MORE FOAMIN' AT THE MOUTH?
LAST THING I REMEMBER IS THAT MACHINE.
ROXXON... SPACE RABIES... AND SOMETHING ELSE, TOO...
THAT'S *RABIES*. ROBOTIC ANTIBODY/BACTERIAL INFECTION ENGINES.
ROXXON WAS EXPERIMENTING WITH A DANGEROUS NEW BREED OF BIOWARFARE NANOBOTS. TINY BUGGERS MUST HAVE GOT INTO YOUR BRAIN, CAUSED YOUR LITTLE RAMPAGE.
YOU'D HAVE KNOWN ALL THAT, DEADPOOL. IF YOU BOTHERED TO LISTEN TO THE REST OF THE BRIEFING...
WHAT BRIEFING? FOR THAT MATTER, WHO *ARE* YOU?
YOU'RE EITHER SCREWING WITH ME, OR THIS HIDEOUS TRANSFORMATION HAS GIVEN YOU AMNESIA.
"HIDEOUS"?
WAIT A MINUTE. ROCKET *BIT* ME--US--
RIGHT IN THE TELEPORTER!
YEAH...BUT I DON'T THINK IT WAS AN ACCIDENT.
WHEN ROXXON WAS EXPERIMENTING ON ME, THEY CALLED IN A CONSULTANT. AN EXPERT IN HUMAN-ANIMAL HYBRIDS.
CAN'T QUITE REMEMBER...

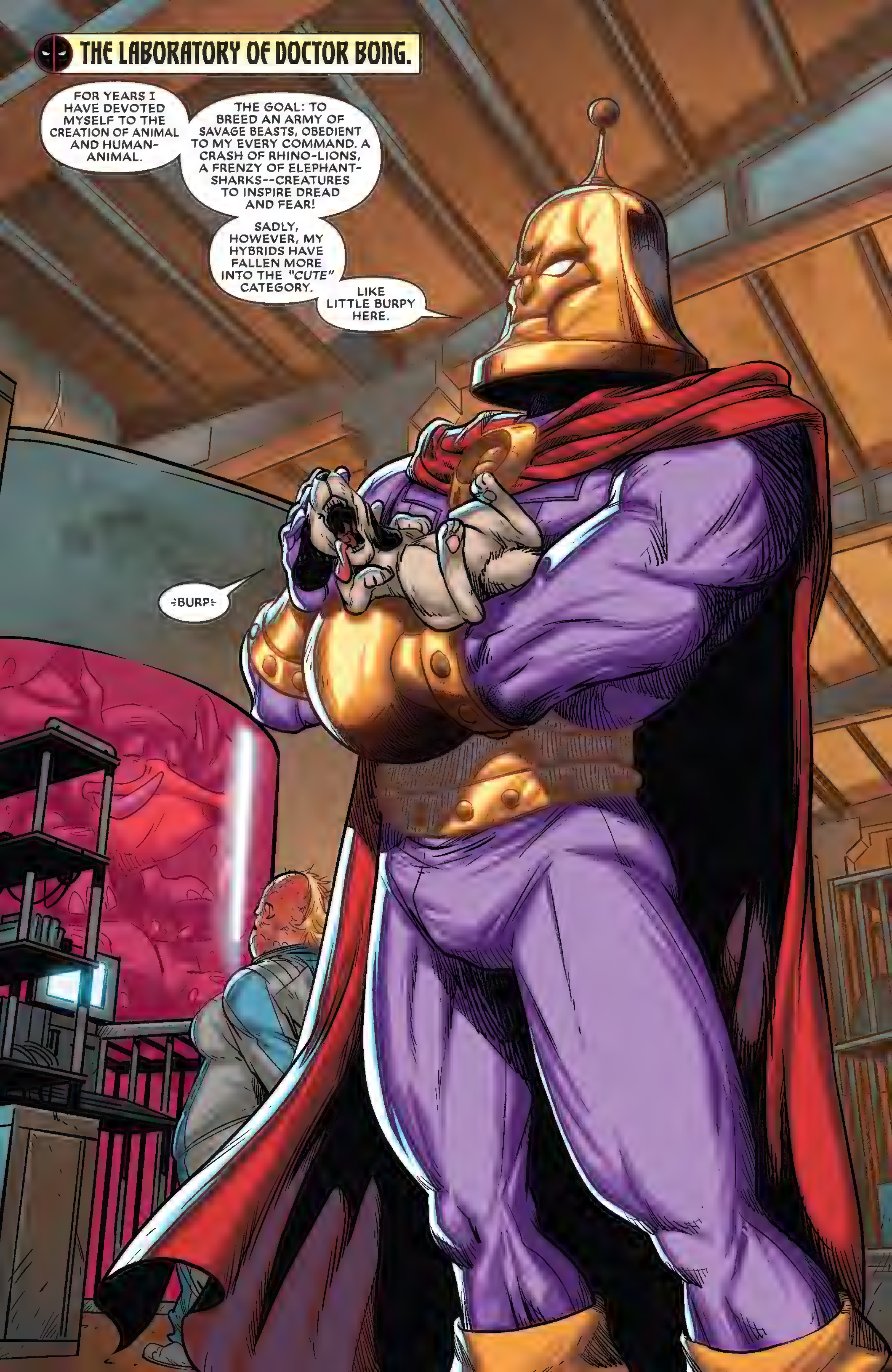

I'M GETTIN' THAT WEIRD FEELING AGAIN. LIKE THIS IS SOMEHOW ALL ABOUT ME...
FIRST THINGS FIRST. LET'S GET DEADPOOL BACK TO HIS NORMAL, REPULSIVE SELF.
"REPULSIVE"?
IF YOU WERE INFECTED BY THE NANOBOTS, THE SAME MACHINE THAT CURED YOUR...FRIEND...SHOULD BE ABLE TO RESTORE YOU, TOO.
YES! GROOVY!
LET'S DO *THAT!*
WAUGGGH!

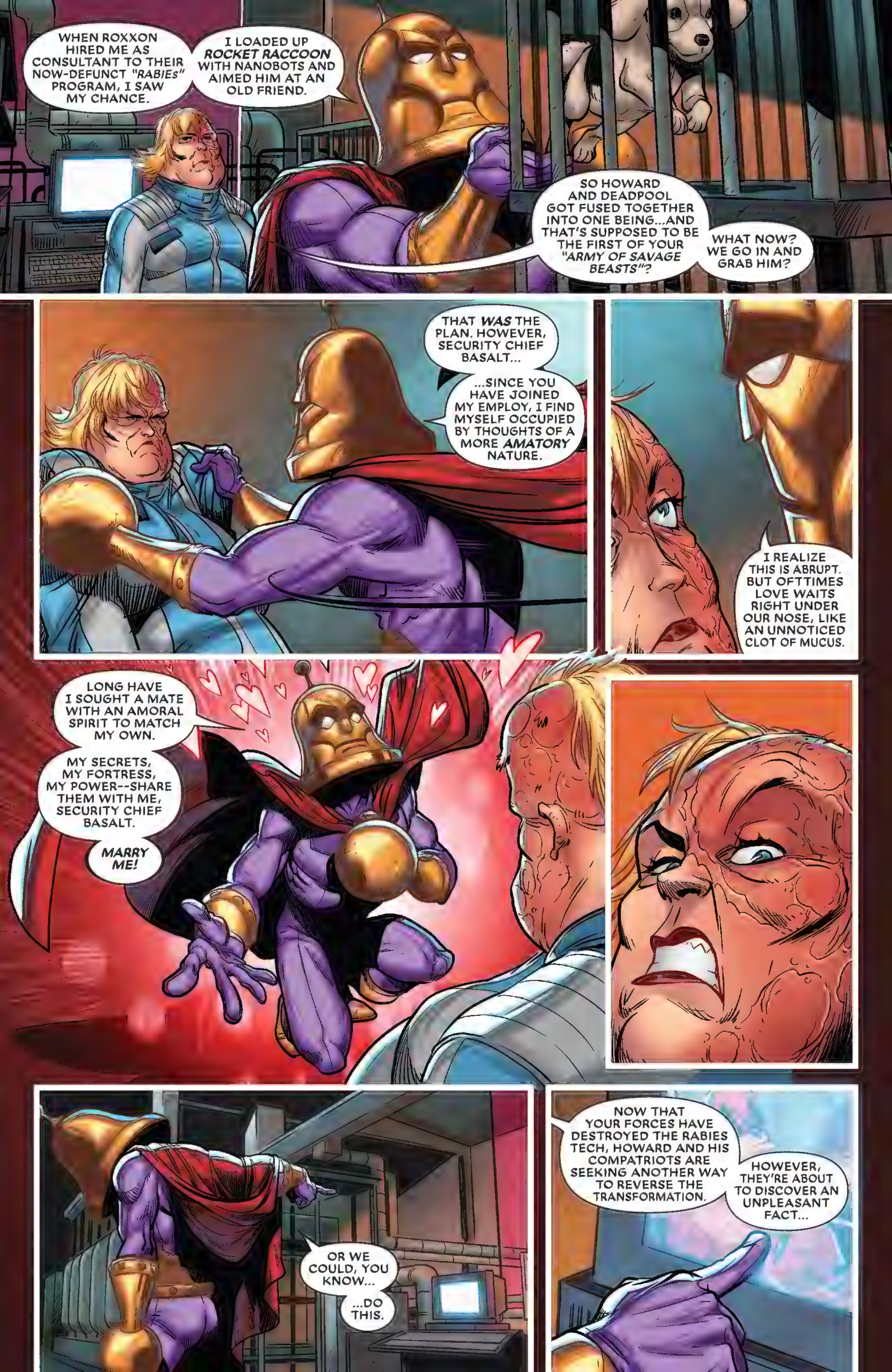

ELSEWHERE.
ALL THE TIME SHE WAS GROWING UP, SHE WAS SO... QUIET.
SO DISAPPROVING. OF MY WORK, THE WORK I DID SO *SHE* COULD HAVE A ROOF OVER HER HEAD.
I DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO TALK TO HER. SO I GUESS I THREW MYSELF EVEN FURTHER INTO THE JOB.
THAT'S WHY I DON'T FEEL RIGHT ABOUT THIS--
LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT *JOBS*, WOMAN.
I HAVE HAD MANY. JOURNALIST, STAGE MUSICIAN, AMATEUR BIOLOGIST. BRAND MANAGEMENT CONSULTANT.
IN EACH AND EVERY ONE OF THESE VOCATIONS, I HAVE EXPERIENCED BOTH ABJECT HUMILIATION AND PHYSICAL DISFIGUREMENT.
YET IN THE END, ALL THOSE FAILURES HAVE LED ME *HERE*. TO THE PRECIPICE OF MY GREATEST TRIUMPH.
SOON THE DIMINUTIVE ANATIDAE CALLED HOWARD THE DUCK-- AND THE *WORLD*-- WILL TRULY KNOW FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS.
IT TOLLS FOR DOCTOR BONG!
YEAH.
I UNDERSTOOD THAT PART.

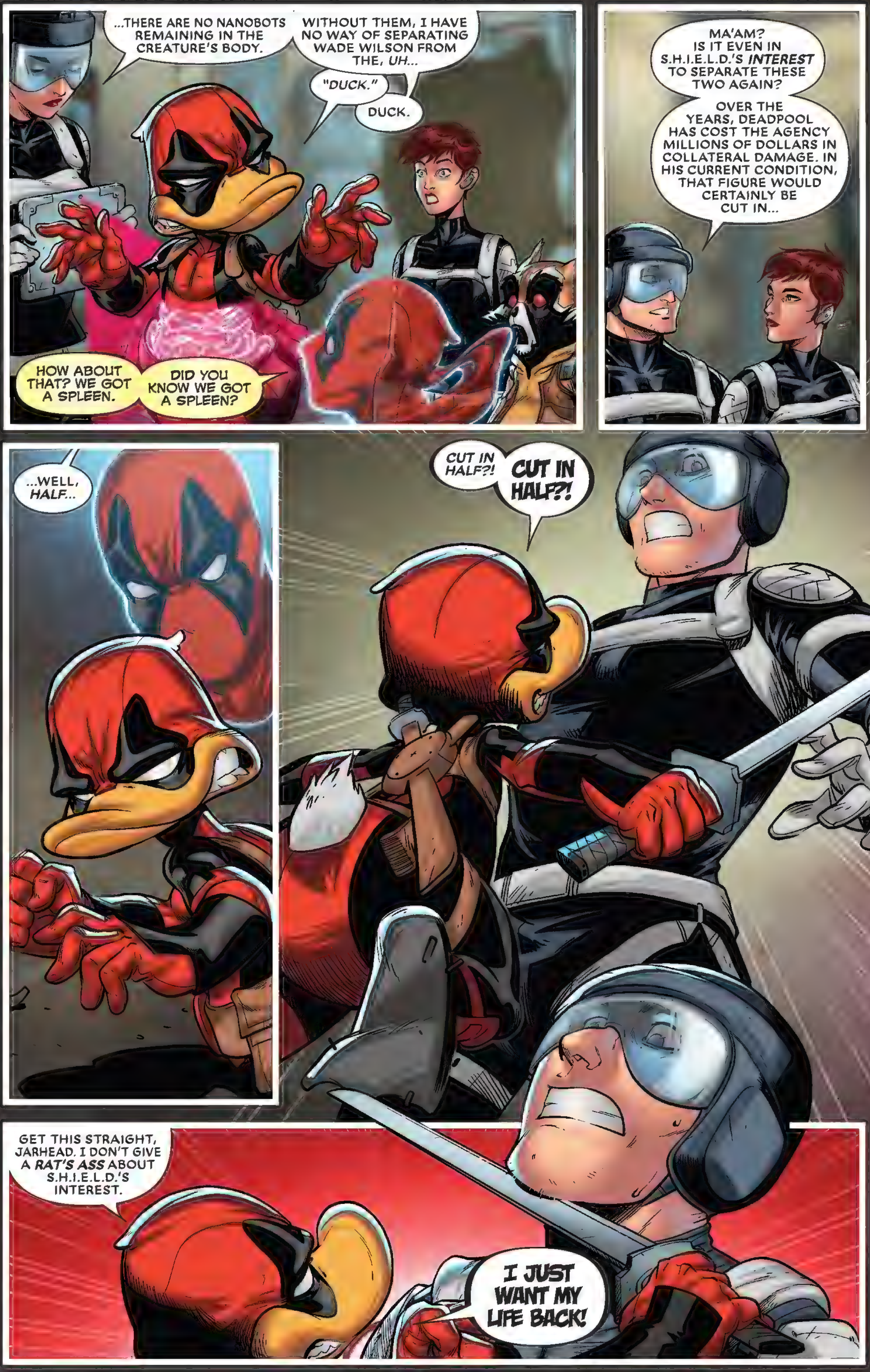
DEADPOOL THE DUCK #5

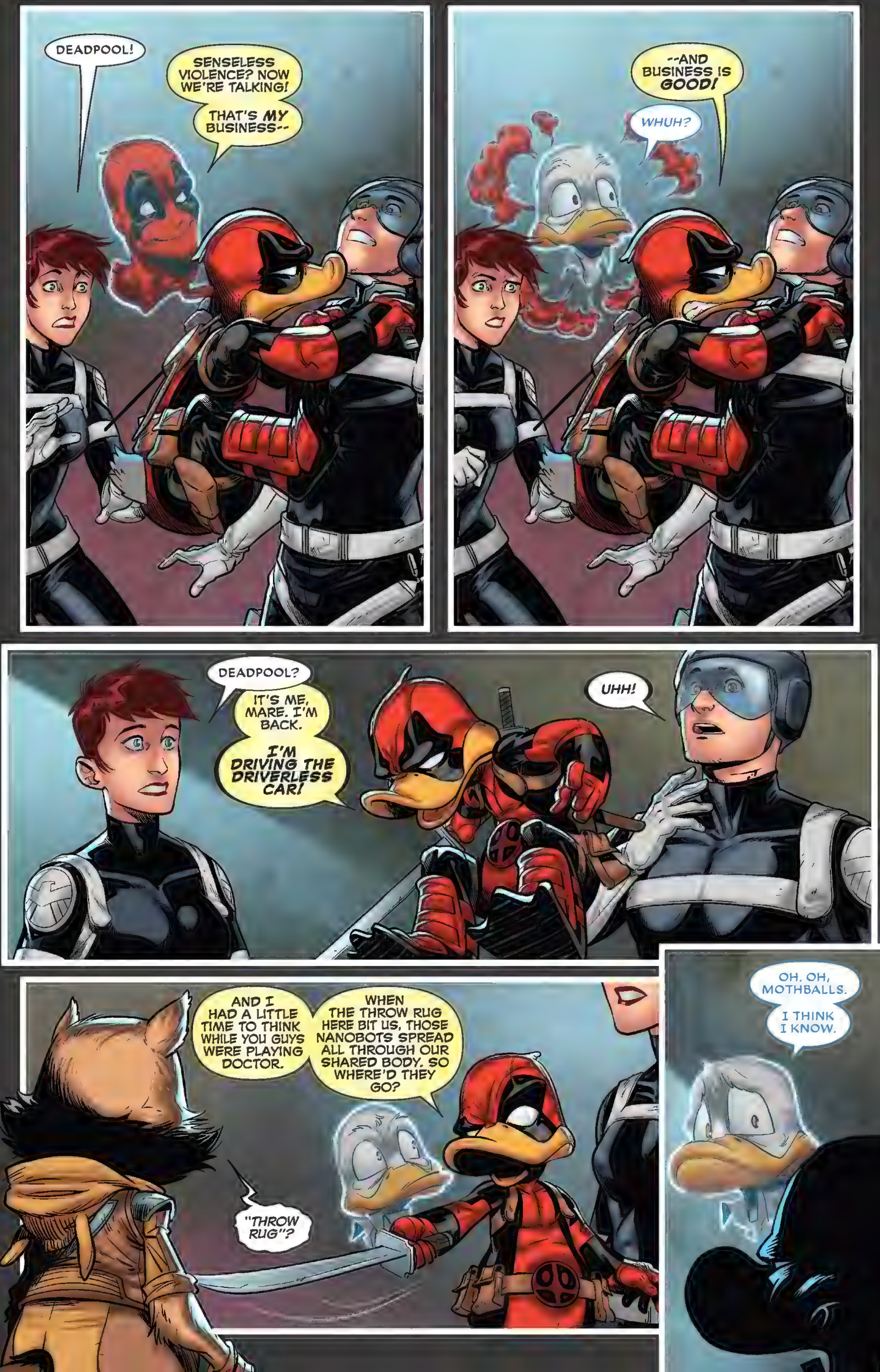


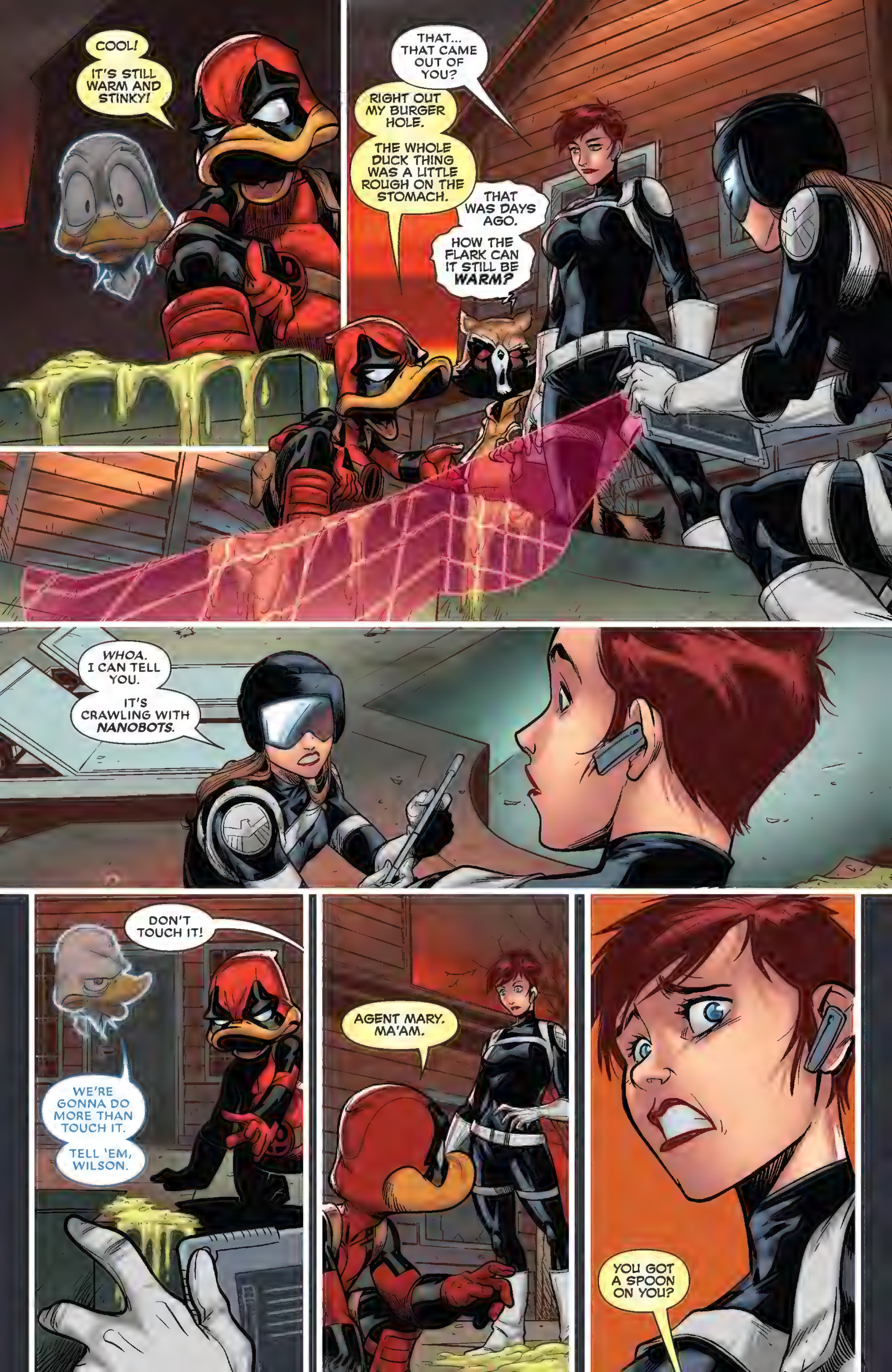
S-S-SO LONG, SUCKERS!

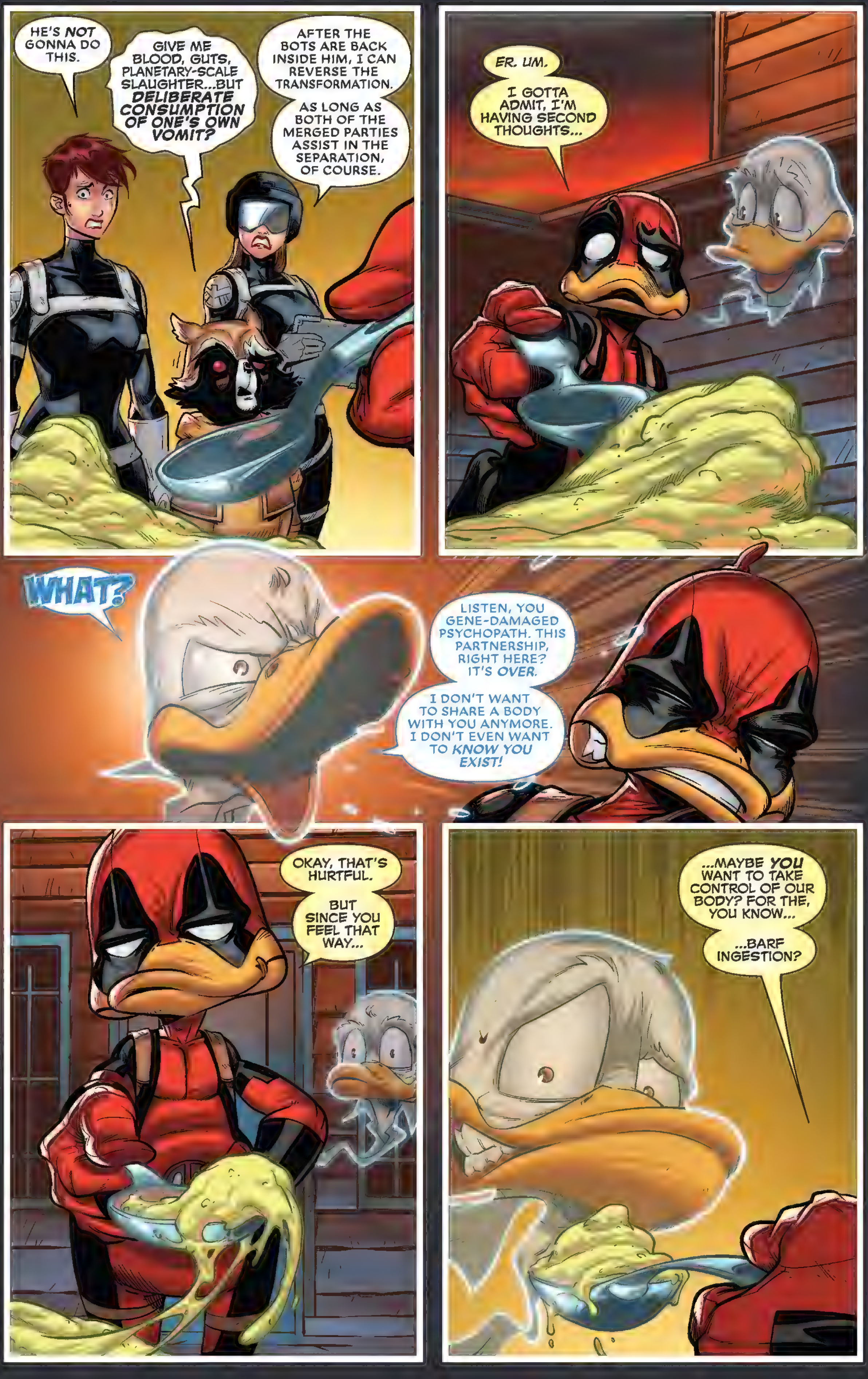

THE LABORATORY OF DOCTOR BONG.
FOR YEARS I HAVE DEVOTED MYSELF TO THE CREATION OF ANIMAL AND HUMAN-ANIMAL.
THE GOAL: TO BREED AN ARMY OF SAVAGE BEASTS, OBEDIENT TO MY EVERY COMMAND. A CRASH OF RHINO-LIONS, A FRENZY OF ELEPHANT-SHARKS--CREATURES TO INSPIRE DREAD AND FEAR!
SADLY, HOWEVER, MY HYBRIDS HAVE FALLEN MORE INTO THE *"CUTE"* CATEGORY.
LIKE LITTLE BURPY HERE.
=BURP=

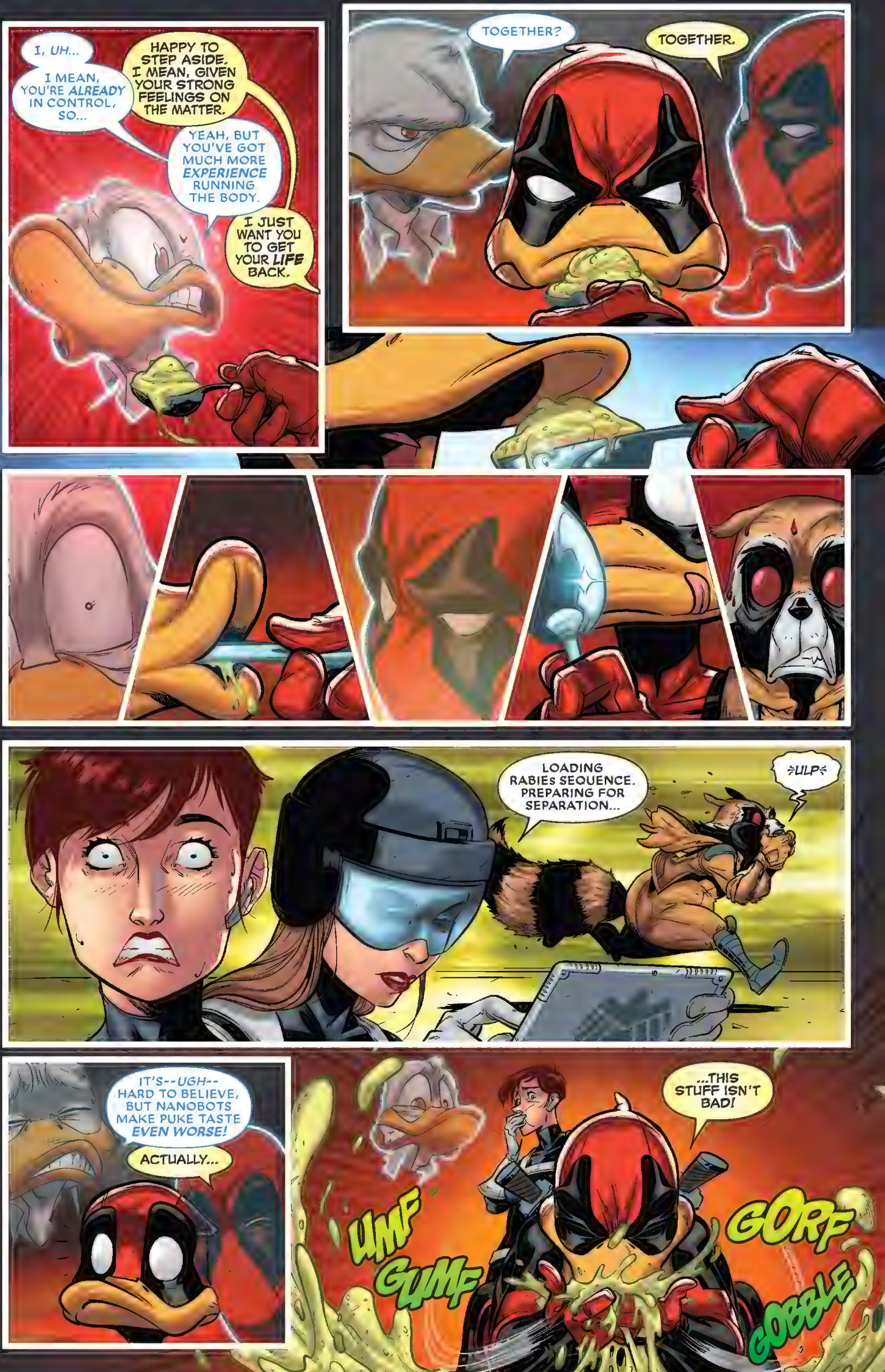

WHEN ROXXON HIRED ME AS CONSULTANT TO THEIR NOW-DEFUNCT *"RABIES"* PROGRAM, I SAW MY CHANCE.
I LOADED UP ***ROCKET RACCOON*** WITH NANOBOTS AND AIMED HIM AT AN OLD FRIEND.
SO HOWARD AND DEADPOOL GOT FUSED TOGETHER INTO ONE BEING...AND THAT'S SUPPOSED TO BE THE FIRST OF YOUR *"ARMY OF SAVAGE BEASTS"*?
WHAT NOW? WE GO IN AND GRAB HIM?
THAT ***WAS*** THE PLAN. HOWEVER, SECURITY CHIEF BASALT...
...SINCE YOU HAVE JOINED MY EMPLOY, I FIND MYSELF OCCUPIED BY THOUGHTS OF A MORE ***AMATORY*** NATURE.
I REALIZE THIS IS ABRUPT. BUT OFTTIMES LOVE WAITS RIGHT UNDER OUR NOSE, LIKE AN UNNOTICED CLOT OF MUCUS.
LONG HAVE I SOUGHT A MATE WITH AN AMORAL SPIRIT TO MATCH MY OWN.
MY SECRETS, MY FORTRESS, MY POWER--SHARE THEM WITH ME, SECURITY CHIEF BASALT.
MARRY ME!
OR WE COULD, YOU KNOW...
...DO THIS.
NOW THAT YOUR FORCES HAVE DESTROYED THE RABIES TECH, HOWARD AND HIS COMPATRIOTS ARE SEEKING ANOTHER WAY TO REVERSE THE TRANSFORMATION.
HOWEVER, THEY'RE ABOUT TO DISCOVER AN UNPLEASANT FACT...

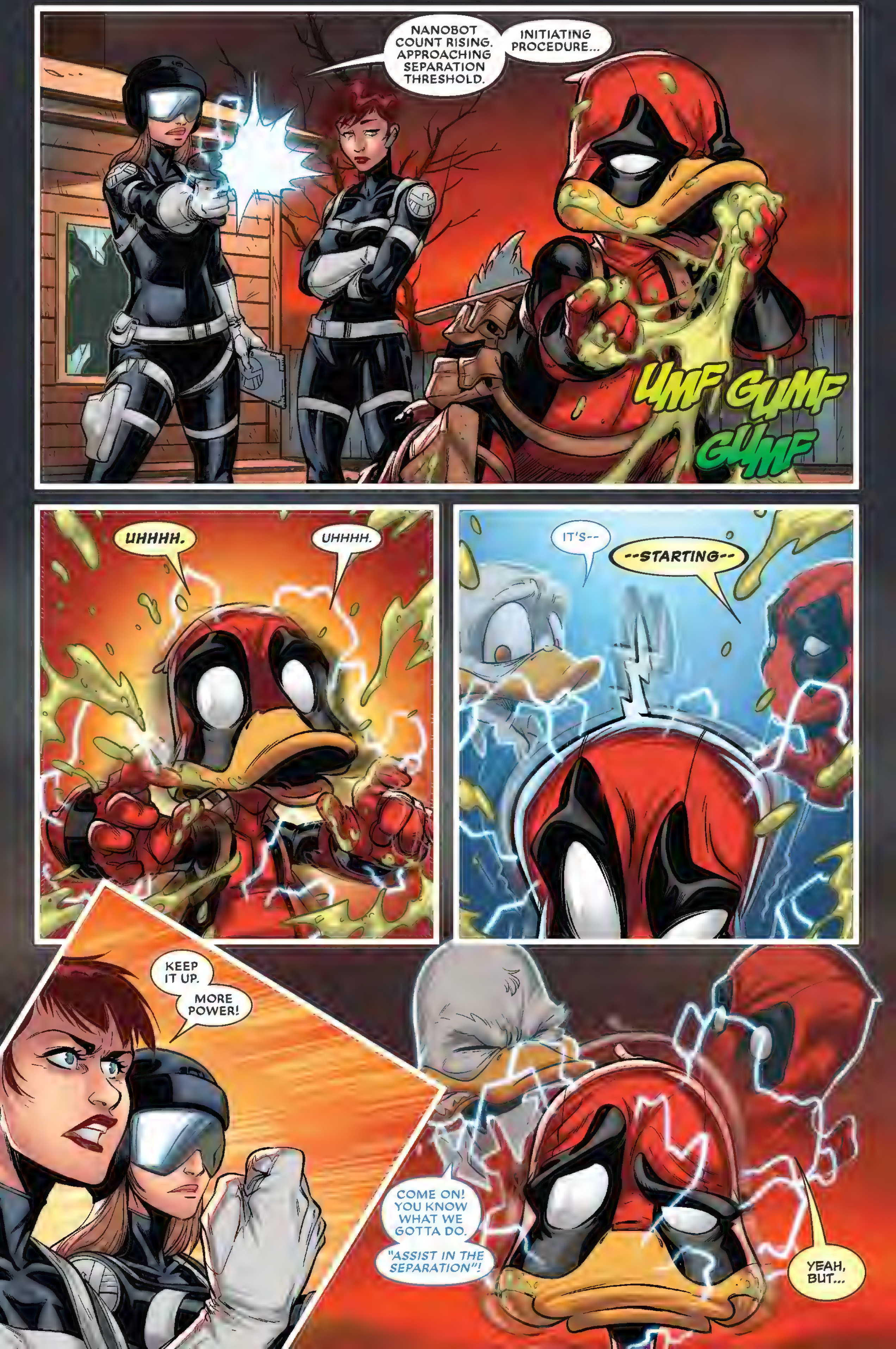

...THERE ARE NO NANOBOTS REMAINING IN THE CREATURE'S BODY.
WITHOUT THEM, I HAVE NO WAY OF SEPARATING WADE WILSON FROM THE, *UH*...
"DUCK."
DUCK.
HOW ABOUT THAT? WE GOT A SPLEEN.
DID YOU KNOW WE GOT A SPLEEN?
MA'AM? IS IT EVEN IN S.H.I.E.L.D.'S *INTEREST* TO SEPARATE THESE TWO AGAIN?
OVER THE YEARS, DEADPOOL HAS COST THE AGENCY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS IN COLLATERAL DAMAGE. IN HIS CURRENT CONDITION, THAT FIGURE WOULD CERTAINLY BE CUT IN...
...WELL, *HALF*...
CUT IN HALF?!
CUT IN HALF?!
GET THIS STRAIGHT, JARHEAD. I DON'T GIVE A *RAT'S ASS* ABOUT S.H.I.E.L.D.'S INTEREST.
I JUST WANT MY LIFE BACK!

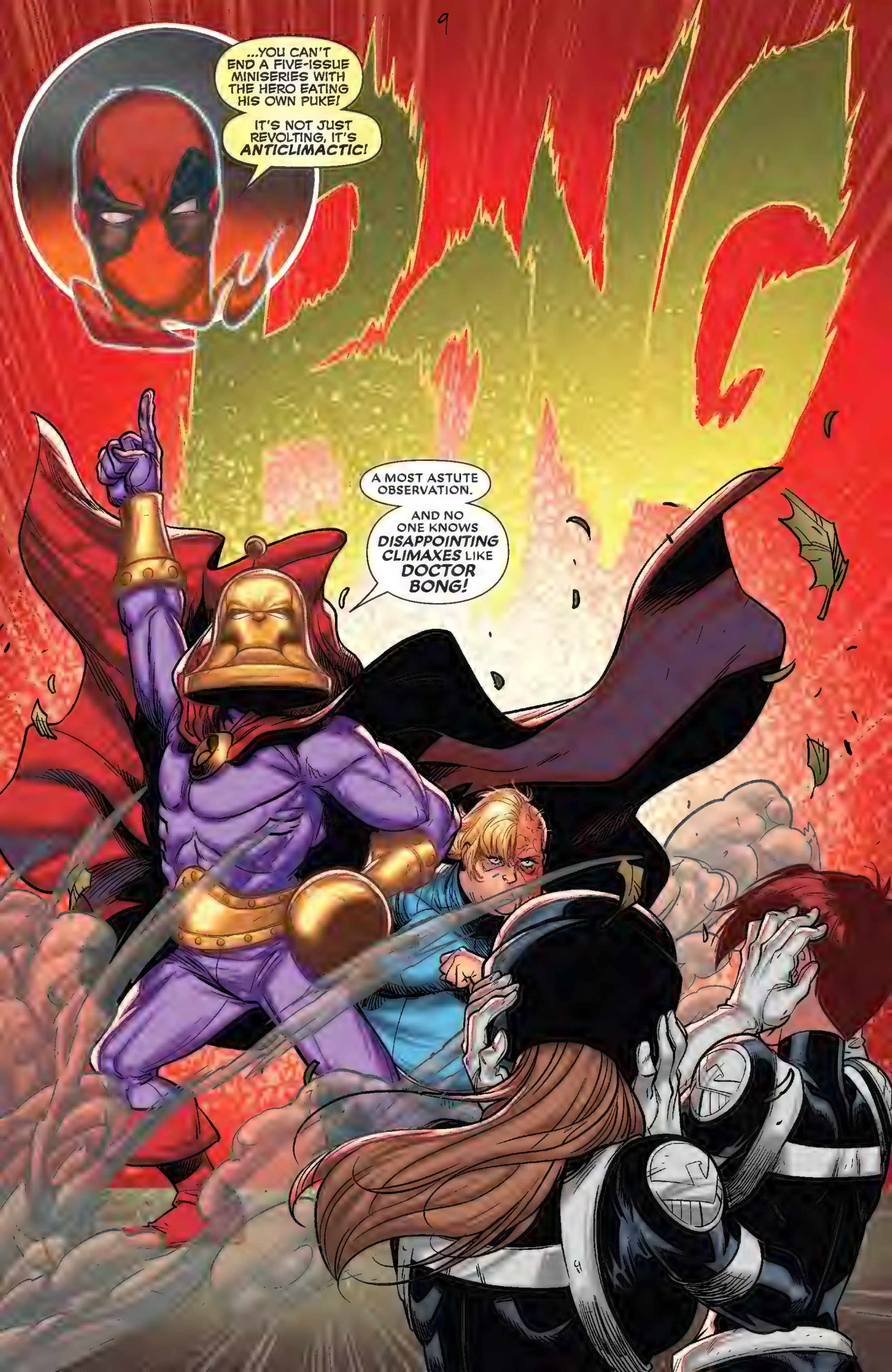

DEADPOOL!
SENSELESS VIOLENCE? NOW WE'RE TALKING!
THAT'S *MY* BUSINESS--
--AND BUSINESS IS *GOOD!*
WHUH?
DEADPOOL?
IT'S ME, MARE. I'M BACK.
I'M DRIVING THE DRIVERLESS CAR!
UHH!
AND I HAD A LITTLE TIME TO THINK WHILE YOU GUYS WERE PLAYING DOCTOR.
WHEN THE THROW RUG HERE BIT US, THOSE NANOBOTS SPREAD ALL THROUGH OUR SHARED BODY. SO WHERE'D THEY GO?
"THROW RUG"?
OH. OH, MOTHBALLS.
I THINK I KNOW.

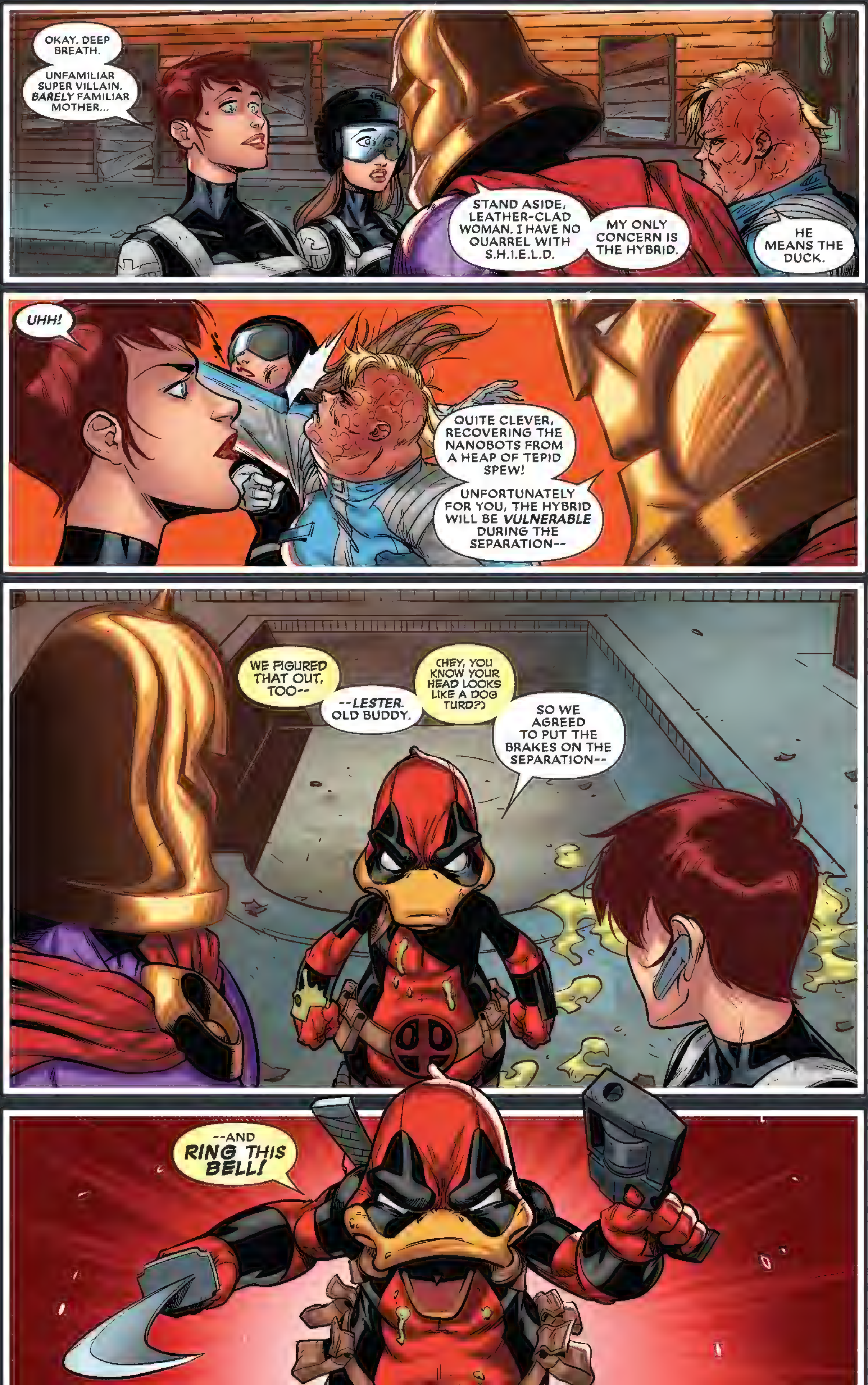

COOL!
IT'S STILL WARM AND STINKY!
THAT... THAT CAME OUT OF YOU?
RIGHT OUT MY BURGER HOLE.
THE WHOLE DUCK THING WAS A LITTLE ROUGH ON THE STOMACH.
THAT WAS DAYS AGO.
HOW THE FLARK CAN IT STILL BE *WARM?*
WHOA. I CAN TELL YOU.
IT'S CRAWLING WITH *NANOBOTS.*
DON'T TOUCH IT!
WE'RE GONNA DO MORE THAN TOUCH IT.
TELL 'EM, WILSON.
AGENT MARY. MA'AM.
YOU GOT A SPOON ON YOU?

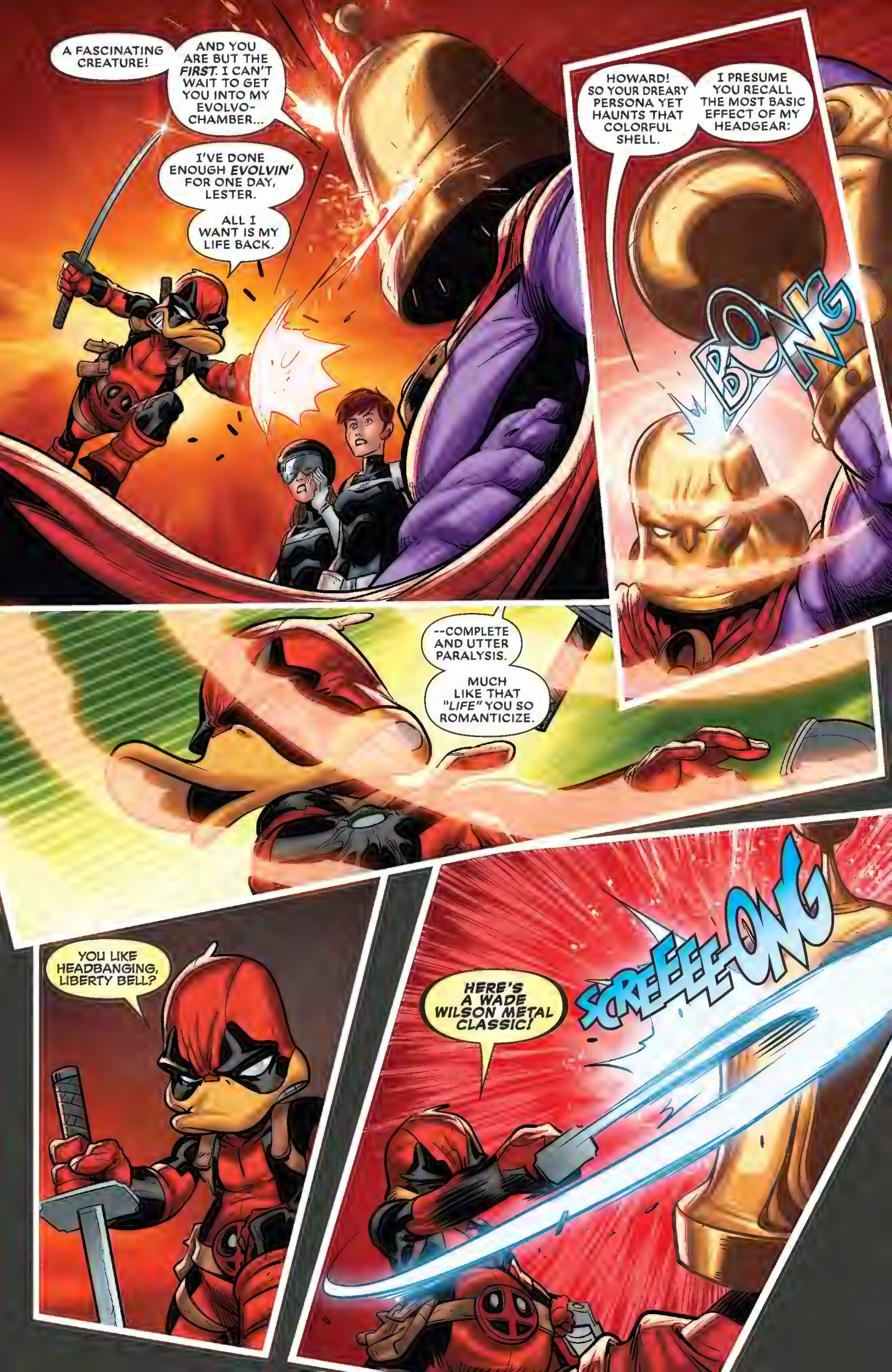

HE'S NOT GONNA DO THIS.
GIVE ME BLOOD, GUTS, PLANETARY-SCALE SLAUGHTER...BUT DELIBERATE CONSUMPTION OF ONE'S OWN VOMIT?
AFTER THE BOTS ARE BACK INSIDE HIM, I CAN REVERSE THE TRANSFORMATION.
AS LONG AS BOTH OF THE MERGED PARTIES ASSIST IN THE SEPARATION, OF COURSE.
ER. UM.
I GOTTA ADMIT, I'M HAVING SECOND THOUGHTS...
WHAT?
LISTEN, YOU GENE-DAMAGED PSYCHOPATH. THIS PARTNERSHIP, RIGHT HERE? IT'S OVER.
I DON'T WANT TO SHARE A BODY WITH YOU ANYMORE. I DON'T EVEN WANT TO KNOW YOU EXIST!
OKAY, THAT'S HURTFUL.
BUT SINCE YOU FEEL THAT WAY...
...MAYBE YOU WANT TO TAKE CONTROL OF OUR BODY? FOR THE, YOU KNOW...
...BARF INGESTION?

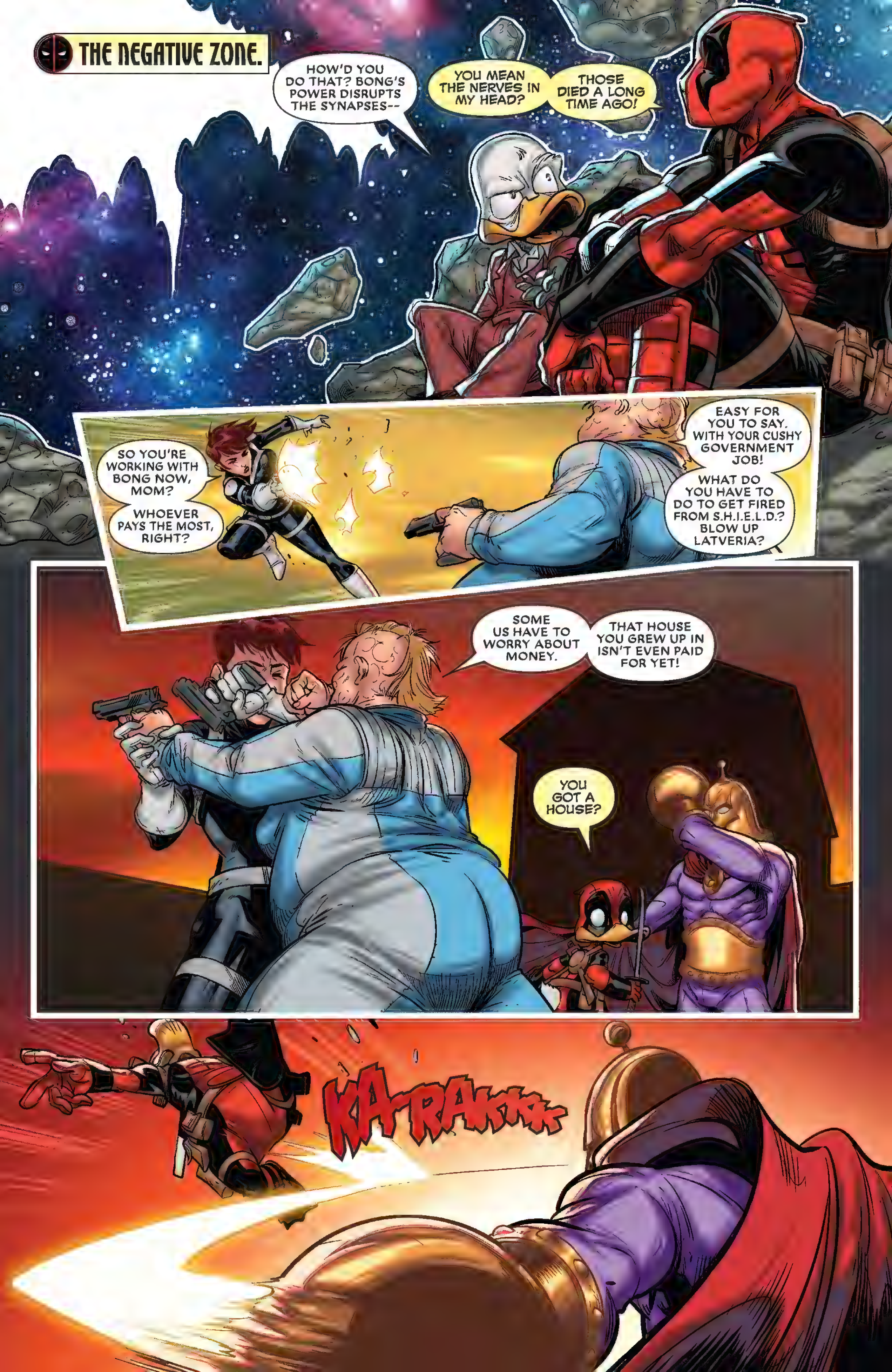

I, UH...
I MEAN, YOU'RE *ALREADY* IN CONTROL, SO...
HAPPY TO STEP ASIDE. I MEAN, GIVEN YOUR STRONG FEELINGS ON THE MATTER.
YEAH, BUT YOU'VE GOT MUCH MORE *EXPERIENCE* RUNNING THE BODY.
I JUST WANT YOU TO GET YOUR *LIFE* BACK.
TOGETHER?
TOGETHER.
LOADING RABIES SEQUENCE. PREPARING FOR SEPARATION...
ULP
IT'S--*UGH*--HARD TO BELIEVE, BUT NANOBOTS MAKE PUKE TASTE *EVEN WORSE!*
ACTUALLY...
...THIS STUFF ISN'T BAD!
UMF
GUMF
GORF
GOBBLE

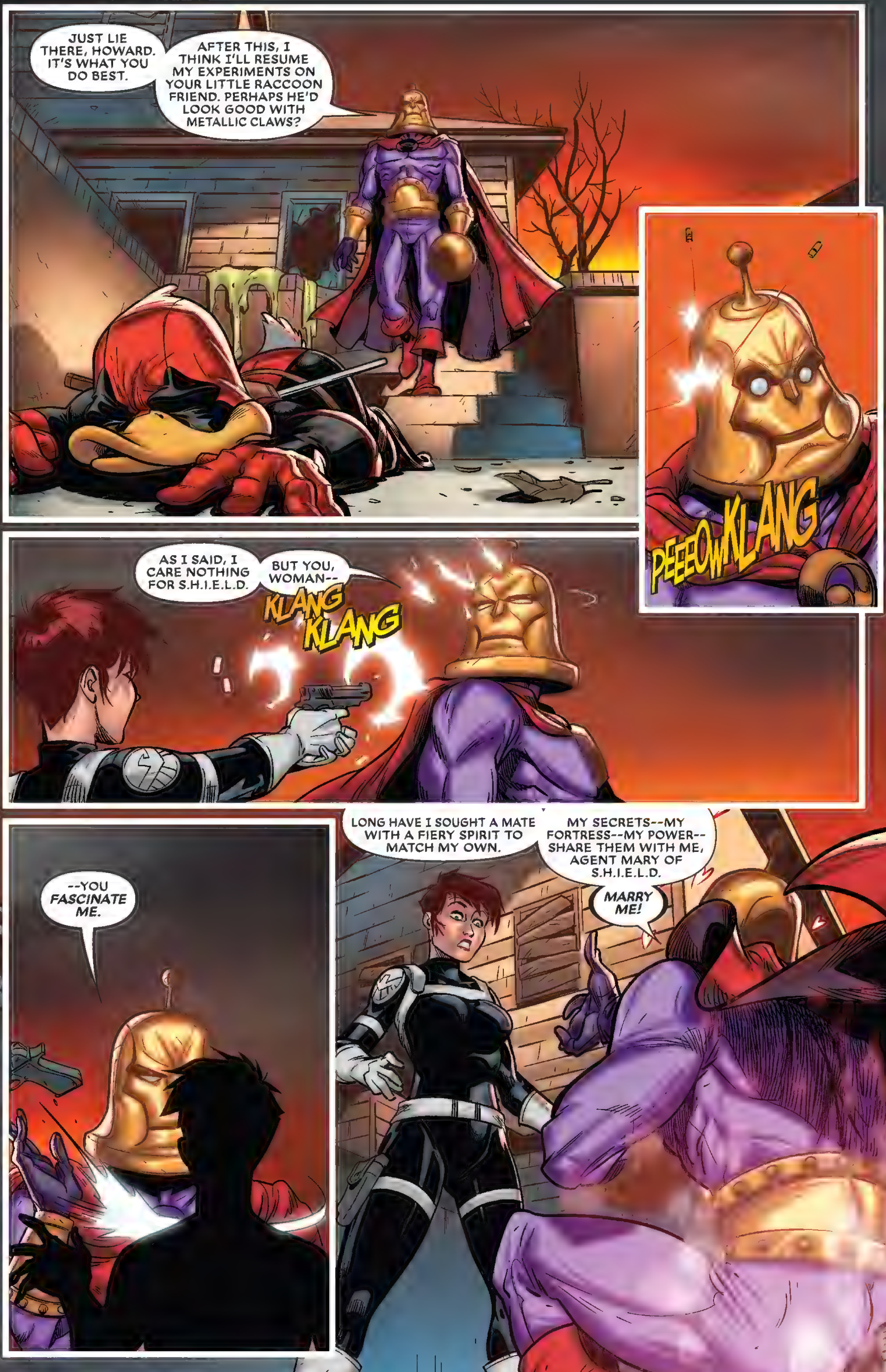

NANOBOT COUNT RISING. APPROACHING SEPARATION THRESHOLD.
INITIATING PROCEDURE...
UMF GUMF GUMF
UHHHH.
UHHHH.
IT'S--
--STARTING--
KEEP IT UP.
MORE POWER!
COME ON! YOU KNOW WHAT WE GOTTA DO.
"ASSIST IN THE SEPARATION"!
YEAH, BUT...

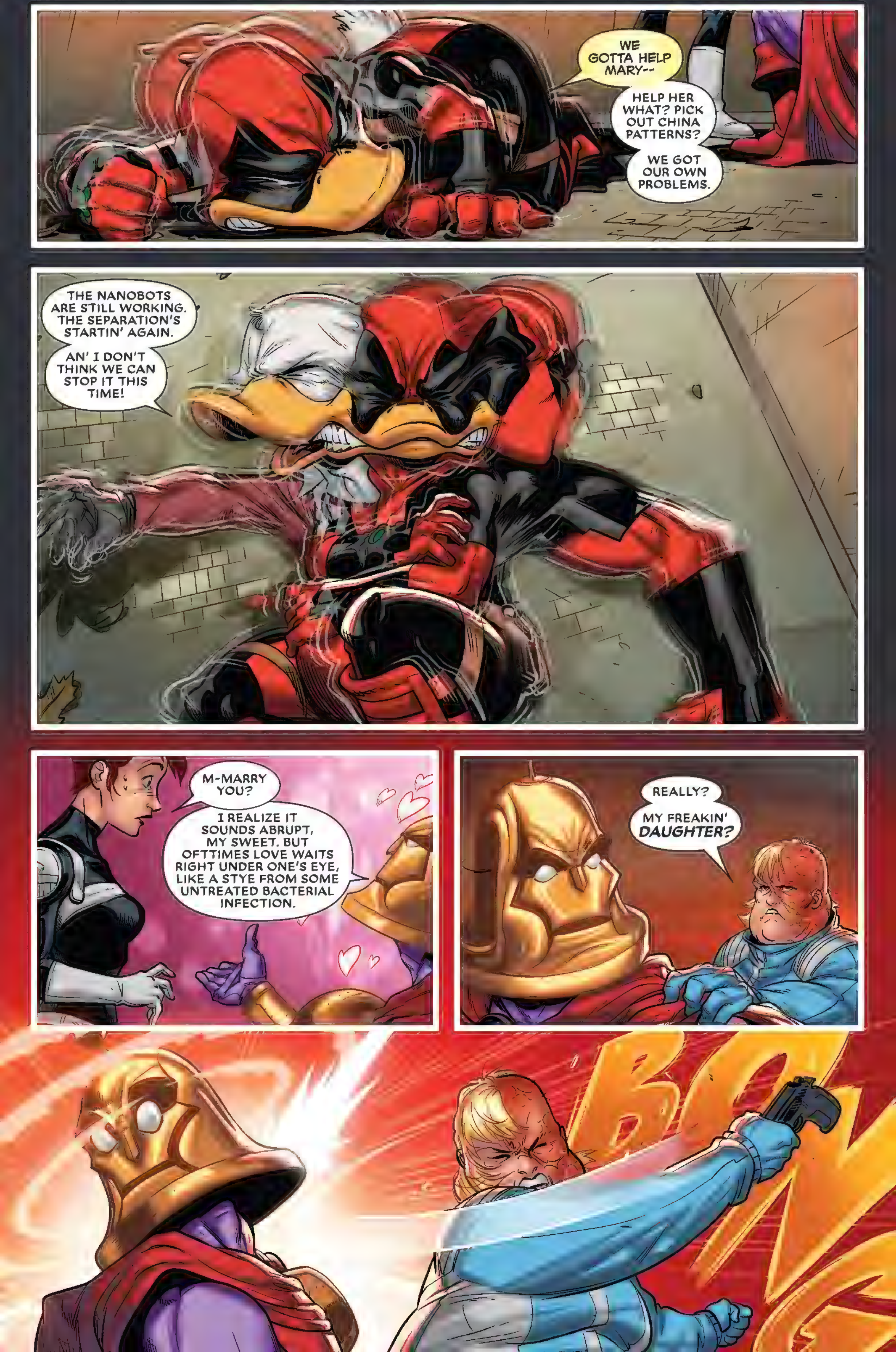

...YOU CAN'T END A FIVE-ISSUE MINISERIES WITH THE HERO EATING HIS OWN PUKE!
IT'S NOT JUST REVOLTING, IT'S *ANTICLIMACTIC!*
BONG
A MOST ASTUTE OBSERVATION.
AND NO ONE KNOWS *DISAPPOINTING CLIMAXES* LIKE *DOCTOR BONG!*

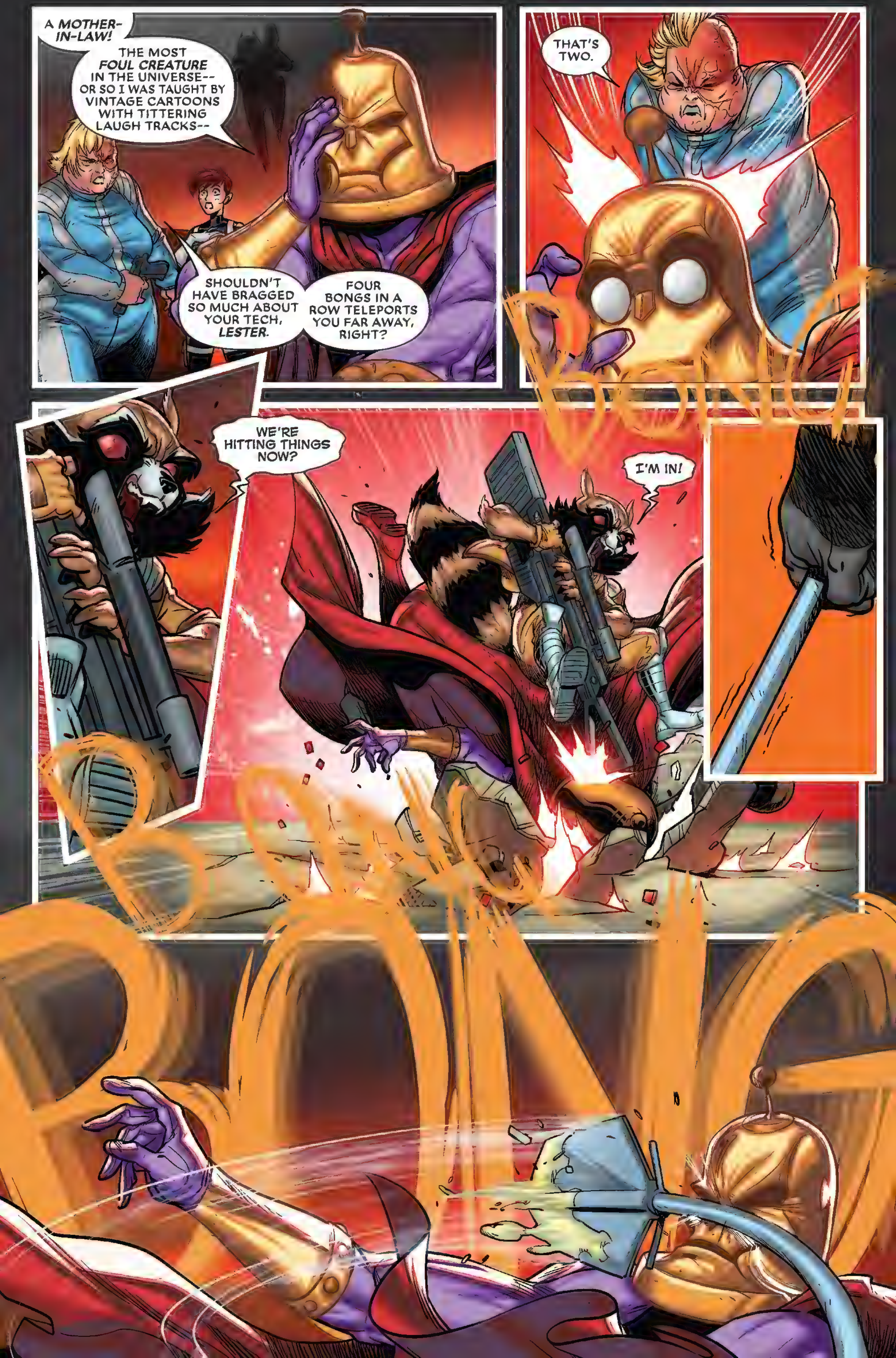

OKAY. DEEP BREATH.
UNFAMILIAR SUPER VILLAIN. *BARELY* FAMILIAR MOTHER...
STAND ASIDE, LEATHER-CLAD WOMAN. I HAVE NO QUARREL WITH S.H.I.E.L.D.
MY ONLY CONCERN IS THE HYBRID.
HE MEANS THE DUCK.
UHH!
QUITE CLEVER, RECOVERING THE NANOBOTS FROM A HEAP OF TEPID SPEW!
UNFORTUNATELY FOR YOU, THE HYBRID WILL BE *VULNERABLE* DURING THE SEPARATION--
WE FIGURED THAT OUT, TOO--
--*LESTER*. OLD BUDDY.
(HEY, YOU KNOW YOUR HEAD LOOKS LIKE A DOG TURD?)
SO WE AGREED TO PUT THE BRAKES ON THE SEPARATION--
--AND *RING THIS BELL!*

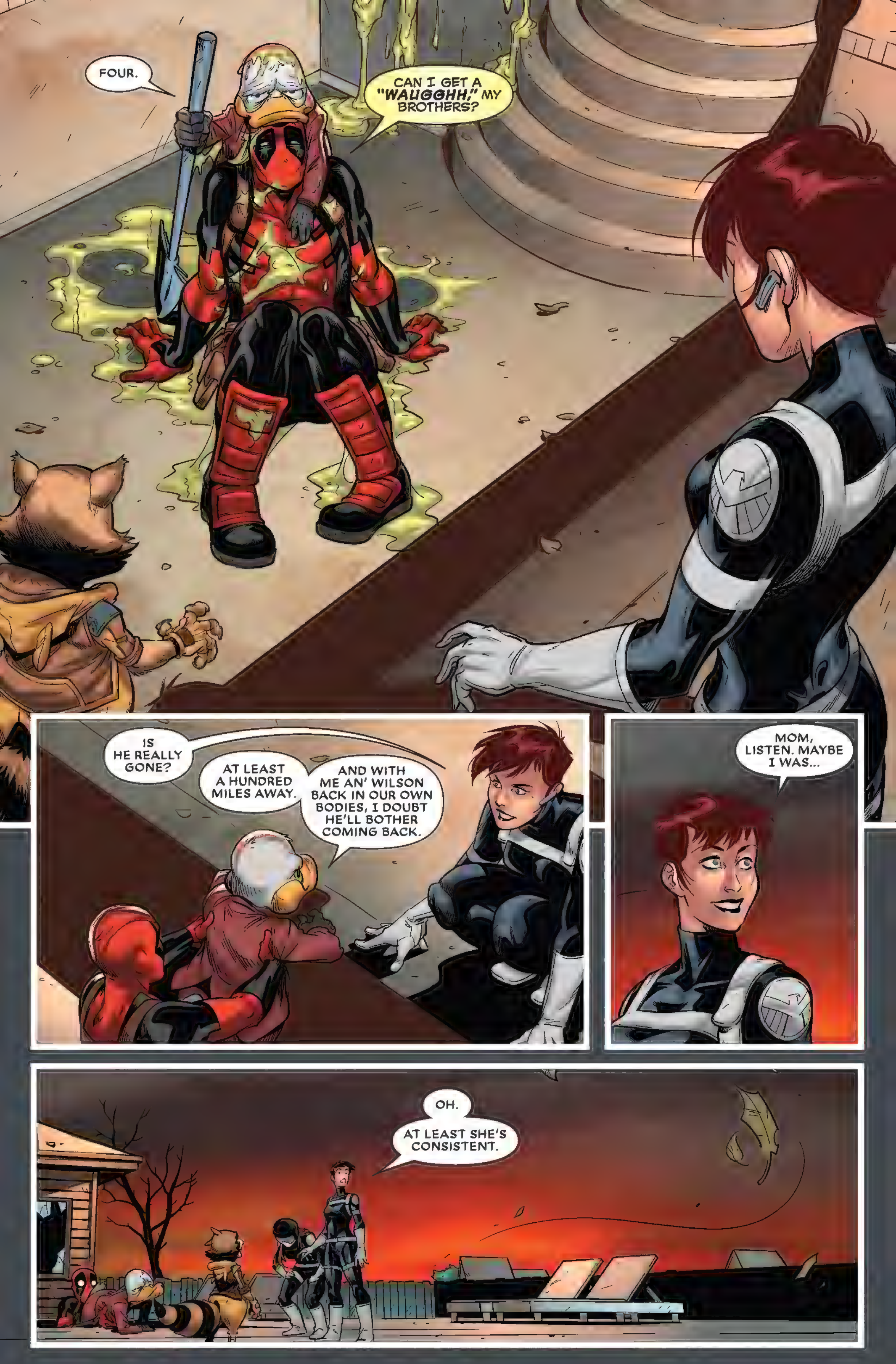

A FASCINATING CREATURE!
AND YOU ARE BUT THE *FIRST*. I CAN'T WAIT TO GET YOU INTO MY EVOLVO-CHAMBER...
I'VE DONE ENOUGH *EVOLVIN'* FOR ONE DAY, LESTER.
ALL I WANT IS MY LIFE BACK.
HOWARD! SO YOUR DREARY PERSONA YET HAUNTS THAT COLORFUL SHELL.
I PRESUME YOU RECALL THE MOST BASIC EFFECT OF MY HEADGEAR:
BONG
--COMPLETE AND UTTER PARALYSIS.
MUCH LIKE THAT *"LIFE"* YOU SO ROMANTICIZE.
YOU LIKE HEADBANGING, LIBERTY BELL?
HERE'S A WADE WILSON METAL CLASSIC!
SCREEEEE-ONG

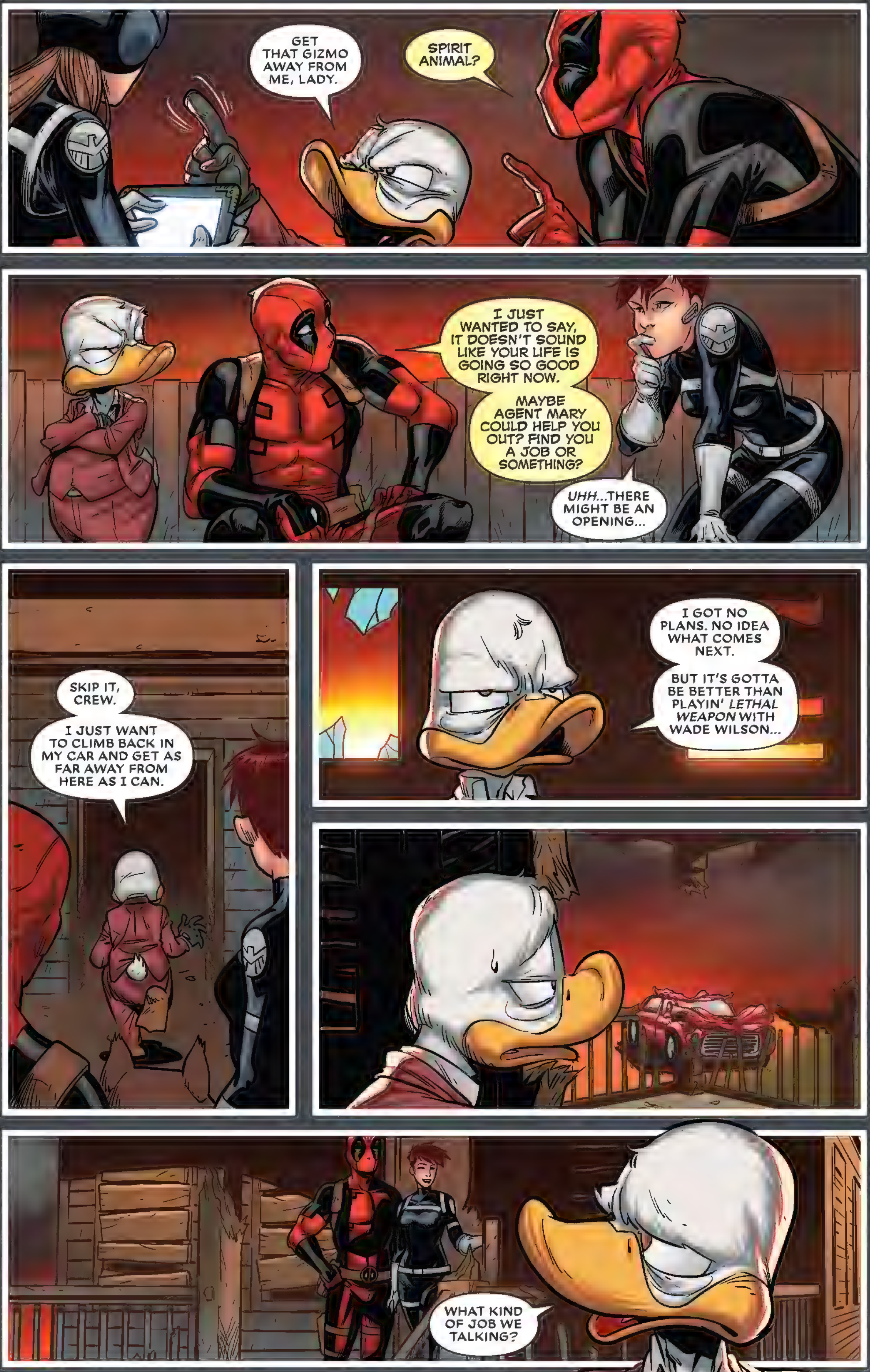

THE NEGATIVE ZONE.
HOW'D YOU DO THAT? BONG'S POWER DISRUPTS THE SYNAPSES--
YOU MEAN THE NERVES IN MY HEAD?
THOSE DIED A LONG TIME AGO!
SO YOU'RE WORKING WITH BONG NOW, MOM?
WHOEVER PAYS THE MOST, RIGHT?
EASY FOR YOU TO SAY. WITH YOUR CUSHY GOVERNMENT JOB!
WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO DO TO GET FIRED FROM S.H.I.E.L.D.? BLOW UP LATVERIA?
SOME US HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT MONEY.
THAT HOUSE YOU GREW UP IN ISN'T EVEN PAID FOR YET!
YOU GOT A HOUSE?
KA-RAKKK

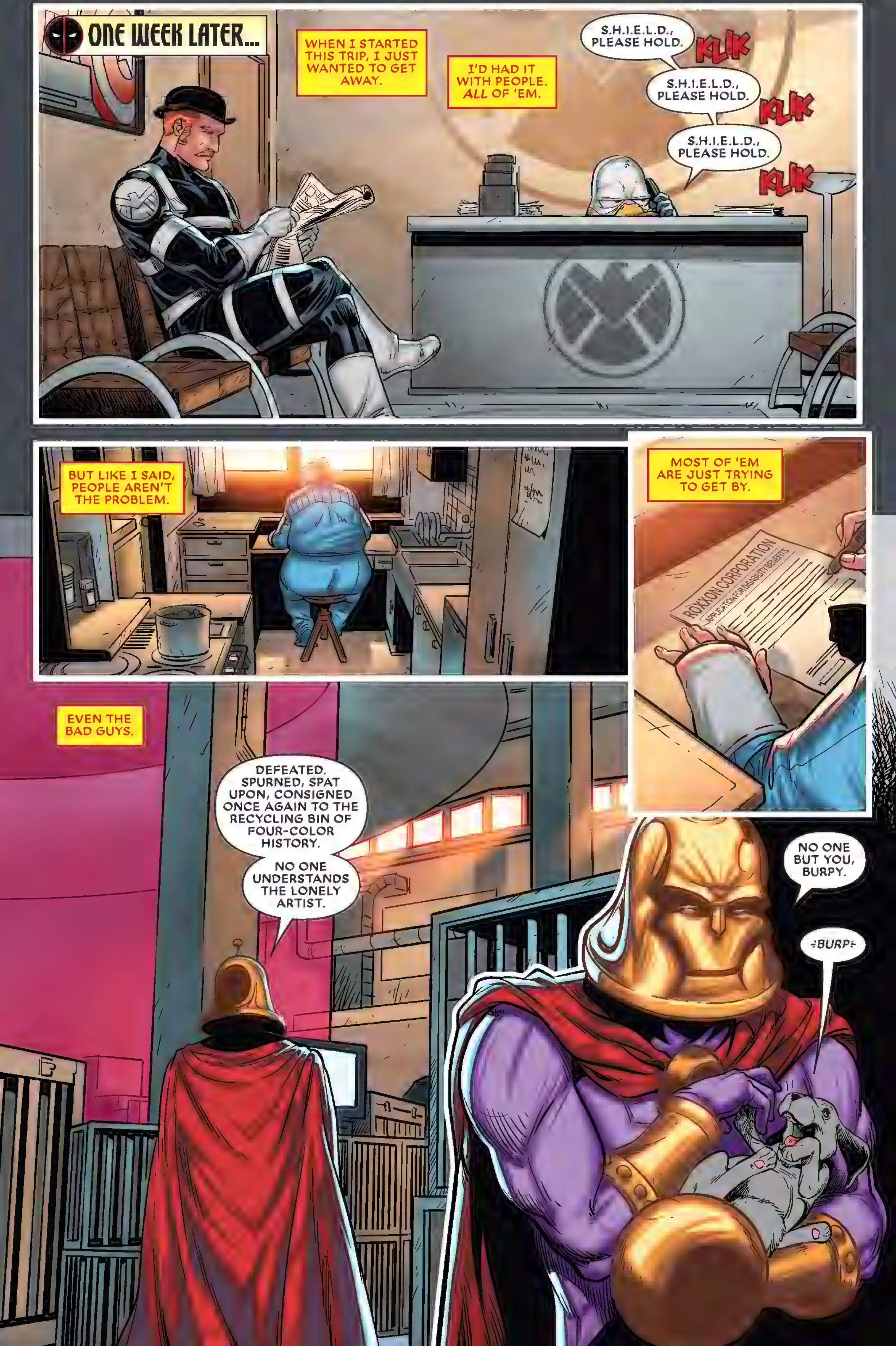

JUST LIE THERE, HOWARD. IT'S WHAT YOU DO BEST.
AFTER THIS, I THINK I'LL RESUME MY EXPERIMENTS ON YOUR LITTLE RACCOON FRIEND. PERHAPS HE'D LOOK GOOD WITH METALLIC CLAWS?
PEEEOWKLANG
AS I SAID, I CARE NOTHING FOR S.H.I.E.L.D.
BUT YOU, WOMAN--
KLANG KLANG
--YOU FASCINATE ME.
LONG HAVE I SOUGHT A MATE WITH A FIERY SPIRIT TO MATCH MY OWN.
MY SECRETS--MY FORTRESS--MY POWER--SHARE THEM WITH ME, AGENT MARY OF S.H.I.E.L.D.
MARRY ME!

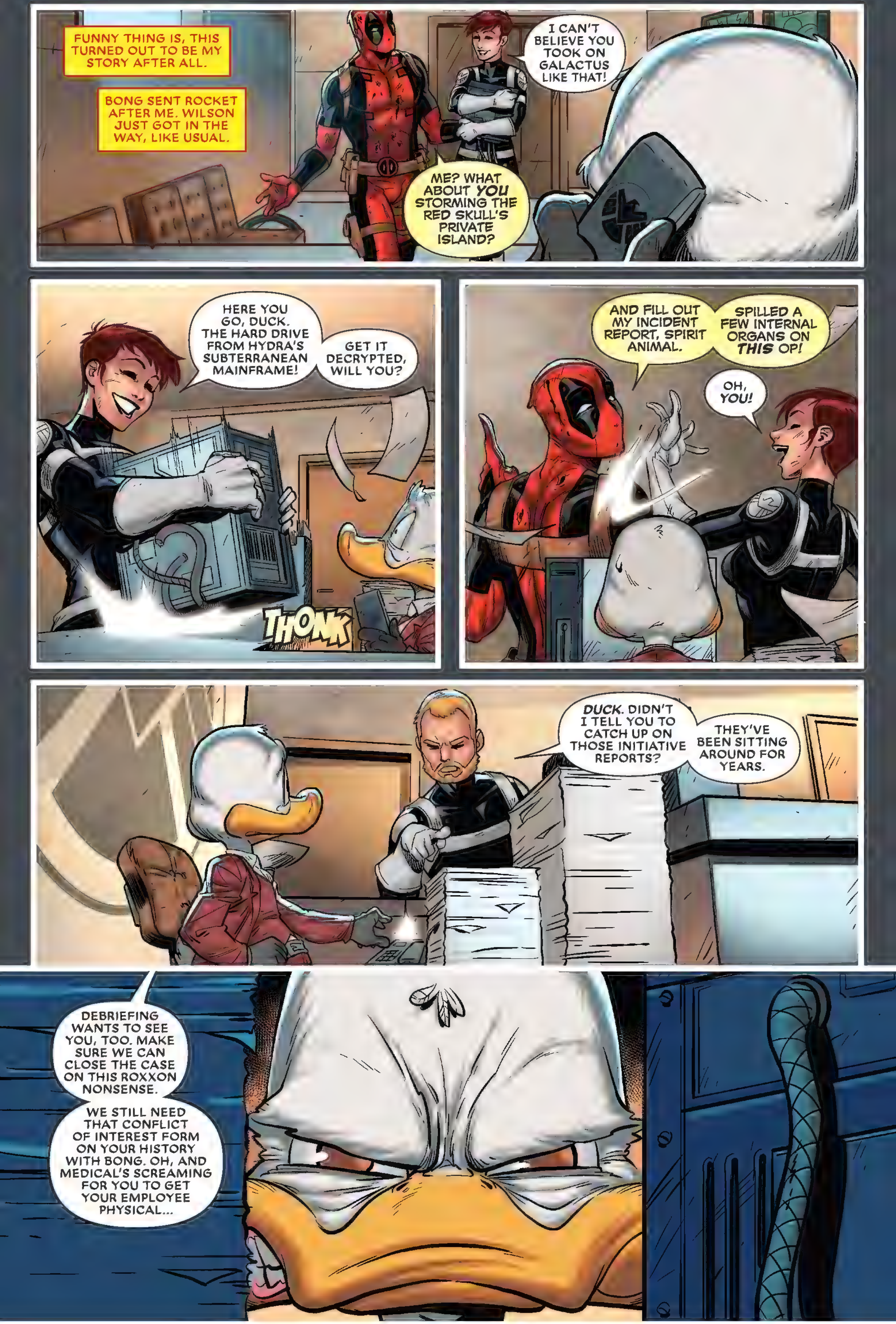

WE GOTTA HELP MARY--
HELP HER WHAT? PICK OUT CHINA PATTERNS?
WE GOT OUR OWN PROBLEMS.
THE NANOBOTS ARE STILL WORKING. THE SEPARATION'S STARTIN' AGAIN.
AN' I DON'T THINK WE CAN STOP IT THIS TIME!
M-MARRY YOU?
I REALIZE IT SOUNDS ABRUPT, MY SWEET. BUT OFTTIMES LOVE WAITS RIGHT UNDER ONE'S EYE, LIKE A STYE FROM SOME UNTREATED BACTERIAL INFECTION.
REALLY?
MY FREAKIN' *DAUGHTER?*
BO

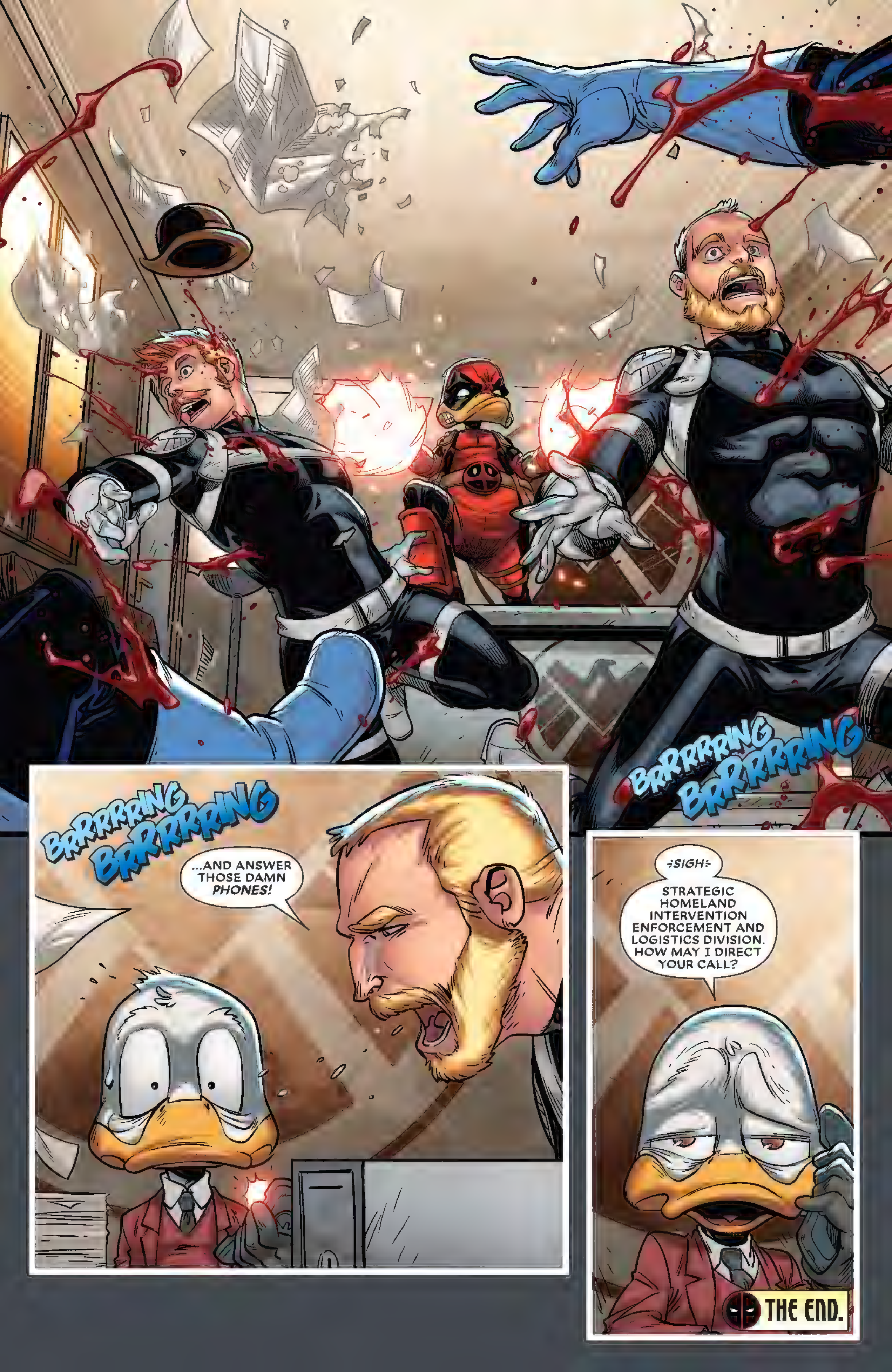

A MOTHER-IN-LAW!
THE MOST FOUL CREATURE IN THE UNIVERSE-- OR SO I WAS TAUGHT BY VINTAGE CARTOONS WITH TITTERING LAUGH TRACKS--
SHOULDN'T HAVE BRAGGED SO MUCH ABOUT YOUR TECH, LESTER.
FOUR BONGS IN A ROW TELEPORTS YOU FAR AWAY, RIGHT?
THAT'S TWO.
BONG
WE'RE HITTING THINGS NOW?
I'M IN!
BONG
BONG


FOUR.
CAN I GET A "WAUGGHH," MY BROTHERS?
IS HE REALLY GONE?
AT LEAST A HUNDRED MILES AWAY.
AND WITH ME AN' WILSON BACK IN OUR OWN BODIES, I DOUBT HE'LL BOTHER COMING BACK.
MOM, LISTEN. MAYBE I WAS...
OH.
AT LEAST SHE'S CONSISTENT.

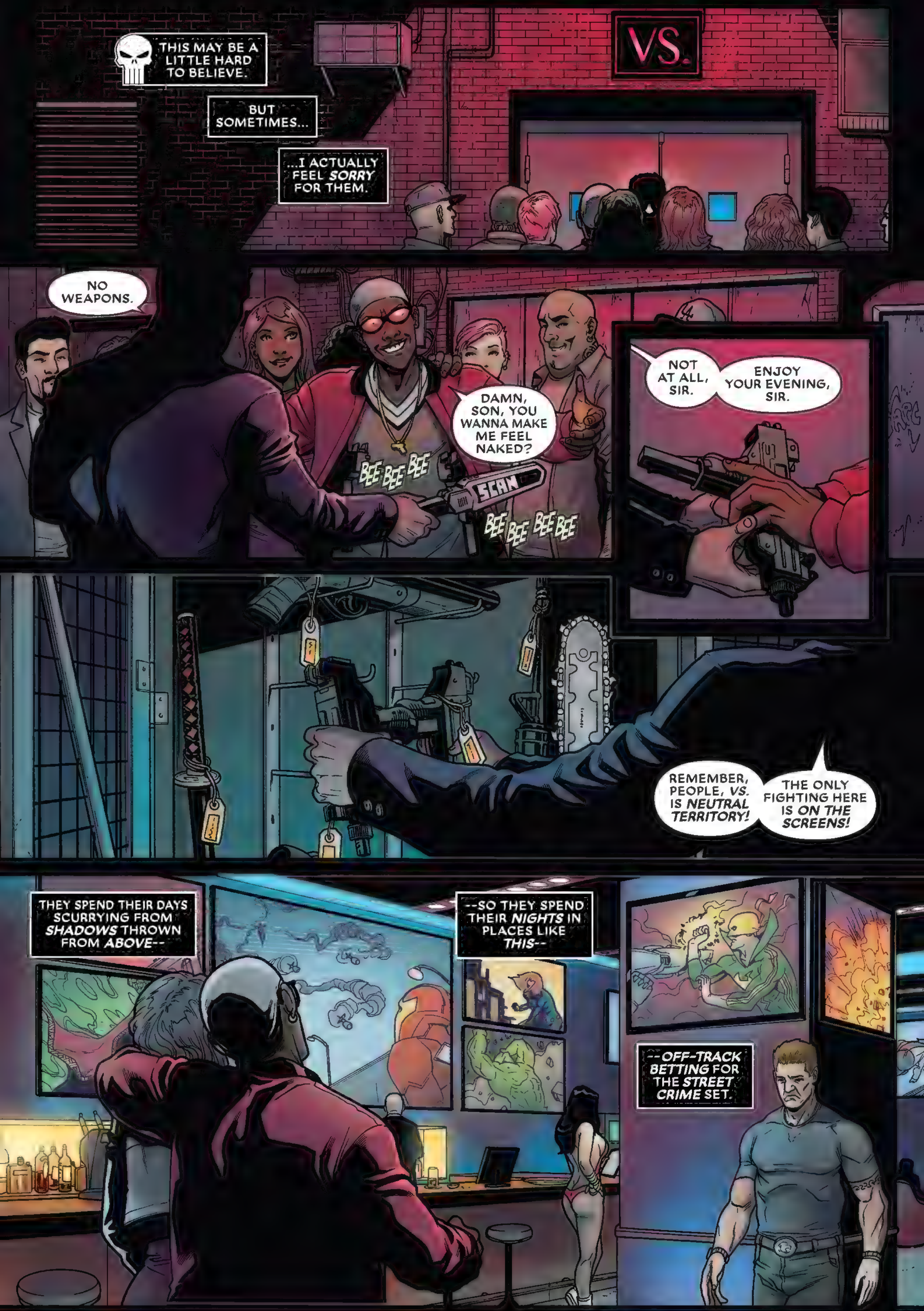

GET THAT GIZMO AWAY FROM ME, LADY.
SPIRIT ANIMAL?
I JUST WANTED TO SAY, IT DOESN'T SOUND LIKE YOUR LIFE IS GOING SO GOOD RIGHT NOW.
MAYBE AGENT MARY COULD HELP YOU OUT? FIND YOU A JOB OR SOMETHING?
UHH...THERE MIGHT BE AN OPENING...
SKIP IT, CREW.
I JUST WANT TO CLIMB BACK IN MY CAR AND GET AS FAR AWAY FROM HERE AS I CAN.
I GOT NO PLANS. NO IDEA WHAT COMES NEXT.
BUT IT'S GOTTA BE BETTER THAN PLAYIN' LETHAL WEAPON WITH WADE WILSON...
WHAT KIND OF JOB WE TALKING?

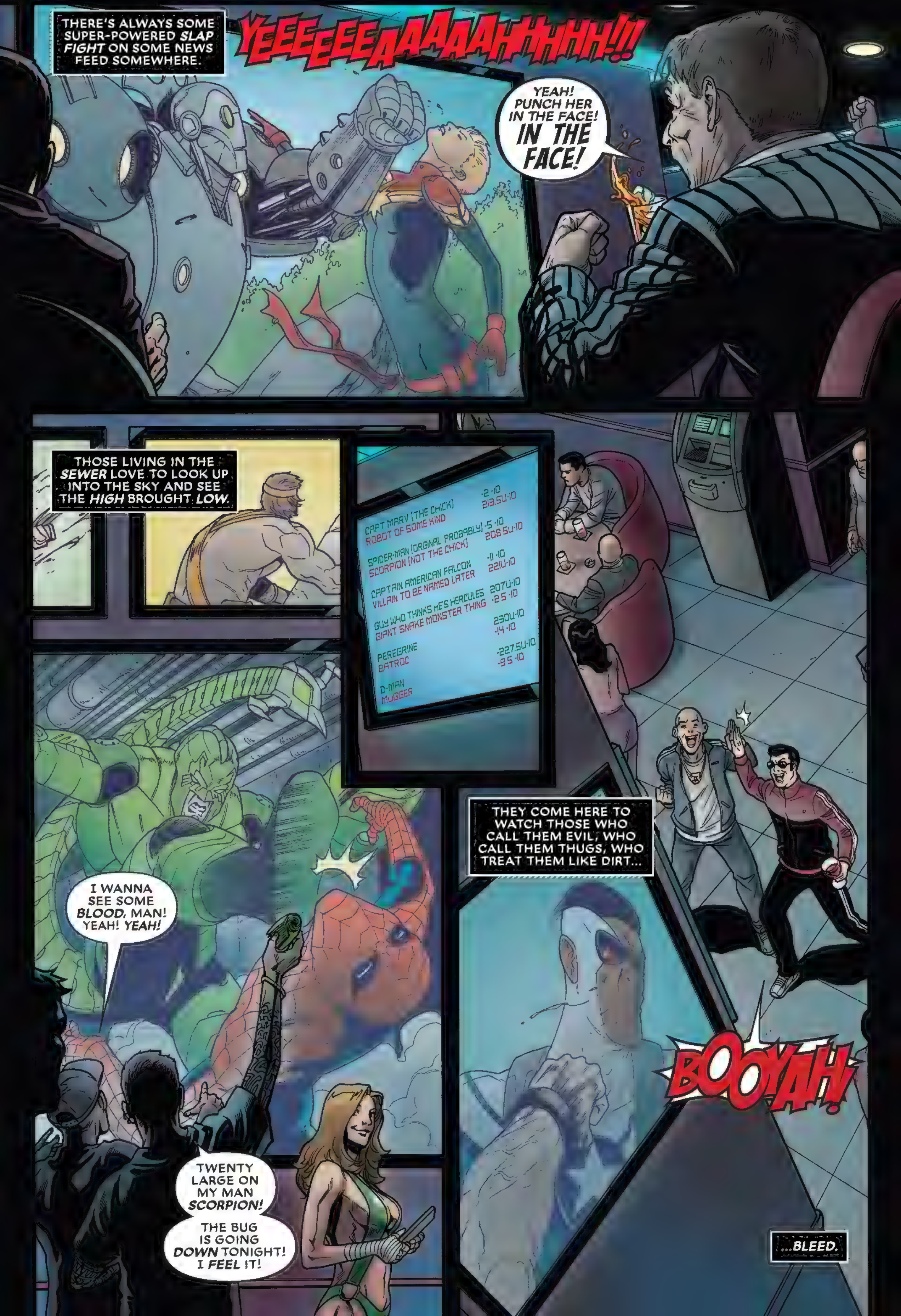

ONE WEEK LATER...
WHEN I STARTED THIS TRIP, I JUST WANTED TO GET AWAY.
I'D HAD IT WITH PEOPLE. *ALL* OF 'EM.
S.H.I.E.L.D., PLEASE HOLD.
KLIK
S.H.I.E.L.D., PLEASE HOLD.
KLIK
S.H.I.E.L.D., PLEASE HOLD.
KLIK
BUT LIKE I SAID, PEOPLE AREN'T THE PROBLEM.
MOST OF 'EM ARE JUST TRYING TO GET BY.
ROXXON CORPORATION
APPLICATION FOR DISABILITY BENEFITS
EVEN THE BAD GUYS.
DEFEATED. SPURNED, SPAT UPON, CONSIGNED ONCE AGAIN TO THE RECYCLING BIN OF FOUR-COLOR HISTORY.
NO ONE UNDERSTANDS THE LONELY ARTIST.
NO ONE BUT YOU, BURPY.
BURP

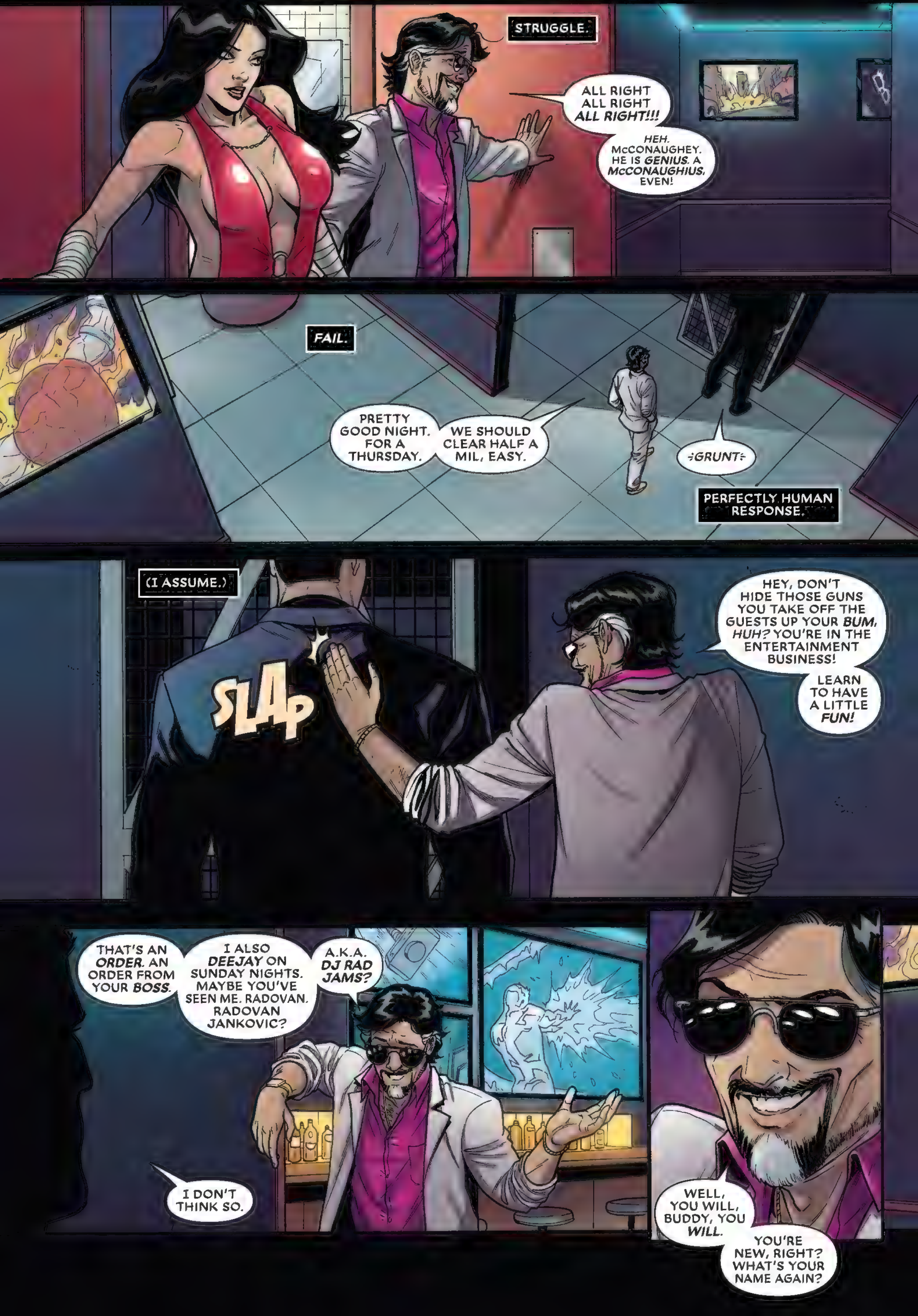

FUNNY THING IS, THIS TURNED OUT TO BE MY STORY AFTER ALL.
BONG SENT ROCKET AFTER ME. WILSON JUST GOT IN THE WAY, LIKE USUAL.
I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU TOOK ON GALACTUS LIKE THAT!
ME? WHAT ABOUT *YOU* STORMING THE RED SKULL'S PRIVATE ISLAND?
HERE YOU GO, DUCK. THE HARD DRIVE FROM HYDRA'S SUBTERRANEAN MAINFRAME!
GET IT DECRYPTED, WILL YOU?
THONK
AND FILL OUT MY INCIDENT REPORT, SPIRIT ANIMAL.
SPILLED A FEW INTERNAL ORGANS ON *THIS* OP!
OH, YOU!
DUCK. DIDN'T I TELL YOU TO CATCH UP ON THOSE INITIATIVE REPORTS?
THEY'VE BEEN SITTING AROUND FOR YEARS.
DEBRIEFING WANTS TO SEE YOU, TOO. MAKE SURE WE CAN CLOSE THE CASE ON THIS ROXXON NONSENSE.
WE STILL NEED THAT CONFLICT OF INTEREST FORM ON YOUR HISTORY WITH BONG. OH, AND MEDICAL'S SCREAMING FOR YOU TO GET YOUR EMPLOYEE PHYSICAL...

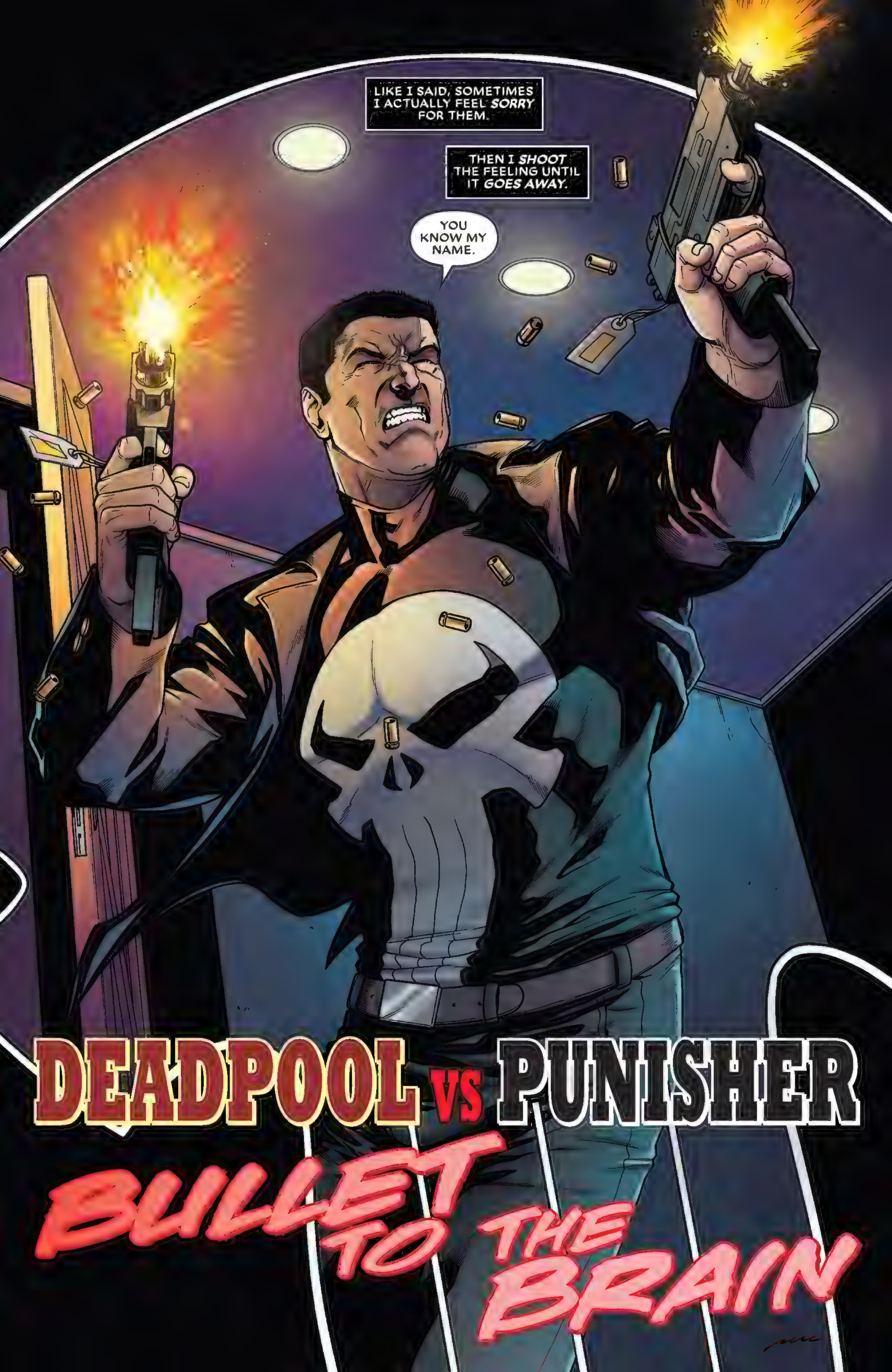

BRRRRRING
BRRRRRING
BRRRRRING
BRRRRRING
...AND ANSWER THOSE DAMN *PHONES!*
SIGH
STRATEGIC HOMELAND INTERVENTION ENFORCEMENT AND LOGISTICS DIVISION. HOW MAY I DIRECT YOUR CALL?
THE END.

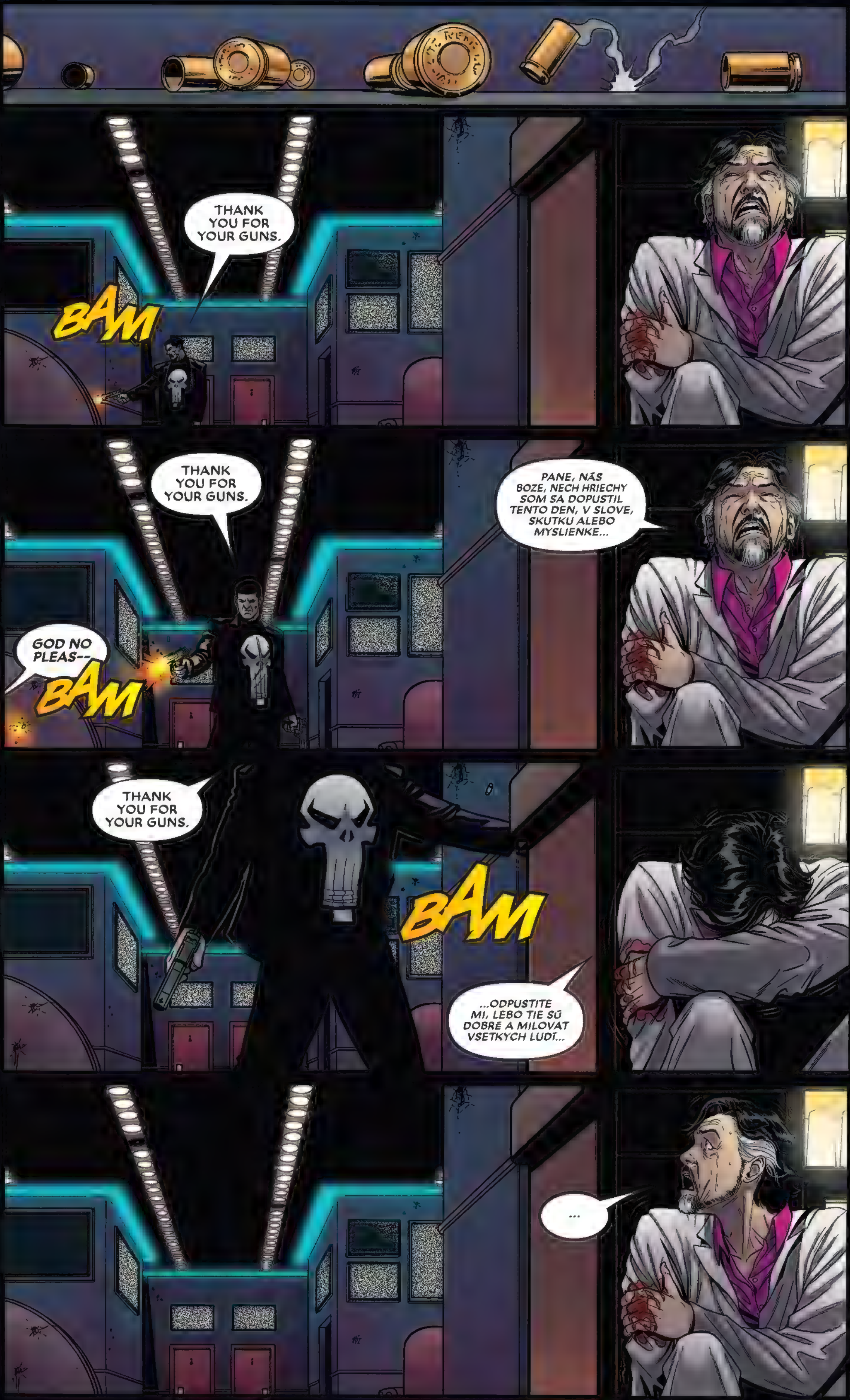
DEADPOOL VERSUS THE PUNISHER #1

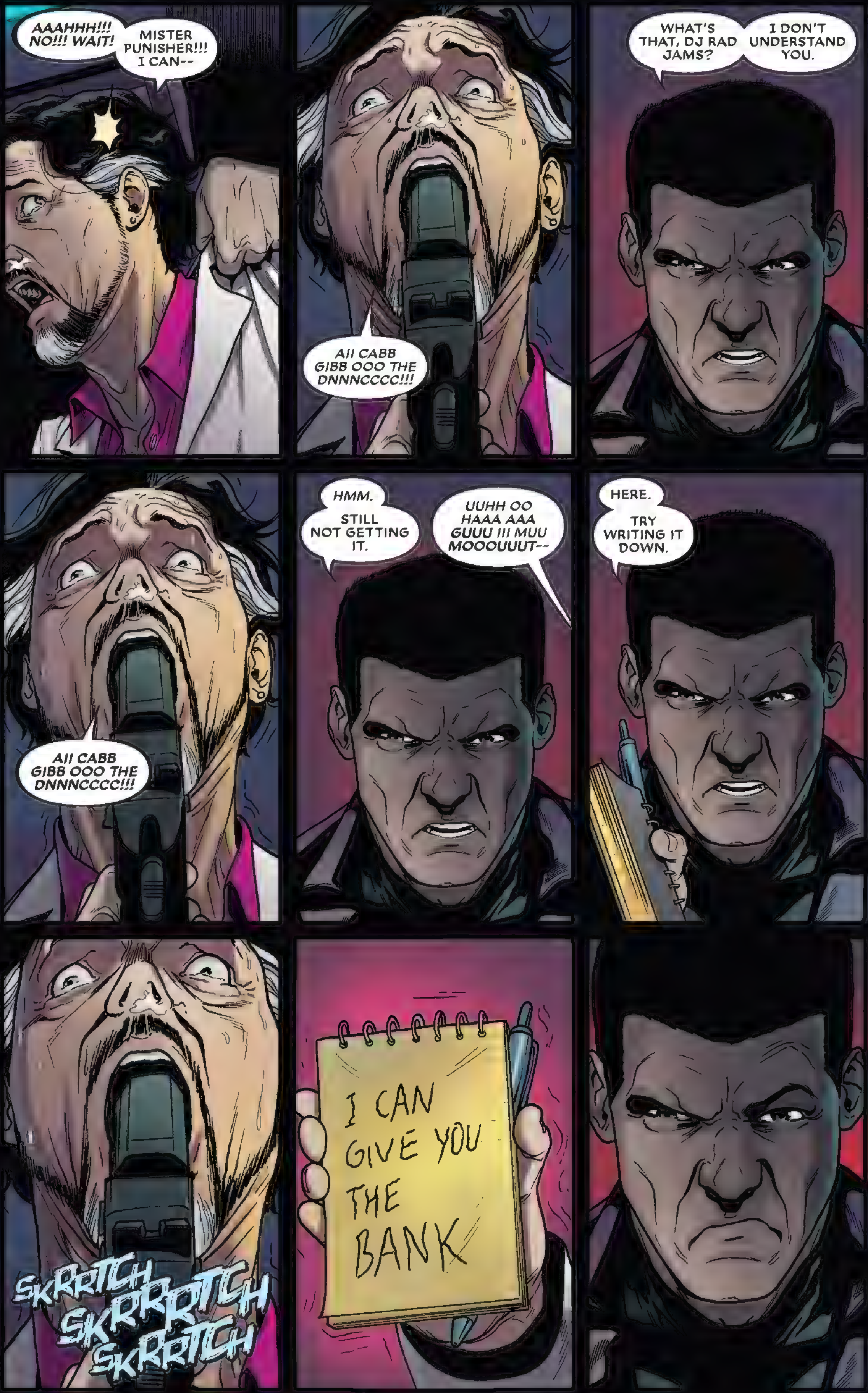

THIS MAY BE A LITTLE HARD TO BELIEVE.
BUT SOMETIMES...
...I ACTUALLY FEEL *SORRY* FOR THEM.
VS.
NO WEAPONS.
BEE BEE BEE
SCAN
BEE BEE BEE BEE
DAMN, SON, YOU WANNA MAKE ME FEEL NAKED?
NOT AT ALL, SIR.
ENJOY YOUR EVENING, SIR.
REMEMBER, PEOPLE, *VS.* IS *NEUTRAL TERRITORY!*
THE ONLY FIGHTING HERE IS *ON THE SCREENS!*
THEY SPEND THEIR DAYS SCURRYING FROM *SHADOWS* THROWN FROM *ABOVE*--
--SO THEY SPEND THEIR *NIGHTS* IN PLACES LIKE *THIS*--
--*OFF-TRACK BETTING* FOR THE *STREET CRIME* SET.

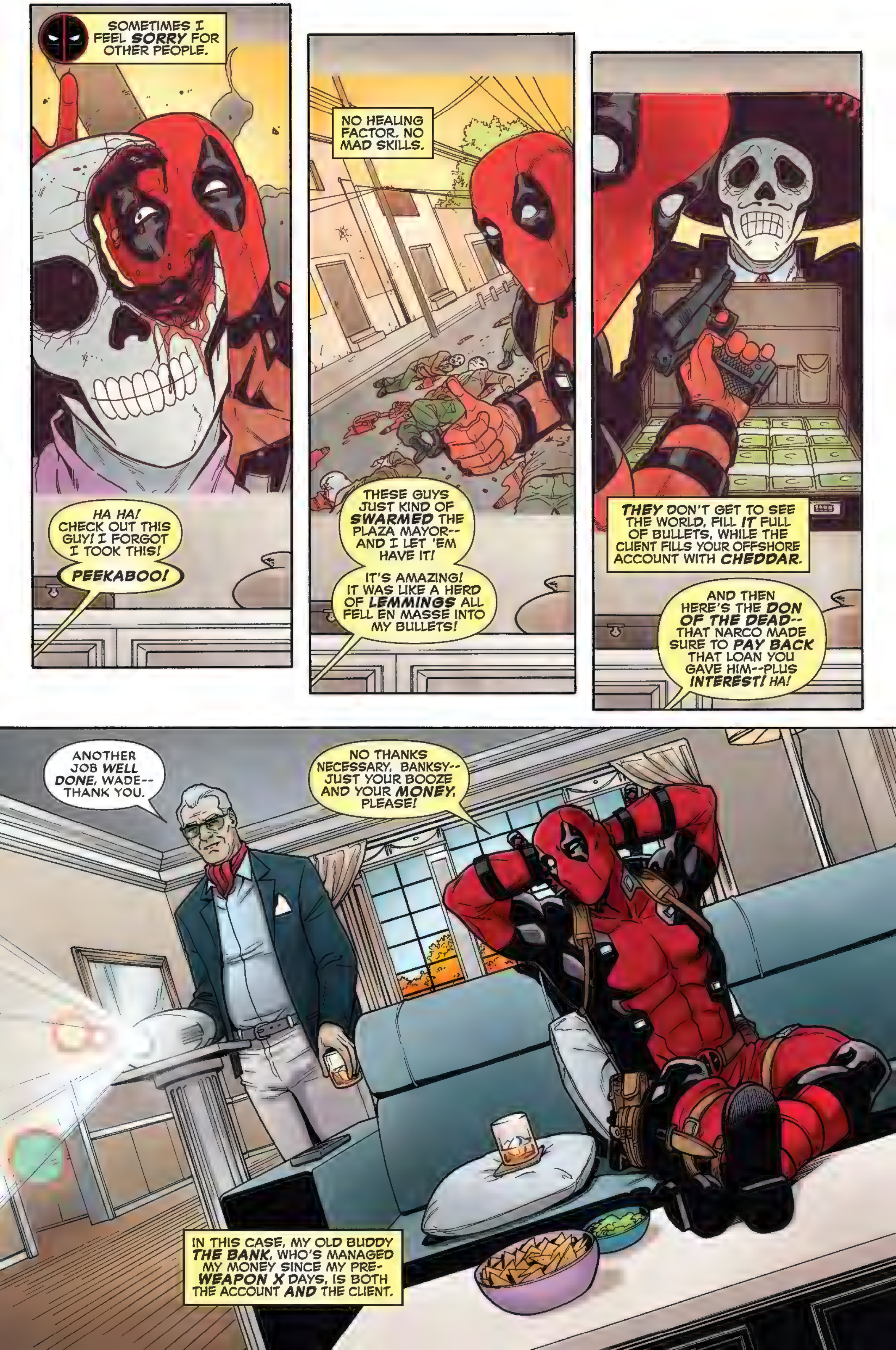

THERE'S ALWAYS SOME SUPER-POWERED *SLAP FIGHT* ON SOME NEWS FEED SOMEWHERE.
YEEEEEEAAAAAHHHHH!!!
YEAH! PUNCH HER IN THE FACE! *IN THE FACE!*
THOSE LIVING IN THE *SEWER* LOVE TO LOOK UP INTO THE SKY AND SEE THE *HIGH* BROUGHT *LOW.*
CAPT MARV [THE CHICK] -2 -10
ROBOT OF SOME KIND 213.5U-10
SPIDER-MAN [ORGINAL PROBABLY] -5 -10
SCORPION [NOT THE CHICK] 208 5U-10
CAPTAIN AMERICAN FALCON -11 -10
VILLAIN TO BE NAMED LATER 221U-10
GUY WHO THINKS HE'S HERCULES 207U-10
GIANT SNAKE MONSTER THING -2 5 -10
230U-10
-14 -10
PEREGRINE -227.5U-10
BATROC -9 5 -10
D-MAN
MUGGER
I WANNA SEE SOME *BLOOD,* MAN! YEAH! *YEAH!*
TWENTY LARGE ON MY MAN *SCORPION!*
THE BUG IS GOING *DOWN* TONIGHT! I *FEEL* IT!
THEY COME HERE TO WATCH THOSE WHO CALL THEM EVIL, WHO CALL THEM THUGS, WHO TREAT THEM LIKE DIRT...
BOOYAH!
...BLEED.

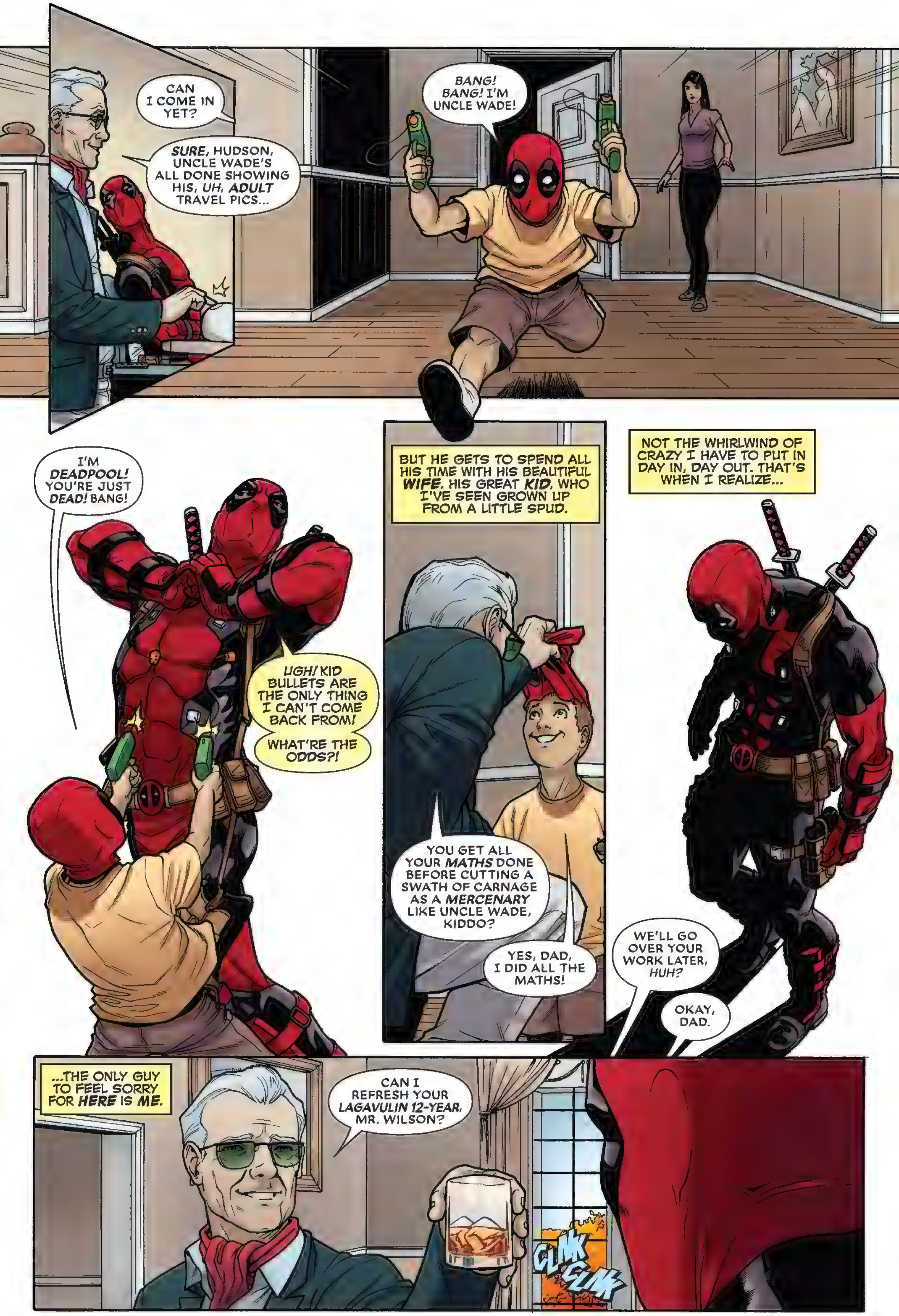

STRUGGLE.
ALL RIGHT ALL RIGHT ALL RIGHT!!!
HEH. McCONAUGHEY. HE IS GENIUS. A McCONAUGHIUS, EVEN!
FAIL.
PRETTY GOOD NIGHT. FOR A THURSDAY.
WE SHOULD CLEAR HALF A MIL, EASY.
GRUNT
PERFECTLY HUMAN RESPONSE.
(I ASSUME.)
SLAP
HEY, DON'T HIDE THOSE GUNS YOU TAKE OFF THE GUESTS UP YOUR BUM, HUH? YOU'RE IN THE ENTERTAINMENT BUSINESS!
LEARN TO HAVE A LITTLE FUN!
THAT'S AN ORDER. AN ORDER FROM YOUR BOSS.
I ALSO DEEJAY ON SUNDAY NIGHTS. MAYBE YOU'VE SEEN ME. RADOVAN. RADOVAN JANKOVIC?
A.K.A. DJ RAD JAMS?
I DON'T THINK SO.
WELL, YOU WILL, BUDDY, YOU WILL.
YOU'RE NEW, RIGHT? WHAT'S YOUR NAME AGAIN?

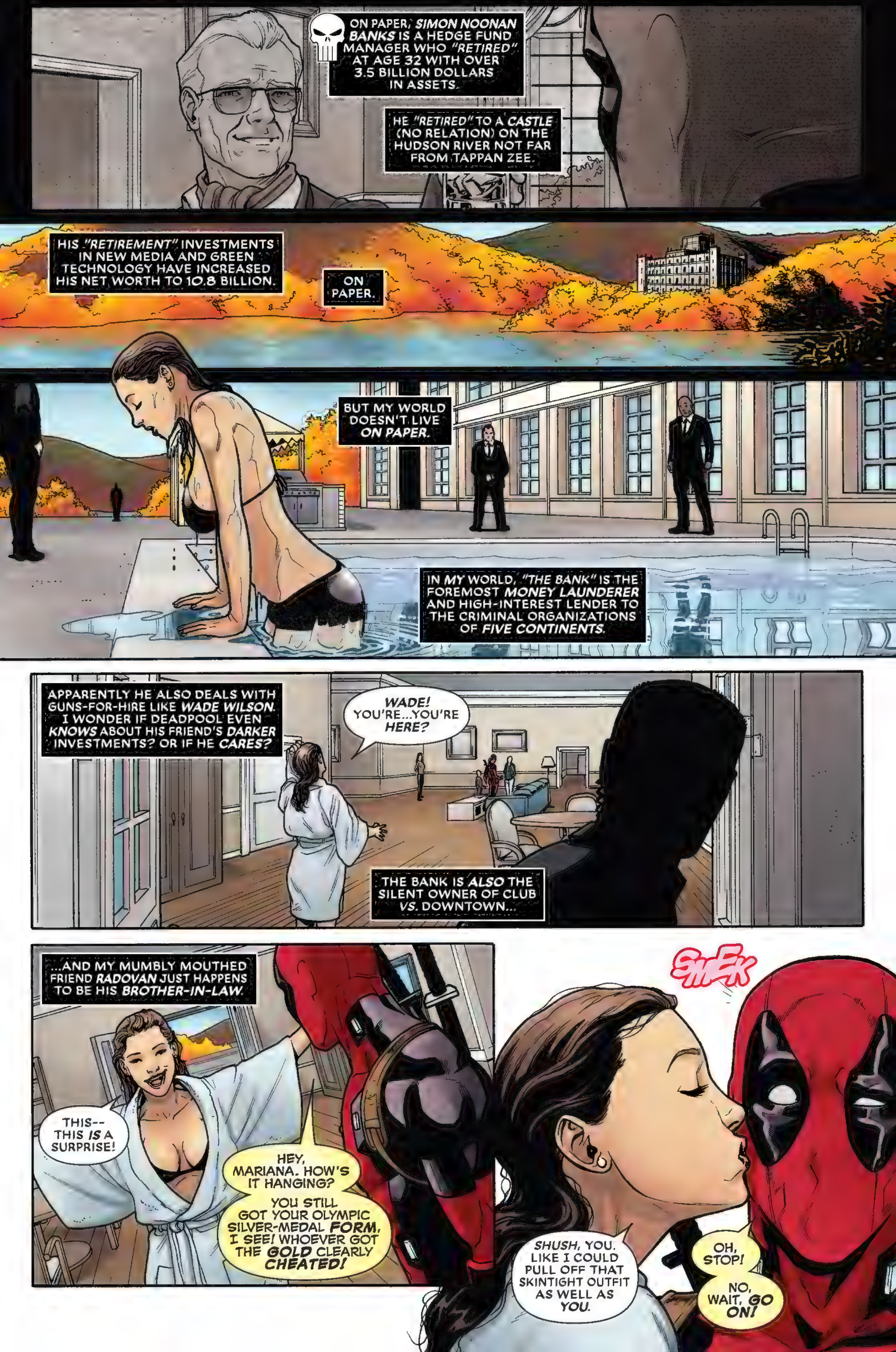

LIKE I SAID, SOMETIMES I ACTUALLY FEEL *SORRY* FOR THEM.
THEN I *SHOOT* THE FEELING UNTIL IT *GOES AWAY.*
YOU KNOW MY NAME.
DEADPOOL VS PUNISHER
BULLET TO THE BRAIN

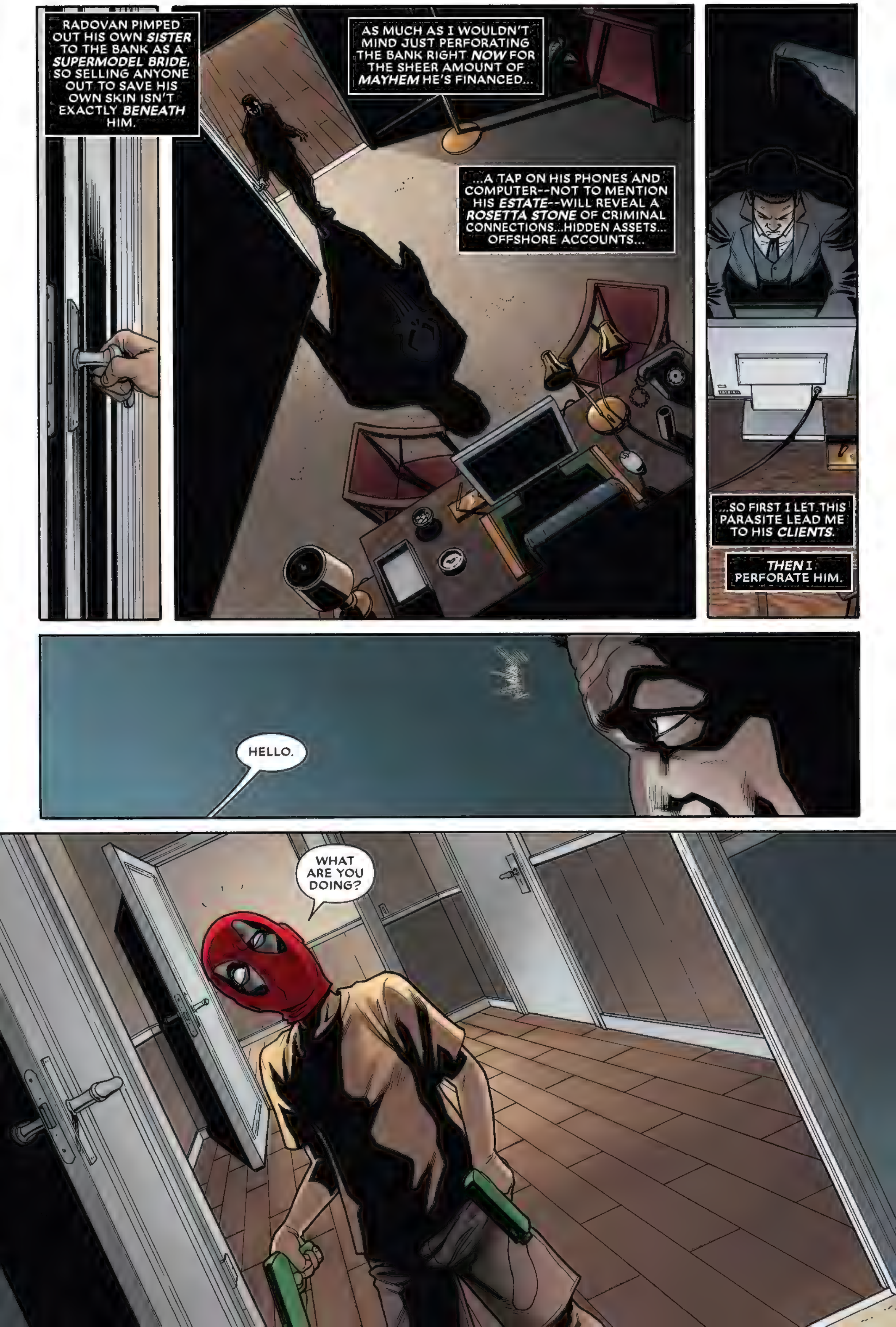

THANK YOU FOR YOUR GUNS.
BAM
THANK YOU FOR YOUR GUNS.
PANE, NĀS BOZE, NECH HRIECHY SOM SA DOPUSTIL TENTO DEN, V SLOVE, SKUTKU ALEBO MYSLIENKE...
GOD NO PLEAS--
BAM
THANK YOU FOR YOUR GUNS.
BAM
...ODPUSTITE MI, LEBO TIE SŪ DOBRÉ A MILOVAT VSETKYCH LUDÍ...
...

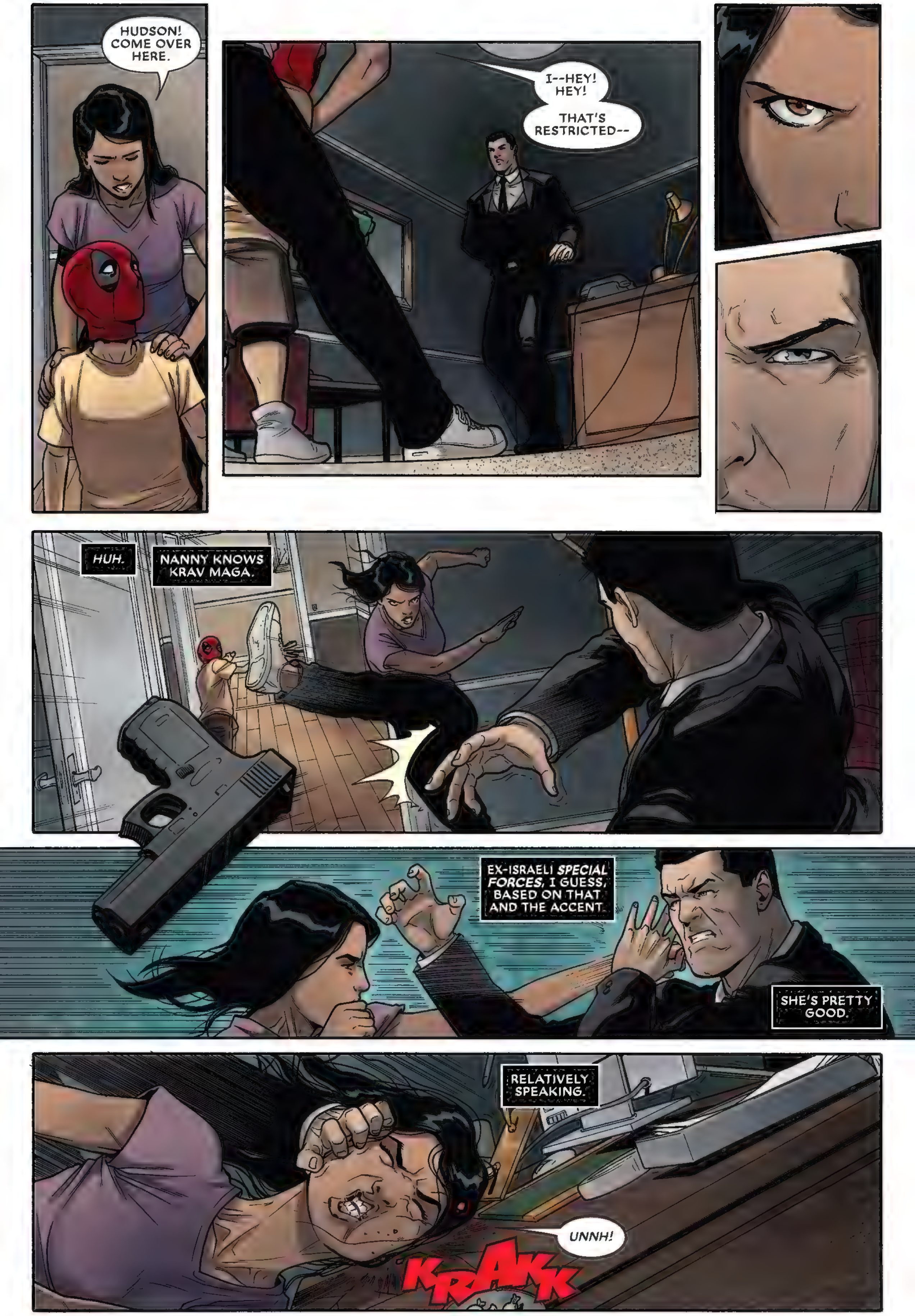

AAAHHH!!! NO!!! WAIT!
MISTER PUNISHER!!! I CAN--
AII CABB GIBB OOO THE DNNNCCCC!!!
WHAT'S THAT, DJ RAD JAMS?
I DON'T UNDERSTAND YOU.
AII CABB GIBB OOO THE DNNNCCCC!!!
HMM. STILL NOT GETTING IT.
UUHH OO HAAA AAA GUUU III MUU MOOOUUUT--
HERE. TRY WRITING IT DOWN.
SKRRTCH SKRRRTCH SKRRTCH
I CAN GIVE YOU THE BANK

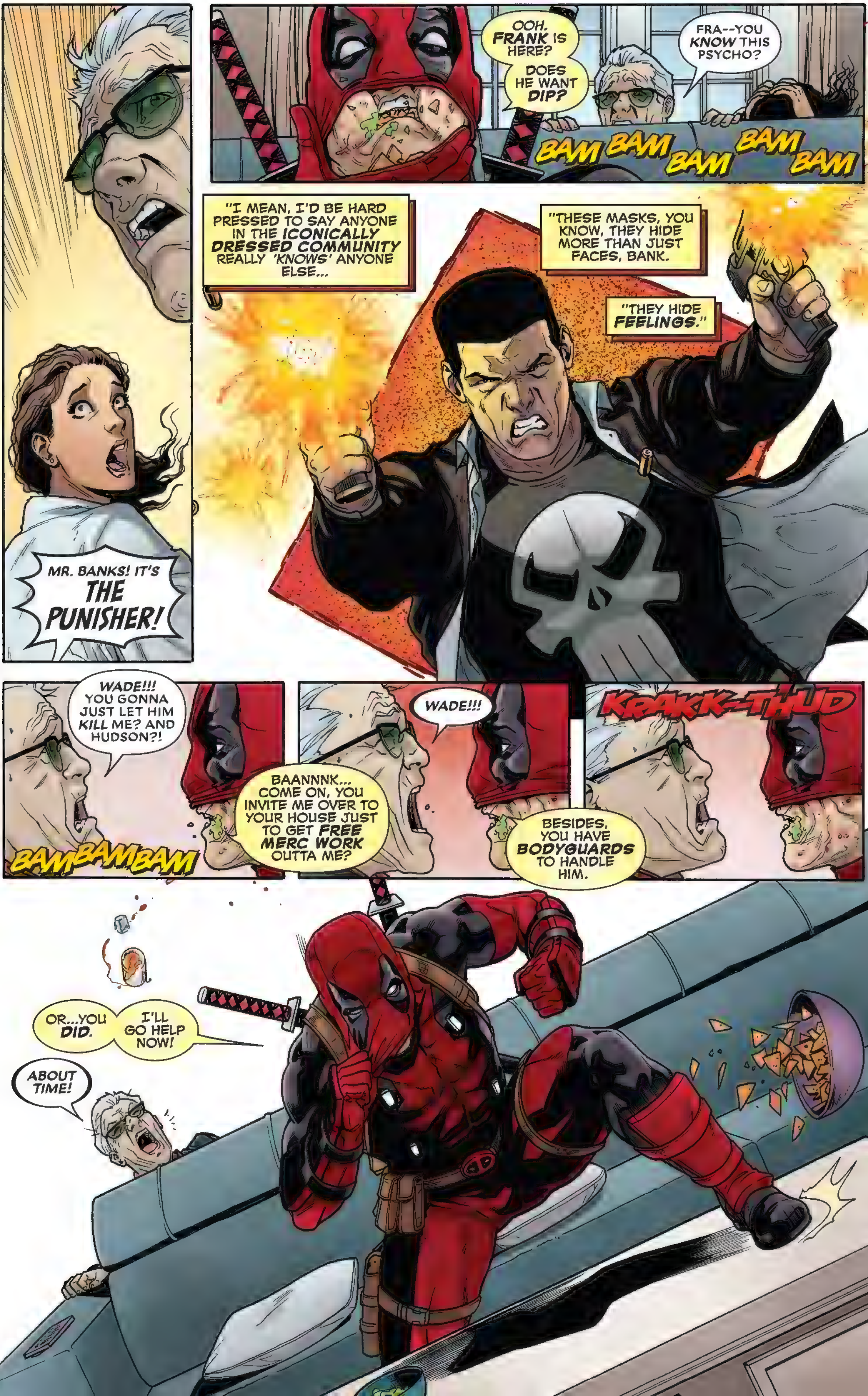

SOMETIMES I FEEL **SORRY** FOR OTHER PEOPLE.
HA HA! CHECK OUT THIS GUY! I FORGOT I TOOK THIS! **PEEKABOO!**
NO HEALING FACTOR. NO MAD SKILLS.
THESE GUYS JUST KIND OF **SWARMED** THE PLAZA MAYOR-- AND I LET 'EM HAVE IT!
IT'S AMAZING! IT WAS LIKE A HERD OF **LEMMINGS** ALL FELL EN MASSE INTO MY BULLETS!
THEY DON'T GET TO SEE THE WORLD, FILL **IT** FULL OF BULLETS, WHILE THE CLIENT FILLS YOUR OFFSHORE ACCOUNT WITH **CHEDDAR**.
AND THEN HERE'S THE **DON OF THE DEAD**-- THAT NARCO MADE SURE TO **PAY BACK** THAT LOAN YOU GAVE HIM--PLUS **INTEREST!** HA!
ANOTHER JOB **WELL DONE**, WADE-- THANK YOU.
NO THANKS NECESSARY, BANKSY-- JUST YOUR BOOZE AND YOUR **MONEY**, PLEASE!
IN THIS CASE, MY OLD BUDDY **THE BANK**, WHO'S MANAGED MY MONEY SINCE MY PRE-**WEAPON X** DAYS, IS BOTH THE ACCOUNT **AND** THE CLIENT.

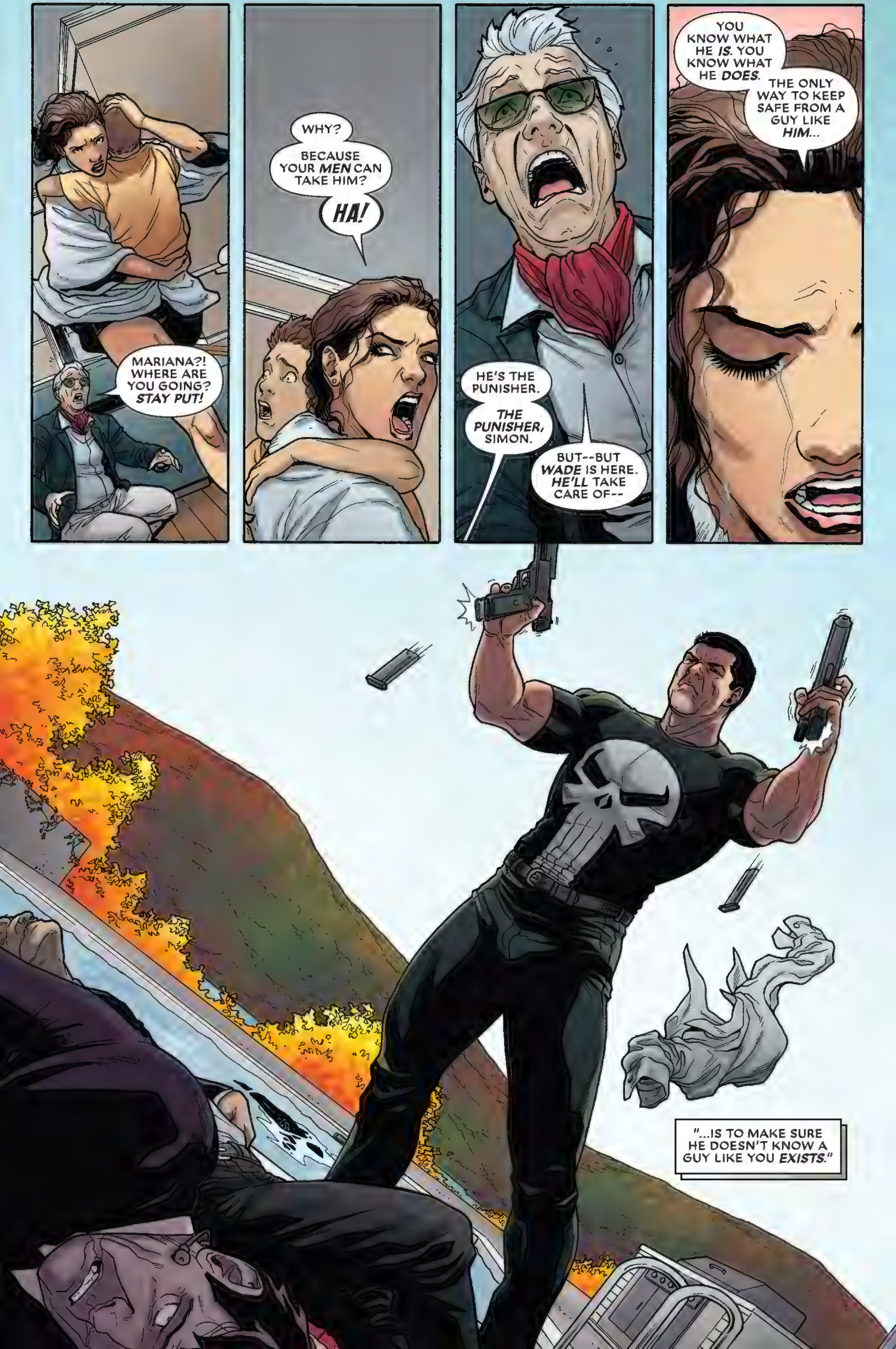

CAN I COME IN YET?
SURE, HUDSON, UNCLE WADE'S ALL DONE SHOWING HIS, UH, ADULT TRAVEL PICS...
BANG! BANG! I'M UNCLE WADE!
I'M DEADPOOL! YOU'RE JUST DEAD! BANG!
UGH! KID BULLETS ARE THE ONLY THING I CAN'T COME BACK FROM!
WHAT'RE THE ODDS?!
BUT HE GETS TO SPEND ALL HIS TIME WITH HIS BEAUTIFUL WIFE. HIS GREAT KID, WHO I'VE SEEN GROWN UP FROM A LITTLE SPUD.
YOU GET ALL YOUR MATHS DONE BEFORE CUTTING A SWATH OF CARNAGE AS A MERCENARY LIKE UNCLE WADE, KIDDO?
YES, DAD, I DID ALL THE MATHS!
NOT THE WHIRLWIND OF CRAZY I HAVE TO PUT IN DAY IN, DAY OUT. THAT'S WHEN I REALIZE...
WE'LL GO OVER YOUR WORK LATER, HUH?
OKAY, DAD.
...THE ONLY GUY TO FEEL SORRY FOR HERE IS ME.
CAN I REFRESH YOUR LAGAVULIN 12-YEAR, MR. WILSON?
CLINK CLINK

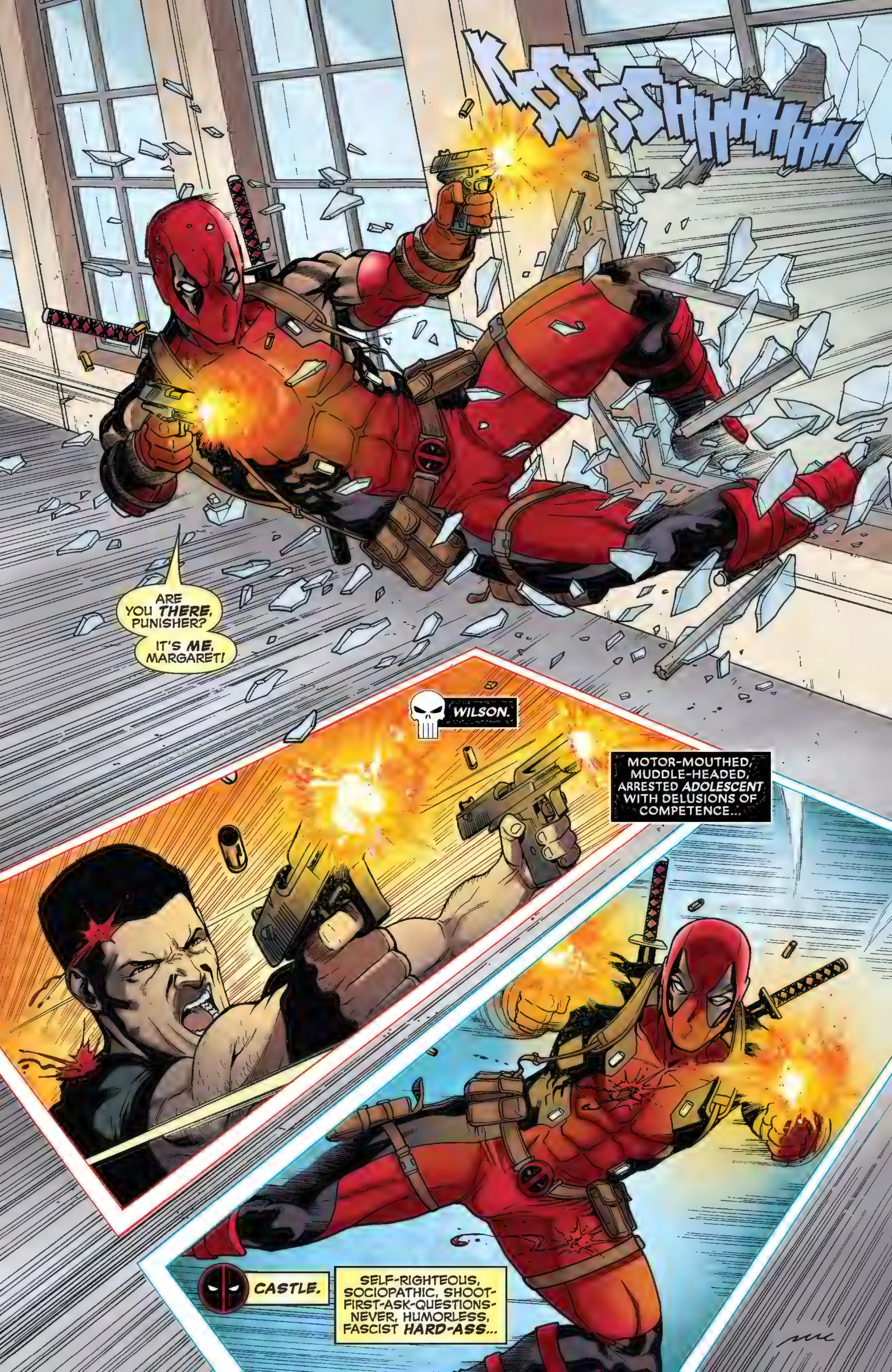

ON PAPER, SIMON NOONAN BANKS IS A HEDGE FUND MANAGER WHO "RETIRED" AT AGE 32 WITH OVER 3.5 BILLION DOLLARS IN ASSETS.
HE "RETIRED" TO A CASTLE (NO RELATION) ON THE HUDSON RIVER NOT FAR FROM TAPPAN ZEE.
HIS "RETIREMENT" INVESTMENTS IN NEW MEDIA AND GREEN TECHNOLOGY HAVE INCREASED HIS NET WORTH TO 10.8 BILLION.
ON PAPER.
BUT MY WORLD DOESN'T LIVE ON PAPER.
IN MY WORLD, "THE BANK" IS THE FOREMOST MONEY LAUNDERER AND HIGH-INTEREST LENDER TO THE CRIMINAL ORGANIZATIONS OF FIVE CONTINENTS.
APPARENTLY HE ALSO DEALS WITH GUNS-FOR-HIRE LIKE WADE WILSON. I WONDER IF DEADPOOL EVEN KNOWS ABOUT HIS FRIEND'S DARKER INVESTMENTS? OR IF HE CARES?
WADE! YOU'RE...YOU'RE HERE?
THE BANK IS ALSO THE SILENT OWNER OF CLUB VS. DOWNTOWN...
...AND MY MUMBLY MOUTHED FRIEND RADOVAN JUST HAPPENS TO BE HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW.
THIS-- THIS IS A SURPRISE!
HEY, MARIANA. HOW'S IT HANGING?
YOU STILL GOT YOUR OLYMPIC SILVER-MEDAL FORM, I SEE! WHOEVER GOT THE GOLD CLEARLY CHEATED!
SMEK
SHUSH, YOU. LIKE I COULD PULL OFF THAT SKINTIGHT OUTFIT AS WELL AS YOU.
OH, STOP!
NO, WAIT, GO ON!

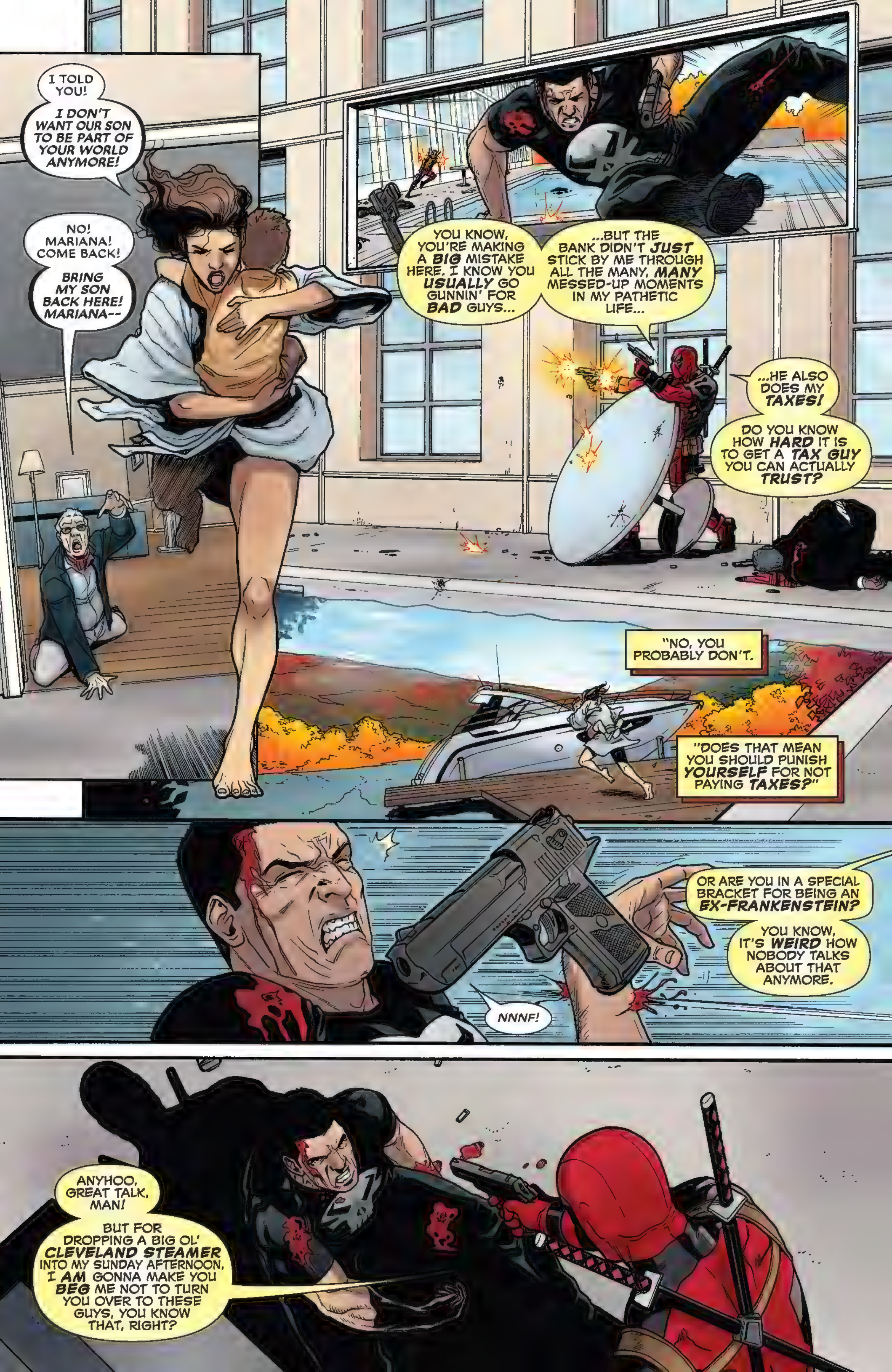

RADOVAN PIMPED OUT HIS OWN *SISTER* TO THE BANK AS A *SUPERMODEL BRIDE,* SO SELLING ANYONE OUT TO SAVE HIS OWN SKIN ISN'T EXACTLY *BENEATH* HIM.
AS MUCH AS I WOULDN'T MIND JUST PERFORATING THE BANK RIGHT *NOW* FOR THE SHEER AMOUNT OF *MAYHEM* HE'S FINANCED...
...A TAP ON HIS PHONES AND COMPUTER--NOT TO MENTION HIS *ESTATE*--WILL REVEAL A *ROSETTA STONE* OF CRIMINAL CONNECTIONS...HIDDEN ASSETS... OFFSHORE ACCOUNTS...
...SO FIRST I LET THIS PARASITE LEAD ME TO HIS *CLIENTS.*
THEN I PERFORATE HIM.
HELLO.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

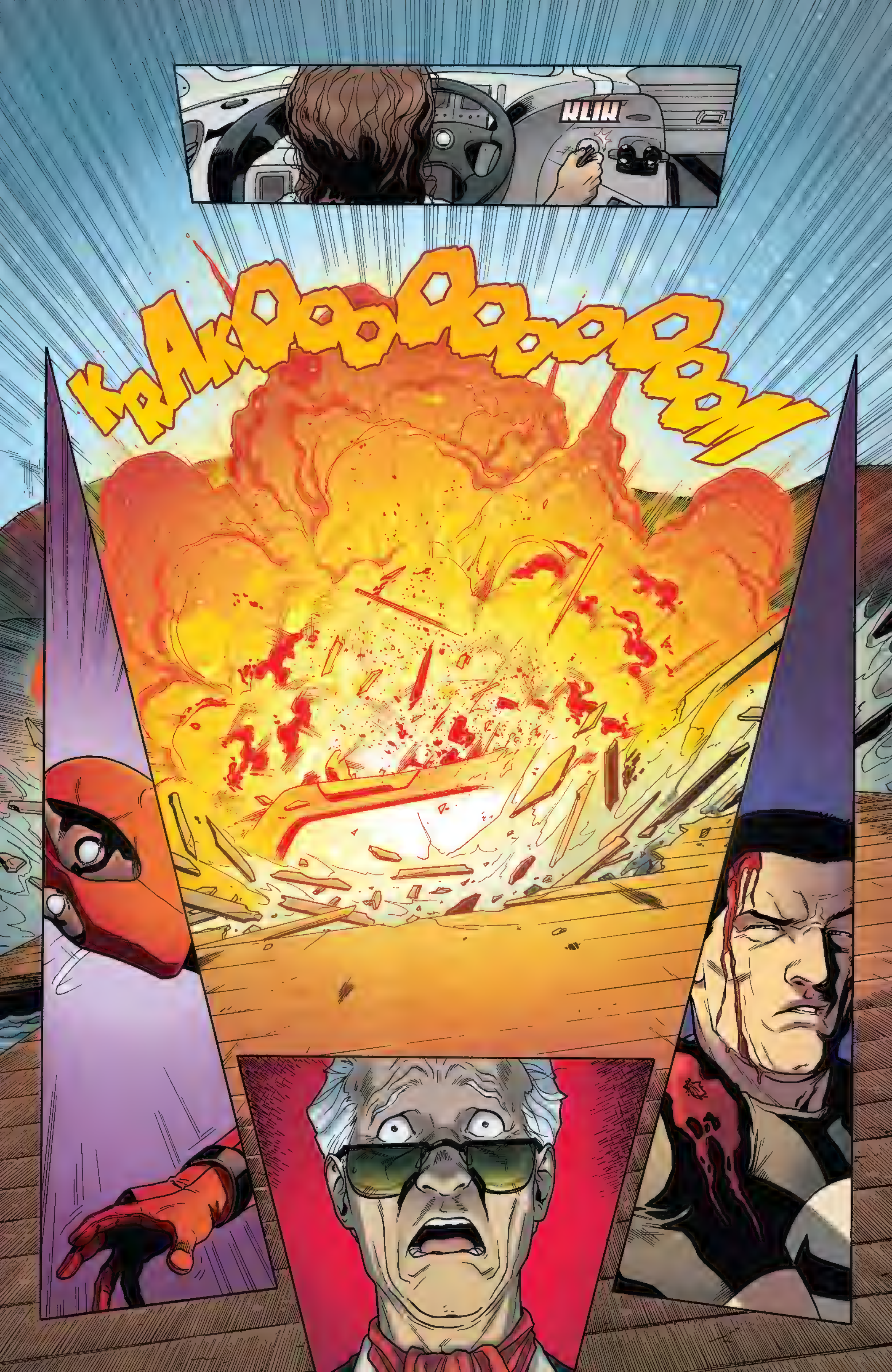

HUDSON! COME OVER HERE.
I--HEY! HEY!
THAT'S RESTRICTED--
HUH.
NANNY KNOWS KRAV MAGA.
EX-ISRAELI *SPECIAL FORCES*, I GUESS, BASED ON THAT AND THE ACCENT.
SHE'S PRETTY GOOD.
RELATIVELY SPEAKING.
UNNH!
KRAKK

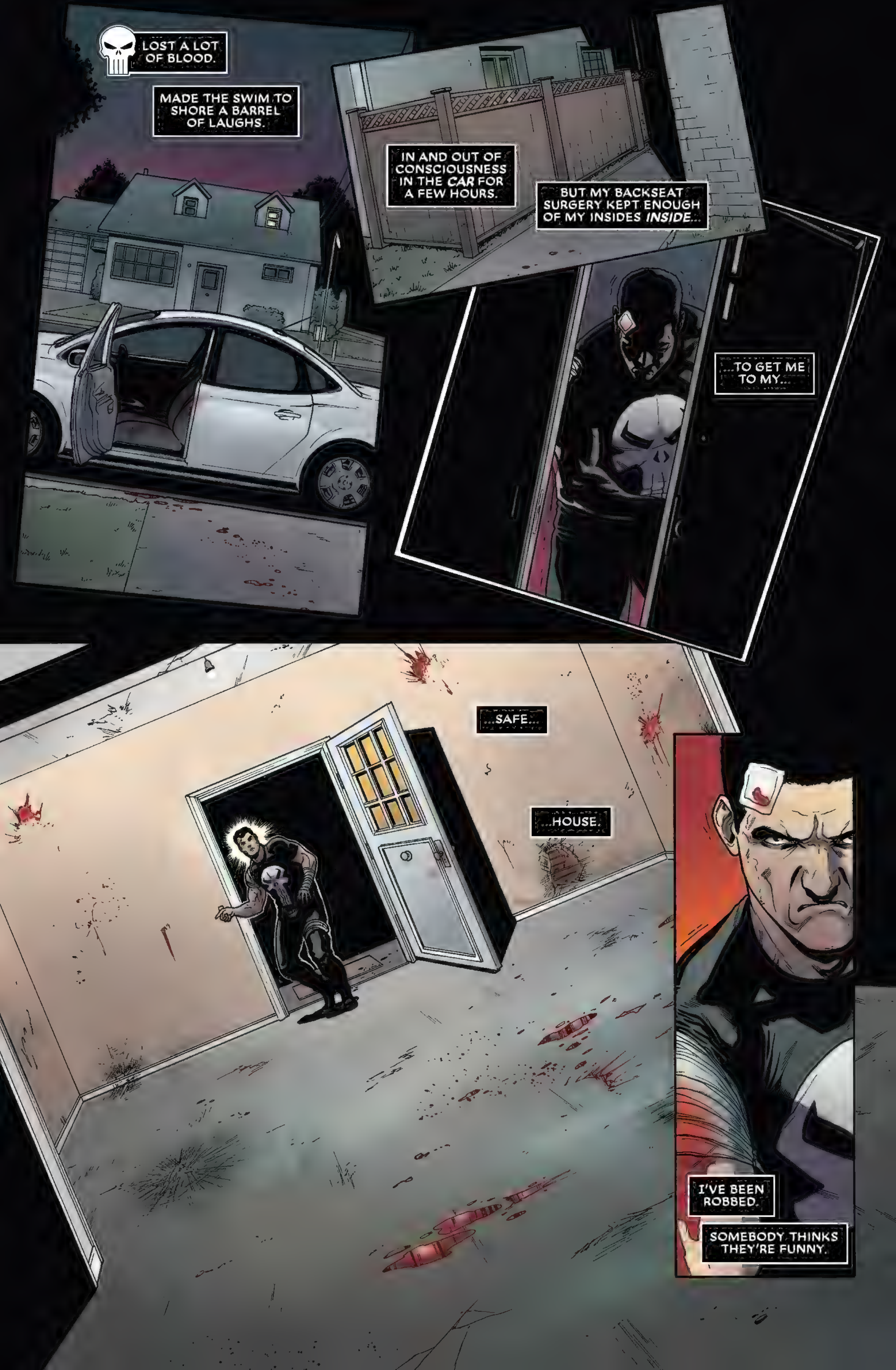

OOH. FRANK IS HERE?
DOES HE WANT DIP?
FRA--YOU KNOW THIS PSYCHO?
BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM
MR. BANKS! IT'S THE PUNISHER!
"I MEAN, I'D BE HARD PRESSED TO SAY ANYONE IN THE ICONICALLY DRESSED COMMUNITY REALLY 'KNOWS' ANYONE ELSE...
"THESE MASKS, YOU KNOW, THEY HIDE MORE THAN JUST FACES, BANK.
"THEY HIDE FEELINGS."
WADE!!! YOU GONNA JUST LET HIM KILL ME? AND HUDSON?!
BAMBAMBAM
BAANNNK... COME ON, YOU INVITE ME OVER TO YOUR HOUSE JUST TO GET FREE MERC WORK OUTTA ME?
WADE!!!
KRAKK-THUD
BESIDES, YOU HAVE BODYGUARDS TO HANDLE HIM.
OR...YOU DID.
I'LL GO HELP NOW!
ABOUT TIME!

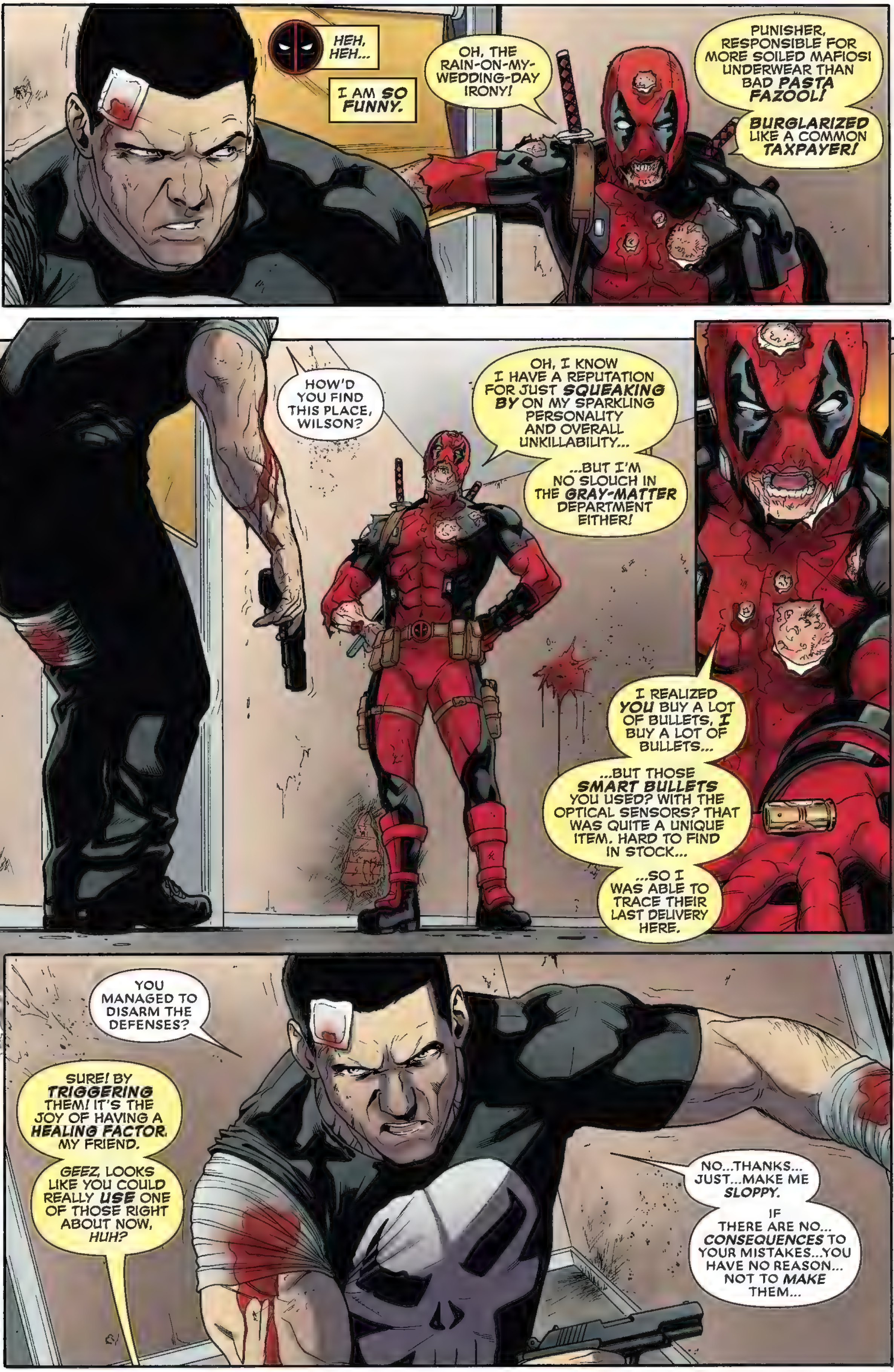

MARIANA?! WHERE ARE YOU GOING? *STAY PUT!*
WHY?
BECAUSE YOUR *MEN* CAN TAKE HIM?
HA!
HE'S THE PUNISHER.
THE PUNISHER, SIMON.
BUT--BUT *WADE* IS HERE. *HE'LL* TAKE CARE OF--
YOU KNOW WHAT HE *IS*. YOU KNOW WHAT HE *DOES*.
THE ONLY WAY TO KEEP SAFE FROM A GUY LIKE *HIM*...
"...IS TO MAKE SURE HE DOESN'T KNOW A GUY LIKE YOU *EXISTS*."

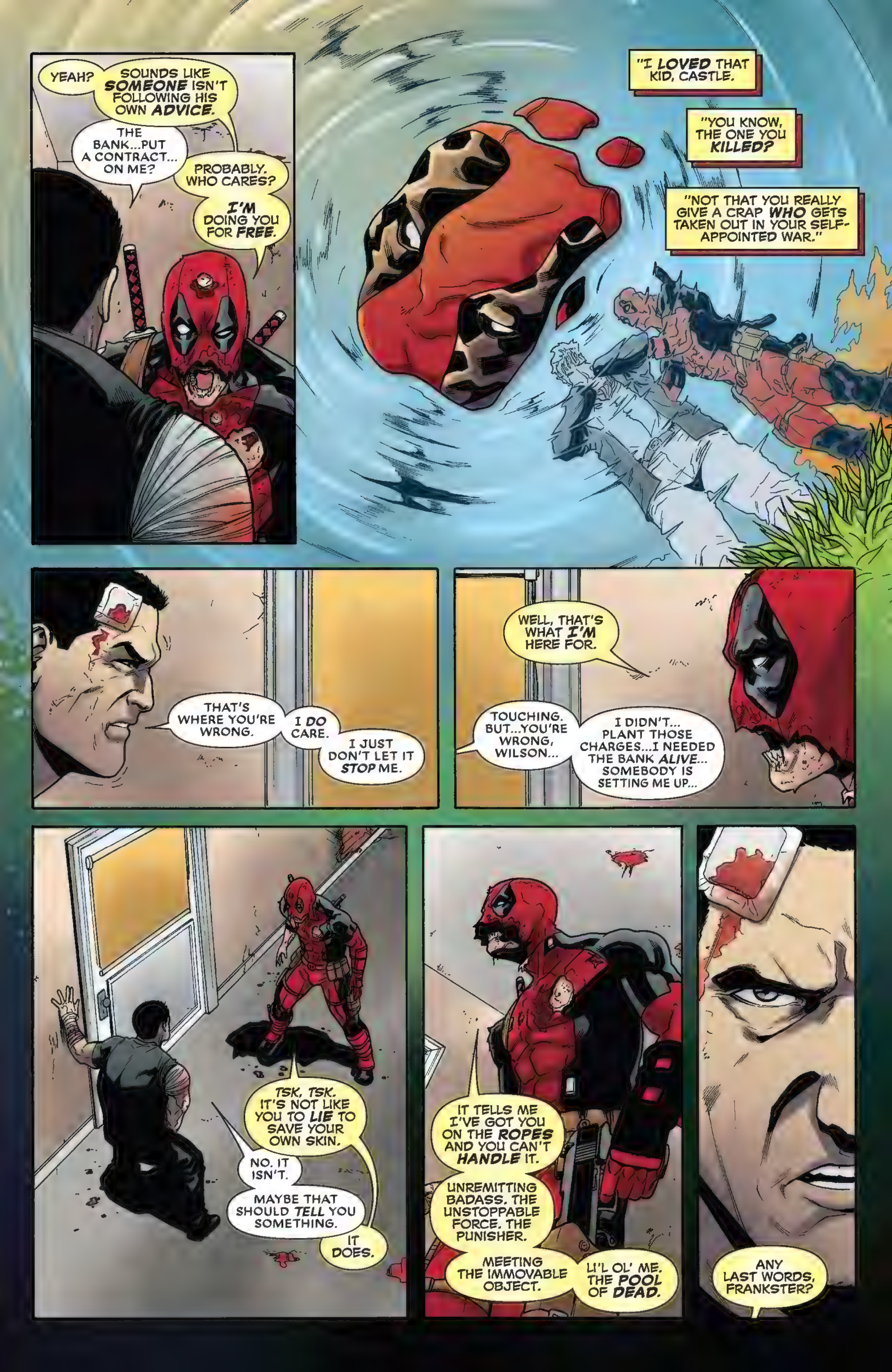

KSSSSHHHHHHH
ARE YOU THERE, PUNISHER?
IT'S ME, MARGARET!
WILSON.
MOTOR-MOUTHED, MUDDLE-HEADED, ARRESTED ADOLESCENT WITH DELUSIONS OF COMPETENCE...
CASTLE.
SELF-RIGHTEOUS, SOCIOPATHIC, SHOOT-FIRST-ASK-QUESTIONS-NEVER, HUMORLESS, FASCIST HARD-ASS...

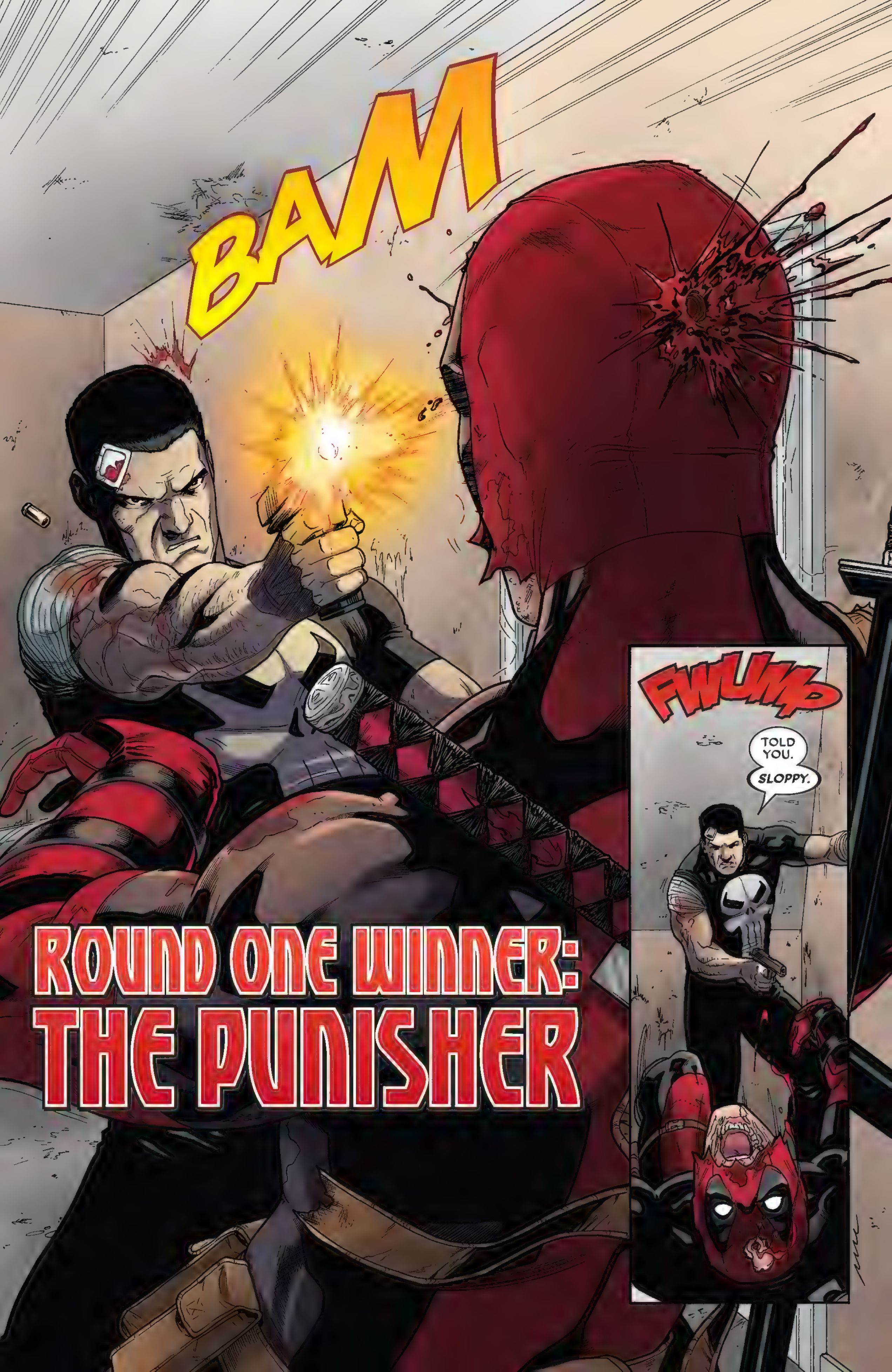

I TOLD YOU!
I DON'T WANT OUR SON TO BE PART OF YOUR WORLD ANYMORE!
NO! MARIANA! COME BACK!
BRING MY SON BACK HERE! MARIANA--
YOU KNOW, YOU'RE MAKING A BIG MISTAKE HERE. I KNOW YOU USUALLY GO GUNNIN' FOR BAD GUYS...
...BUT THE BANK DIDN'T JUST STICK BY ME THROUGH ALL THE MANY, MANY MESSED-UP MOMENTS IN MY PATHETIC LIFE...
...HE ALSO DOES MY TAXES!
DO YOU KNOW HOW HARD IT IS TO GET A TAX GUY YOU CAN ACTUALLY TRUST?
"NO, YOU PROBABLY DON'T.
"DOES THAT MEAN YOU SHOULD PUNISH YOURSELF FOR NOT PAYING TAXES?"
OR ARE YOU IN A SPECIAL BRACKET FOR BEING AN EX-FRANKENSTEIN?
YOU KNOW, IT'S WEIRD HOW NOBODY TALKS ABOUT THAT ANYMORE.
NNNF!
ANYHOO, GREAT TALK, MAN!
BUT FOR DROPPING A BIG OL' CLEVELAND STEAMER INTO MY SUNDAY AFTERNOON, I AM GONNA MAKE YOU BEG ME NOT TO TURN YOU OVER TO THESE GUYS, YOU KNOW THAT, RIGHT?

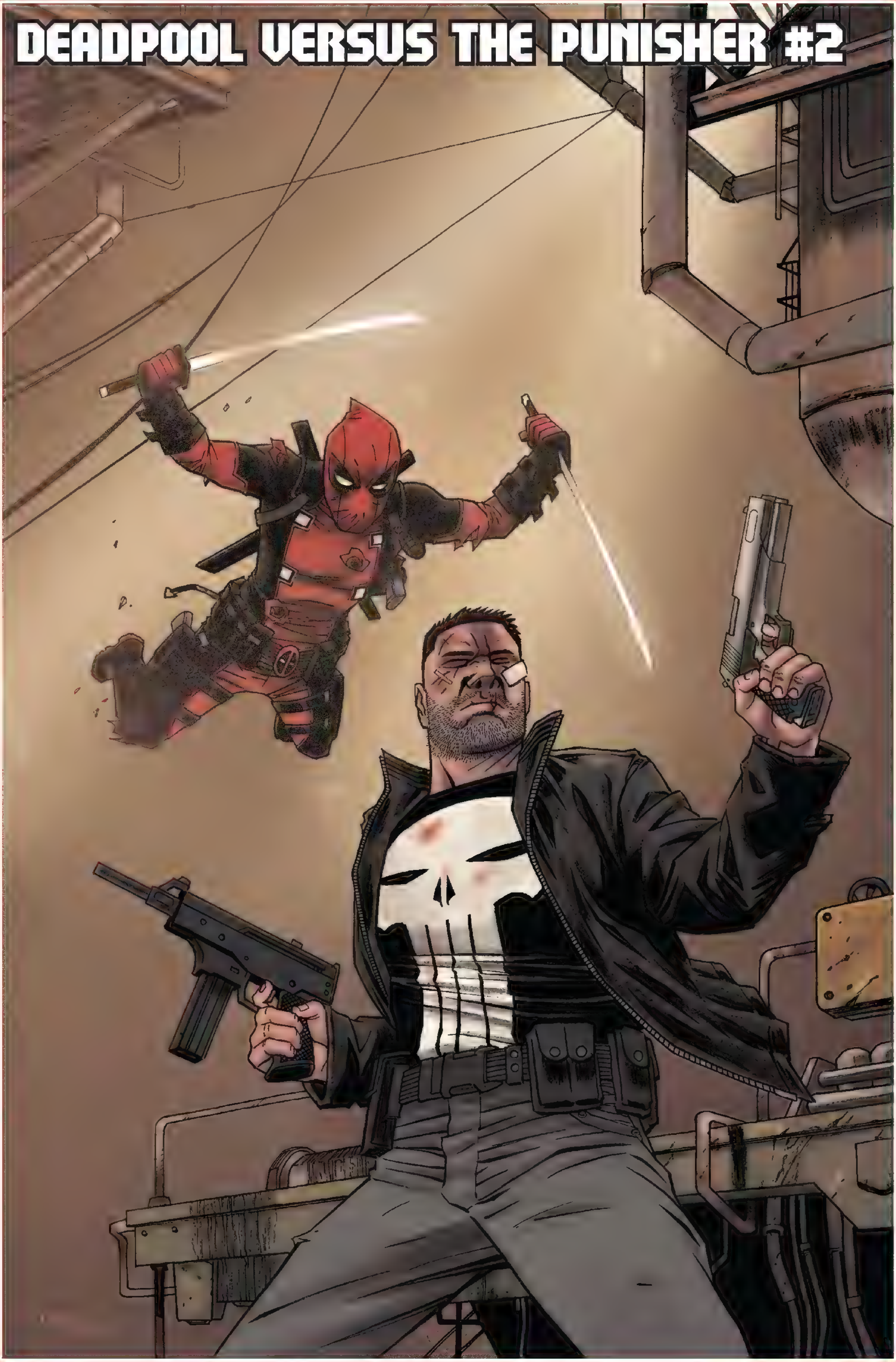

KLIK
KRAKOOOOOOOOOOM

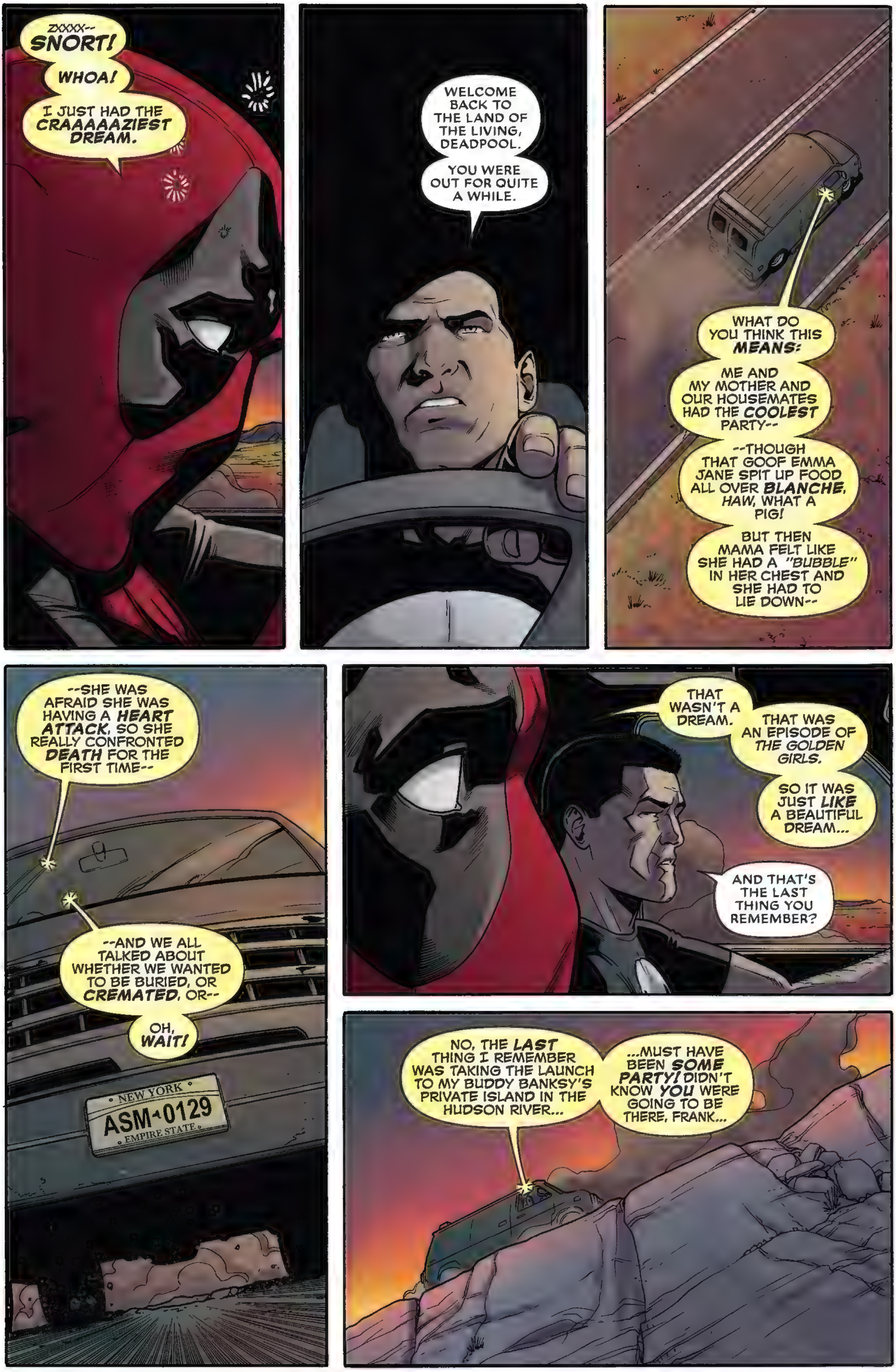

LOST A LOT OF BLOOD.
MADE THE SWIM TO SHORE A BARREL OF LAUGHS.
IN AND OUT OF CONSCIOUSNESS IN THE *CAR* FOR A FEW HOURS.
BUT MY BACKSEAT SURGERY KEPT ENOUGH OF MY INSIDES *INSIDE*...
...TO GET ME TO MY...
...SAFE...
...HOUSE.
I'VE BEEN ROBBED.
SOMEBODY THINKS THEY'RE FUNNY.

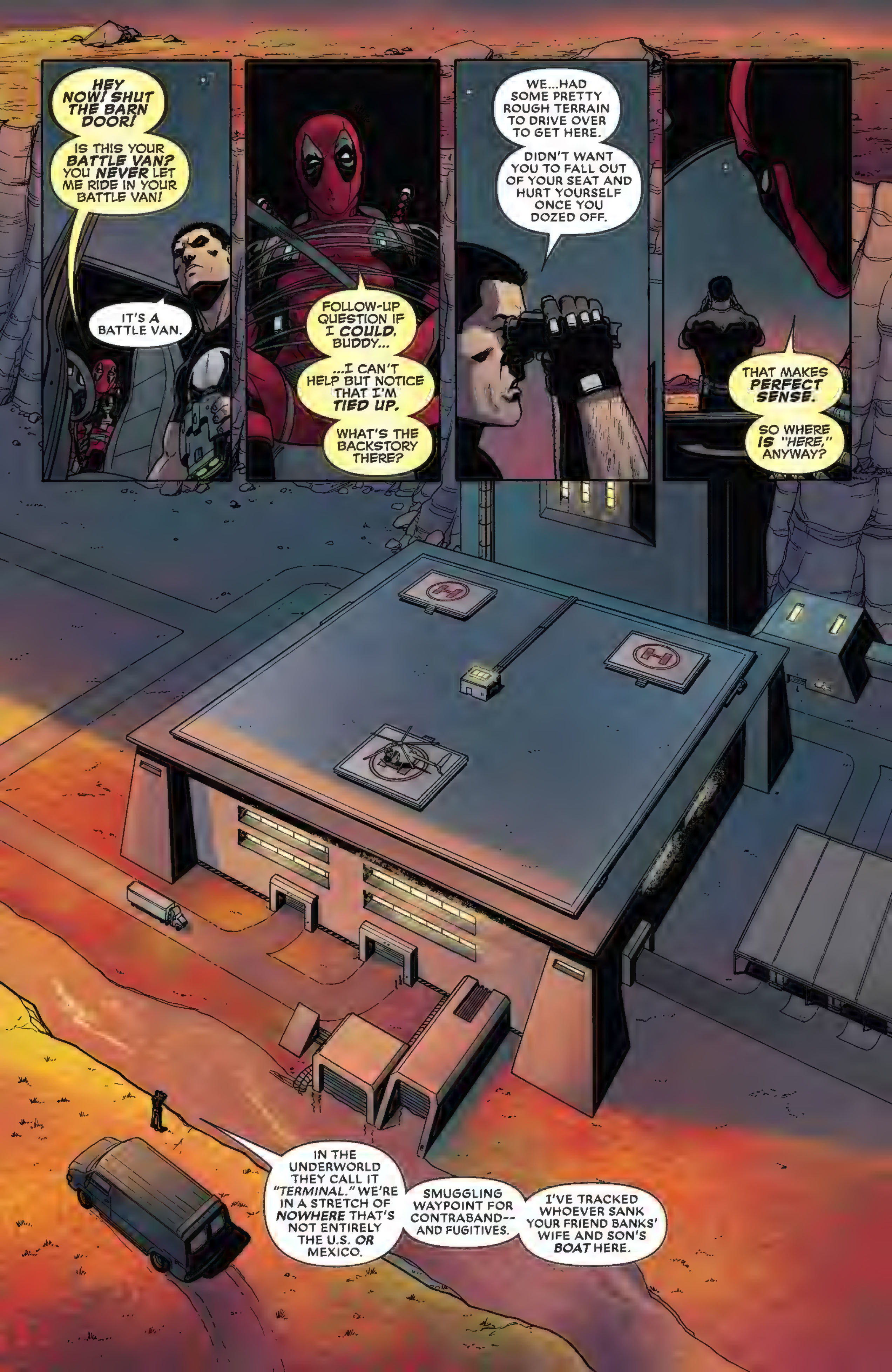

HEH, HEH...
I AM SO FUNNY.
OH, THE RAIN-ON-MY-WEDDING-DAY IRONY!
PUNISHER, RESPONSIBLE FOR MORE SOILED MAFIOSI UNDERWEAR THAN BAD PASTA FAZOOL!
BURGLARIZED LIKE A COMMON TAXPAYER!
HOW'D YOU FIND THIS PLACE, WILSON?
OH, I KNOW I HAVE A REPUTATION FOR JUST SQUEAKING BY ON MY SPARKLING PERSONALITY AND OVERALL UNKILLABILITY...
...BUT I'M NO SLOUCH IN THE GRAY-MATTER DEPARTMENT EITHER!
I REALIZED YOU BUY A LOT OF BULLETS, I BUY A LOT OF BULLETS...
...BUT THOSE SMART BULLETS YOU USED? WITH THE OPTICAL SENSORS? THAT WAS QUITE A UNIQUE ITEM. HARD TO FIND IN STOCK...
...SO I WAS ABLE TO TRACE THEIR LAST DELIVERY HERE.
YOU MANAGED TO DISARM THE DEFENSES?
SURE! BY TRIGGERING THEM! IT'S THE JOY OF HAVING A HEALING FACTOR, MY FRIEND.
GEEZ, LOOKS LIKE YOU COULD REALLY USE ONE OF THOSE RIGHT ABOUT NOW, HUH?
NO...THANKS... JUST...MAKE ME SLOPPY.
IF THERE ARE NO... CONSEQUENCES TO YOUR MISTAKES...YOU HAVE NO REASON... NOT TO MAKE THEM...

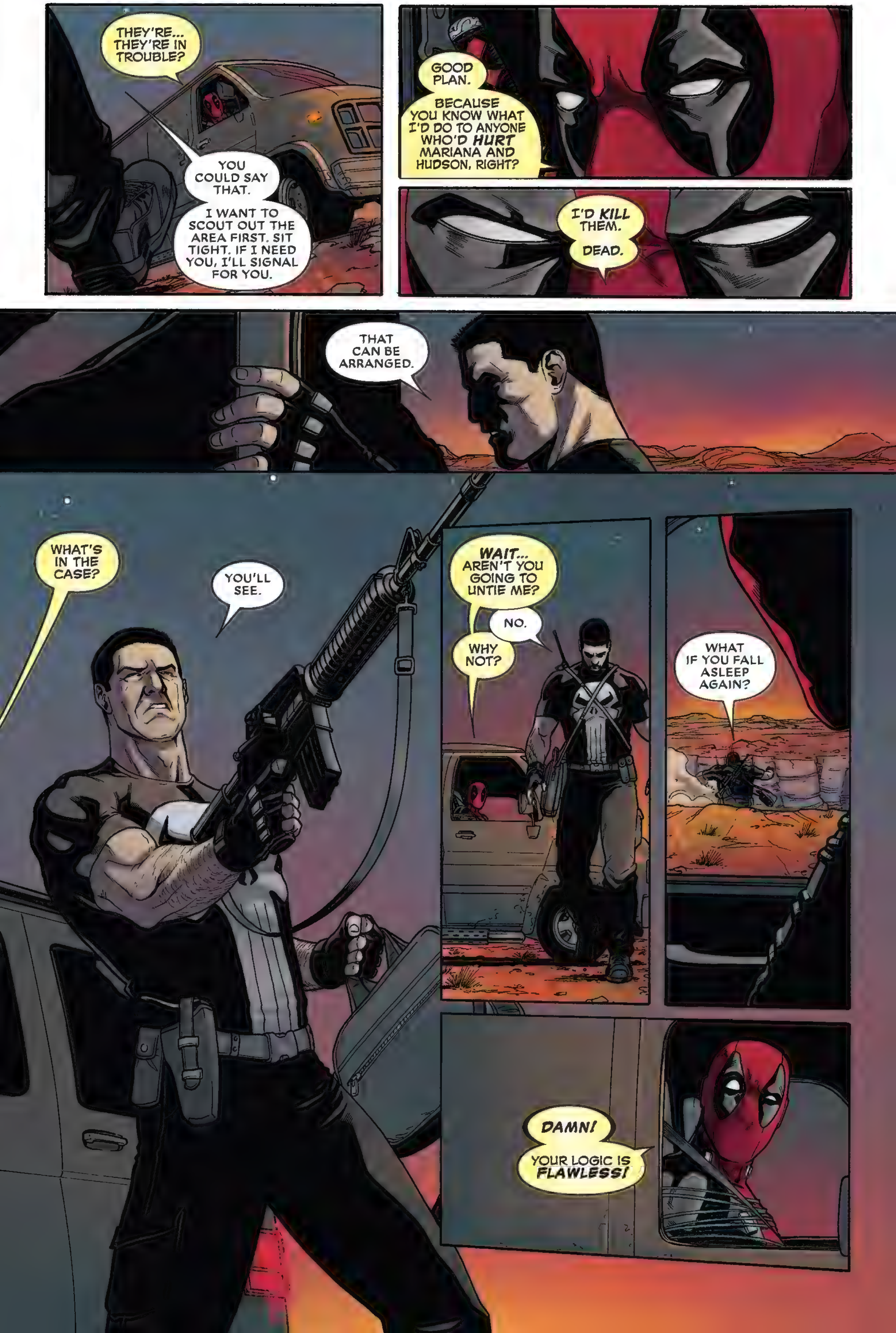

YEAH?
SOUNDS LIKE **SOMEONE** ISN'T FOLLOWING HIS OWN **ADVICE**.
THE BANK...PUT A CONTRACT... ON ME?
PROBABLY. WHO CARES?
I'M DOING YOU FOR ***FREE***.
"I ***LOVED*** THAT KID, CASTLE.
"YOU KNOW, THE ONE YOU ***KILLED?***
"NOT THAT YOU REALLY GIVE A CRAP **WHO** GETS TAKEN OUT IN YOUR SELF-APPOINTED WAR."
THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG.
I ***DO*** CARE.
I JUST DON'T LET IT ***STOP*** ME.
WELL, THAT'S WHAT ***I'M*** HERE FOR.
TOUCHING. BUT...YOU'RE WRONG, WILSON...
I DIDN'T... PLANT THOSE CHARGES...I NEEDED THE BANK ***ALIVE***... SOMEBODY IS SETTING ME UP...
TSK, TSK. IT'S NOT LIKE YOU TO ***LIE*** TO SAVE YOUR OWN SKIN.
NO. IT ISN'T.
MAYBE THAT SHOULD ***TELL*** YOU SOMETHING.
IT DOES.
IT TELLS ME I'VE GOT YOU ON THE ***ROPES*** AND YOU CAN'T ***HANDLE*** IT.
UNREMITTING BADASS. THE UNSTOPPABLE FORCE. THE PUNISHER.
MEETING THE IMMOVABLE OBJECT.
LI'L OL' ME. THE ***POOL*** OF ***DEAD***.
ANY LAST WORDS, FRANKSTER?

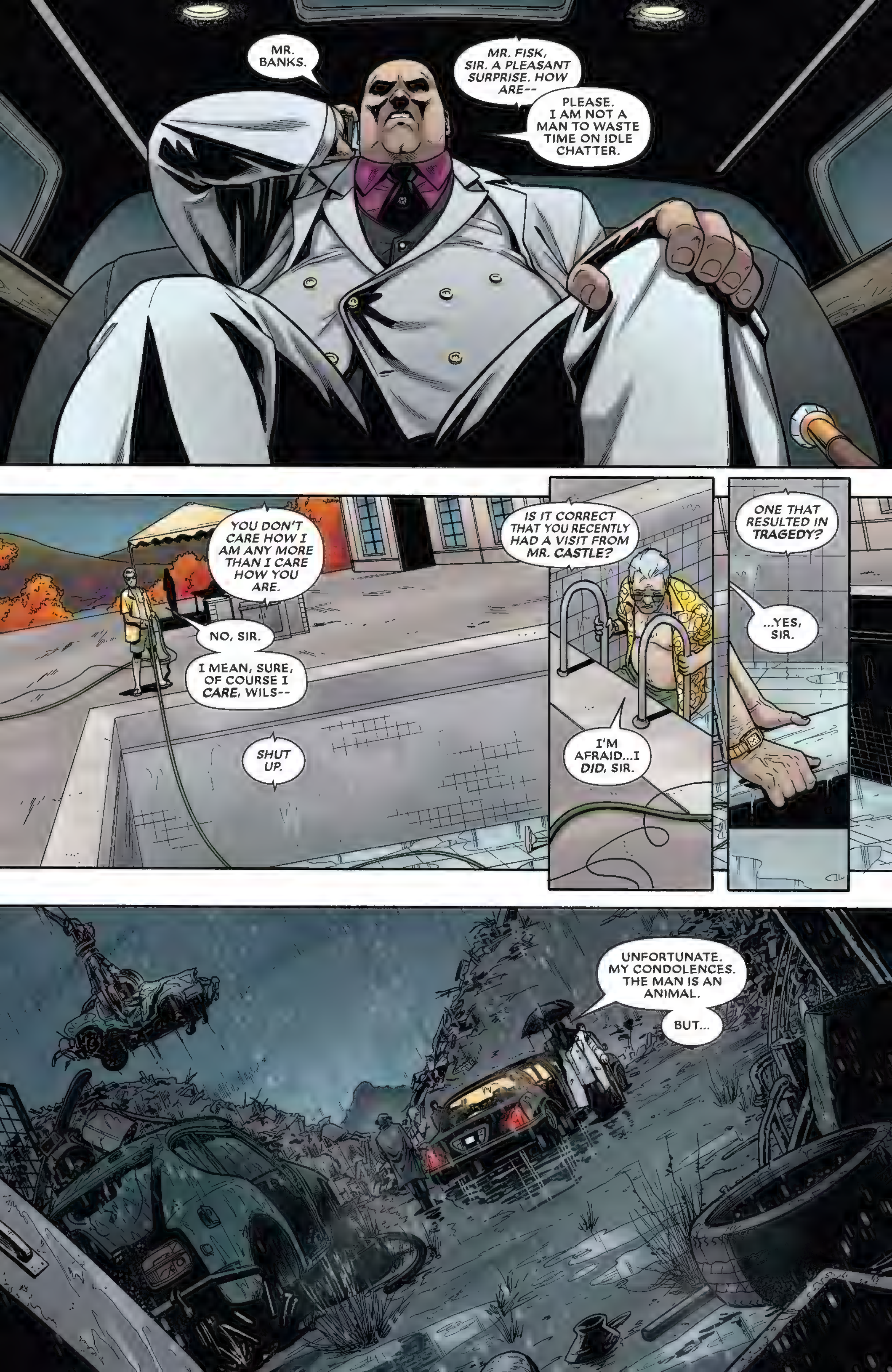

BAM
FWUMP
TOLD YOU. SLOPPY.
ROUND ONE WINNER:
THE PUNISHER

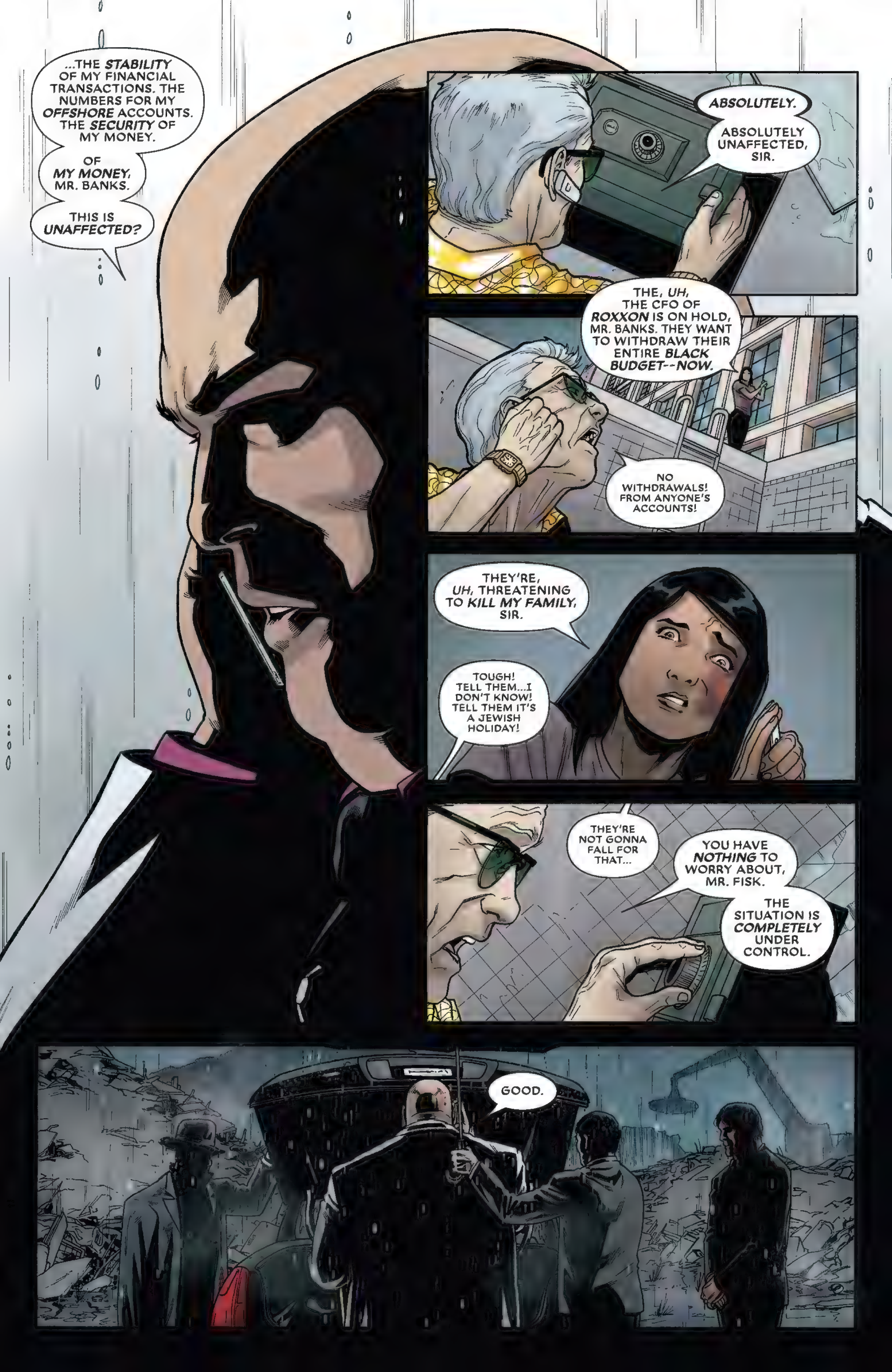

DEADPOOL VERSUS THE PUNISHER #2

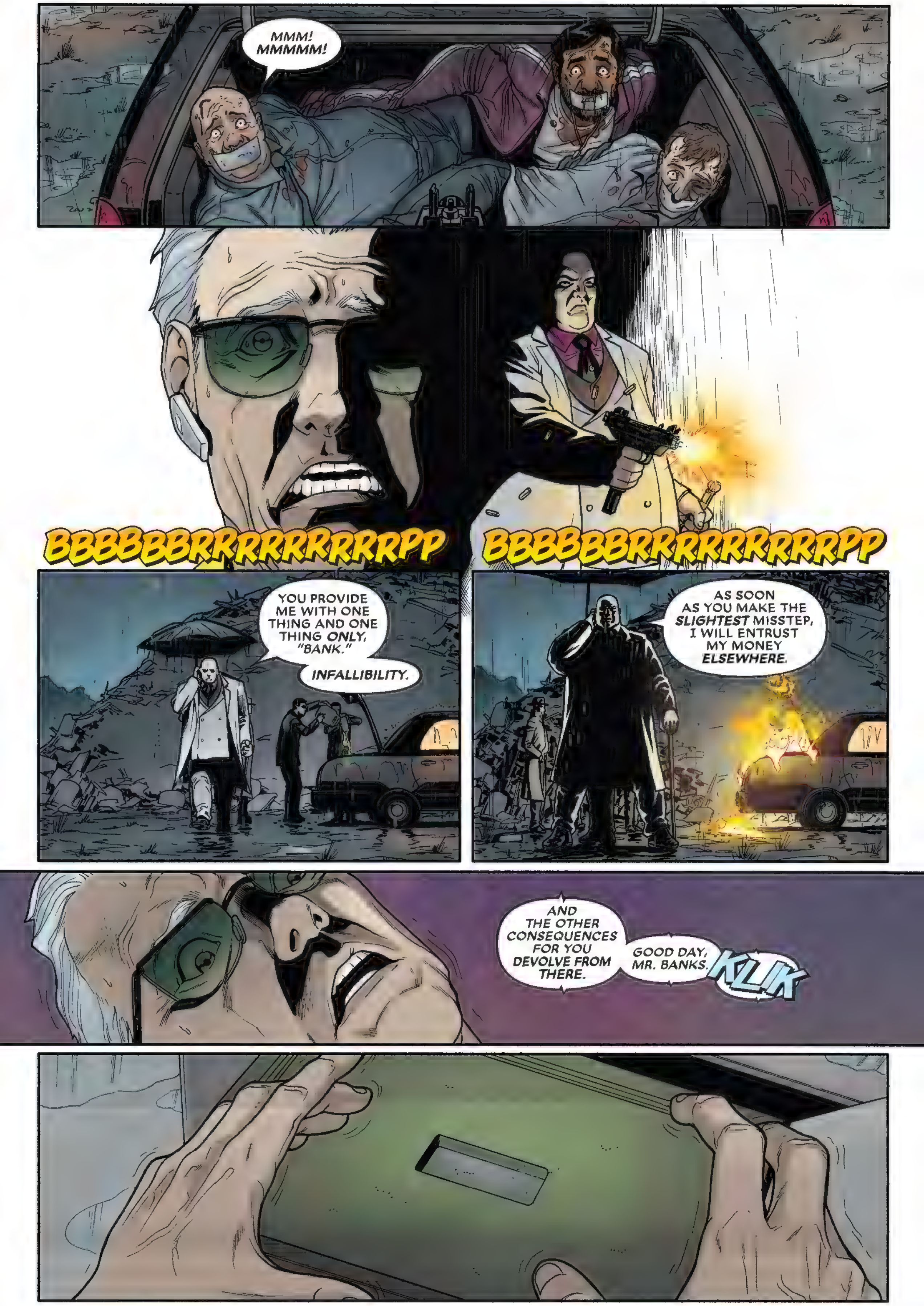

ZXXXX-- SNORT!
WHOA!
I JUST HAD THE CRAAAAAZIEST DREAM.
WELCOME BACK TO THE LAND OF THE LIVING, DEADPOOL.
YOU WERE OUT FOR QUITE A WHILE.
WHAT DO YOU THINK THIS MEANS:
ME AND MY MOTHER AND OUR HOUSEMATES HAD THE COOLEST PARTY--
--THOUGH THAT GOOF EMMA JANE SPIT UP FOOD ALL OVER BLANCHE. HAW, WHAT A PIG!
BUT THEN MAMA FELT LIKE SHE HAD A "BUBBLE" IN HER CHEST AND SHE HAD TO LIE DOWN--
--SHE WAS AFRAID SHE WAS HAVING A HEART ATTACK, SO SHE REALLY CONFRONTED DEATH FOR THE FIRST TIME--
--AND WE ALL TALKED ABOUT WHETHER WE WANTED TO BE BURIED, OR CREMATED, OR--
OH, WAIT!
NEW YORK
ASM-0129
EMPIRE STATE
THAT WASN'T A DREAM.
THAT WAS AN EPISODE OF THE GOLDEN GIRLS.
SO IT WAS JUST LIKE A BEAUTIFUL DREAM...
AND THAT'S THE LAST THING YOU REMEMBER?
NO, THE LAST THING I REMEMBER WAS TAKING THE LAUNCH TO MY BUDDY BANKSY'S PRIVATE ISLAND IN THE HUDSON RIVER...
...MUST HAVE BEEN SOME PARTY! DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE GOING TO BE THERE, FRANK...

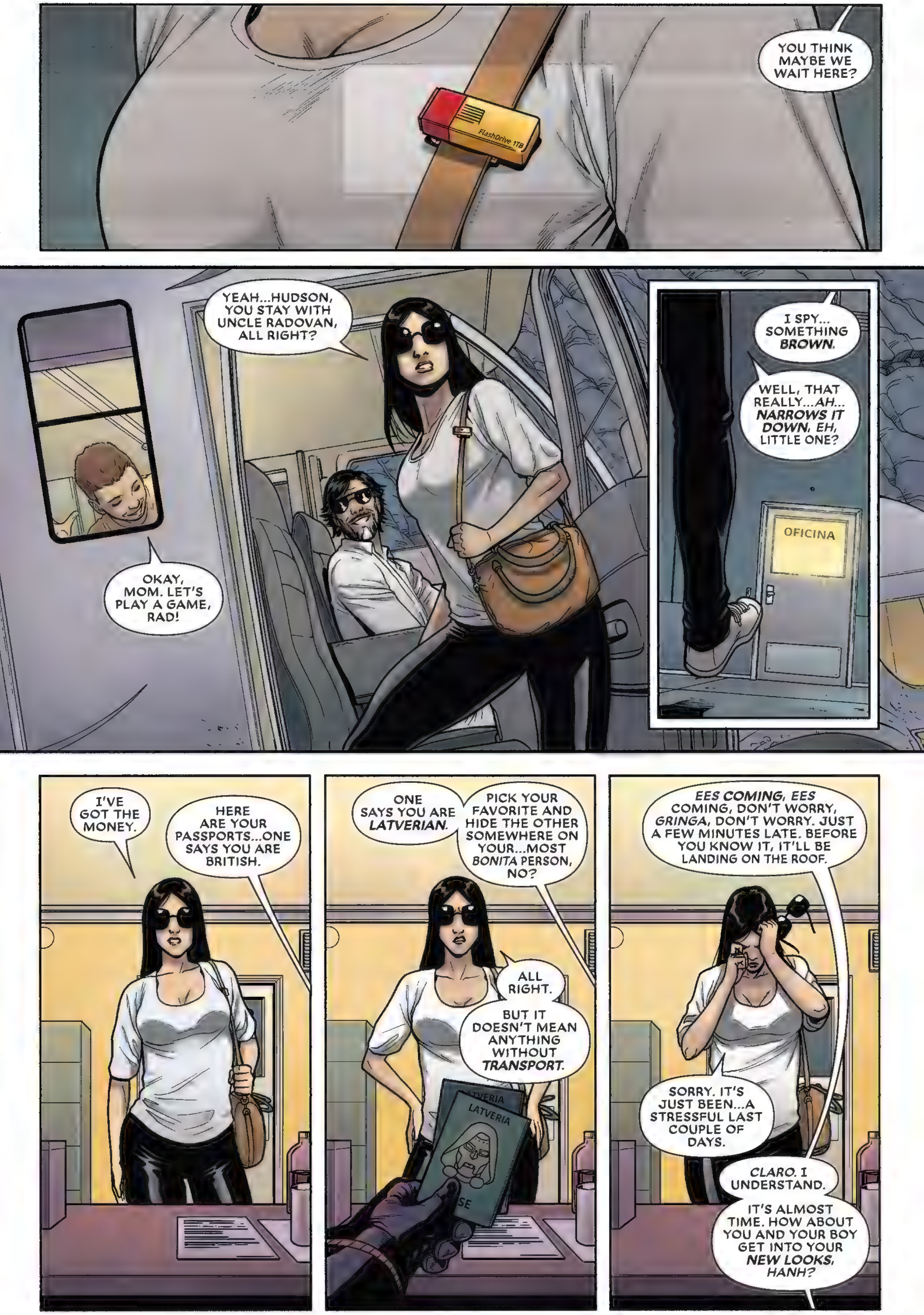

HEY NOW! SHUT THE BARN DOOR!
IS THIS YOUR BATTLE VAN? YOU NEVER LET ME RIDE IN YOUR BATTLE VAN!
IT'S A BATTLE VAN.
FOLLOW-UP QUESTION IF I COULD, BUDDY...
...I CAN'T HELP BUT NOTICE THAT I'M TIED UP.
WHAT'S THE BACKSTORY THERE?
WE...HAD SOME PRETTY ROUGH TERRAIN TO DRIVE OVER TO GET HERE.
DIDN'T WANT YOU TO FALL OUT OF YOUR SEAT AND HURT YOURSELF ONCE YOU DOZED OFF.
THAT MAKES PERFECT SENSE.
SO WHERE IS "HERE," ANYWAY?
IN THE UNDERWORLD THEY CALL IT "TERMINAL." WE'RE IN A STRETCH OF NOWHERE THAT'S NOT ENTIRELY THE U.S. OR MEXICO.
SMUGGLING WAYPOINT FOR CONTRABAND--AND FUGITIVES.
I'VE TRACKED WHOEVER SANK YOUR FRIEND BANKS' WIFE AND SON'S BOAT HERE.

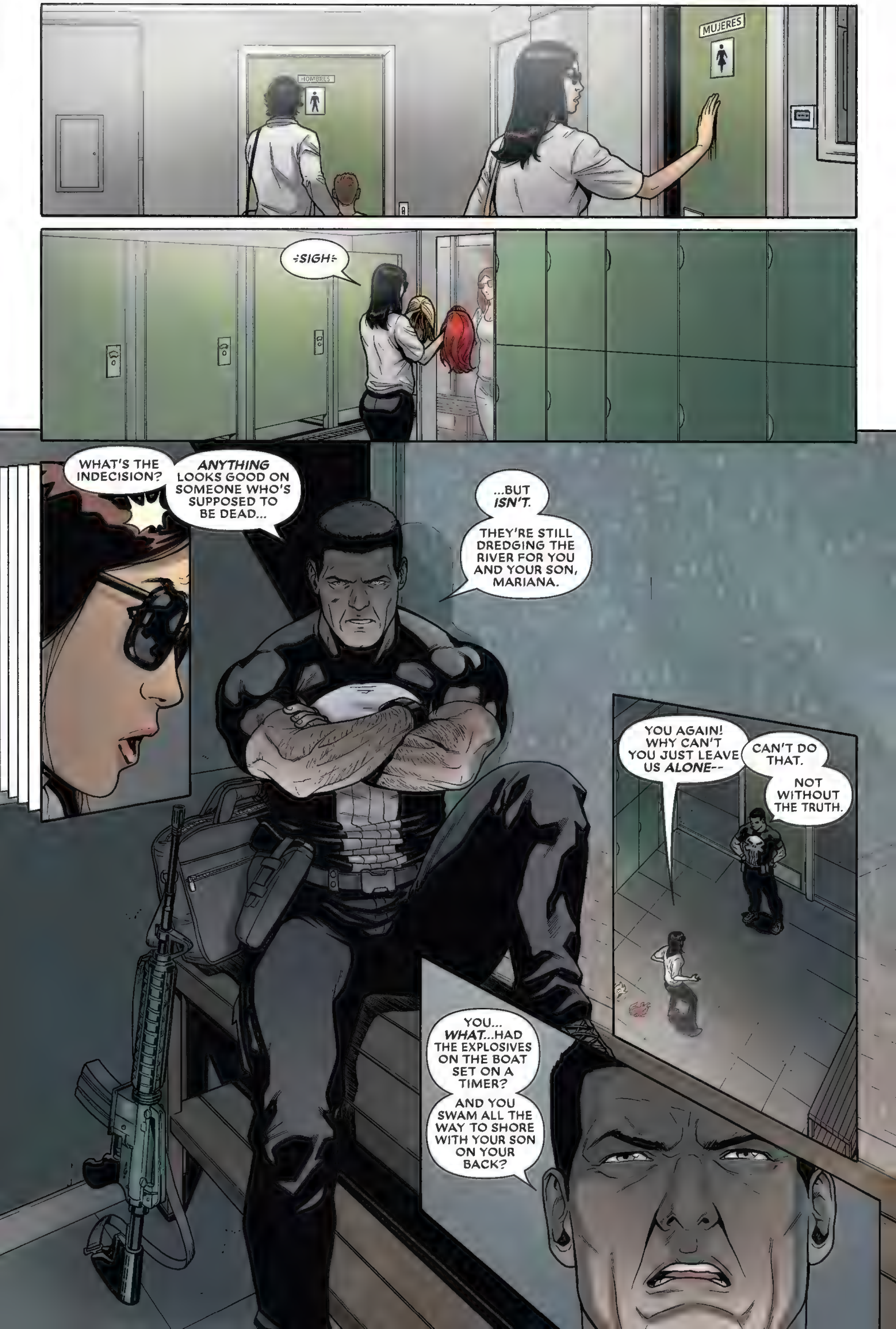

THEY'RE... THEY'RE IN TROUBLE?
YOU COULD SAY THAT.
I WANT TO SCOUT OUT THE AREA FIRST. SIT TIGHT. IF I NEED YOU, I'LL SIGNAL FOR YOU.
GOOD PLAN.
BECAUSE YOU KNOW WHAT I'D DO TO ANYONE WHO'D **HURT** MARIANA AND HUDSON, RIGHT?
I'D **KILL** THEM.
DEAD.
THAT CAN BE ARRANGED.
WHAT'S IN THE CASE?
YOU'LL SEE.
WAIT... AREN'T YOU GOING TO UNTIE ME?
NO.
WHY NOT?
WHAT IF YOU FALL ASLEEP AGAIN?
DAMN!
YOUR LOGIC IS ***FLAWLESS!***

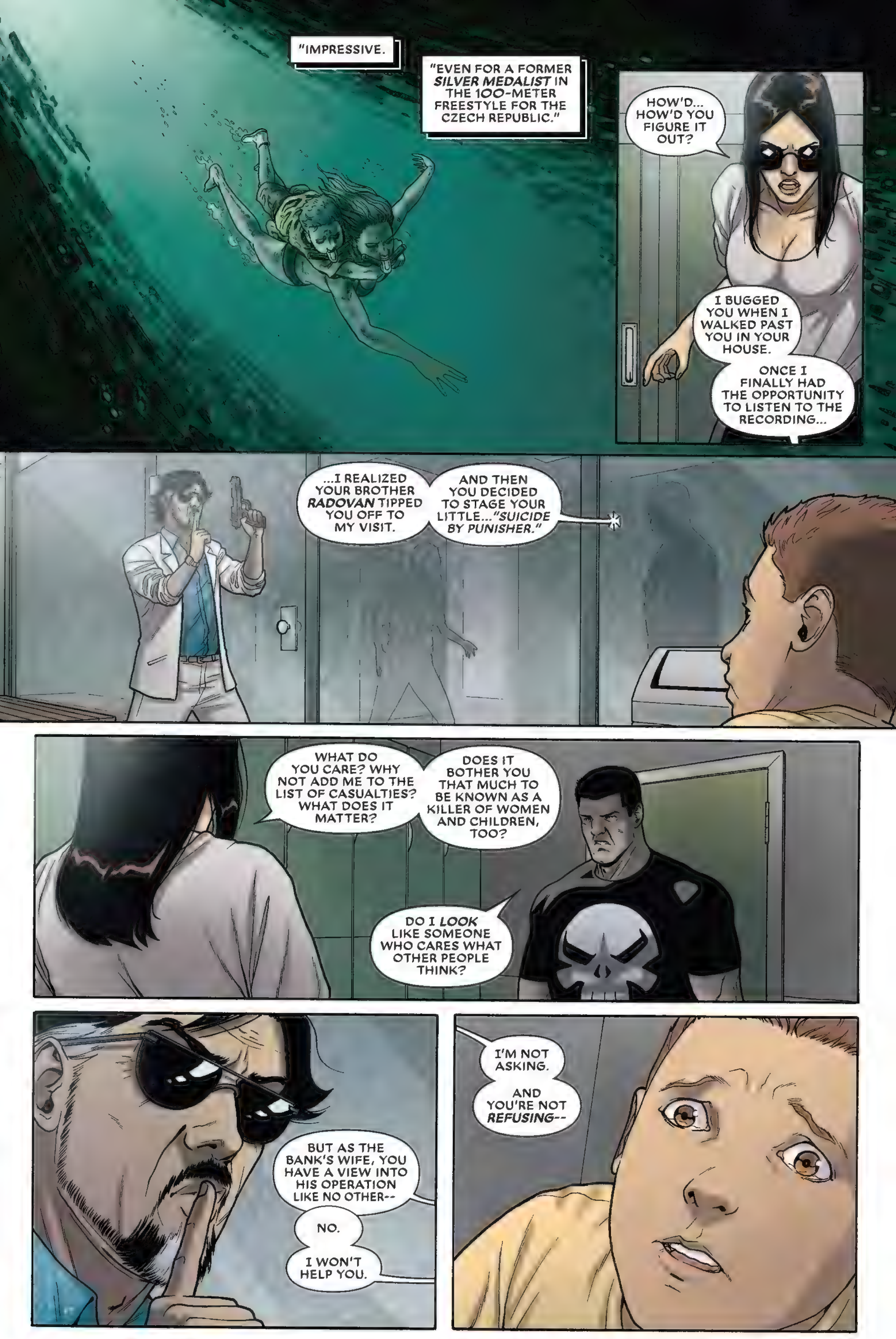

MR. BANKS.
MR. FISK, SIR. A PLEASANT SURPRISE. HOW ARE--
PLEASE. I AM NOT A MAN TO WASTE TIME ON IDLE CHATTER.
YOU DON'T CARE HOW I AM ANY MORE THAN I CARE HOW YOU ARE.
NO, SIR.
I MEAN, SURE, OF COURSE I *CARE*, WILS--
SHUT UP.
IS IT CORRECT THAT YOU RECENTLY HAD A VISIT FROM MR. CASTLE?
I'M AFRAID...I *DID*, SIR.
ONE THAT RESULTED IN TRAGEDY?
...YES, SIR.
UNFORTUNATE. MY CONDOLENCES. THE MAN IS AN ANIMAL.
BUT...

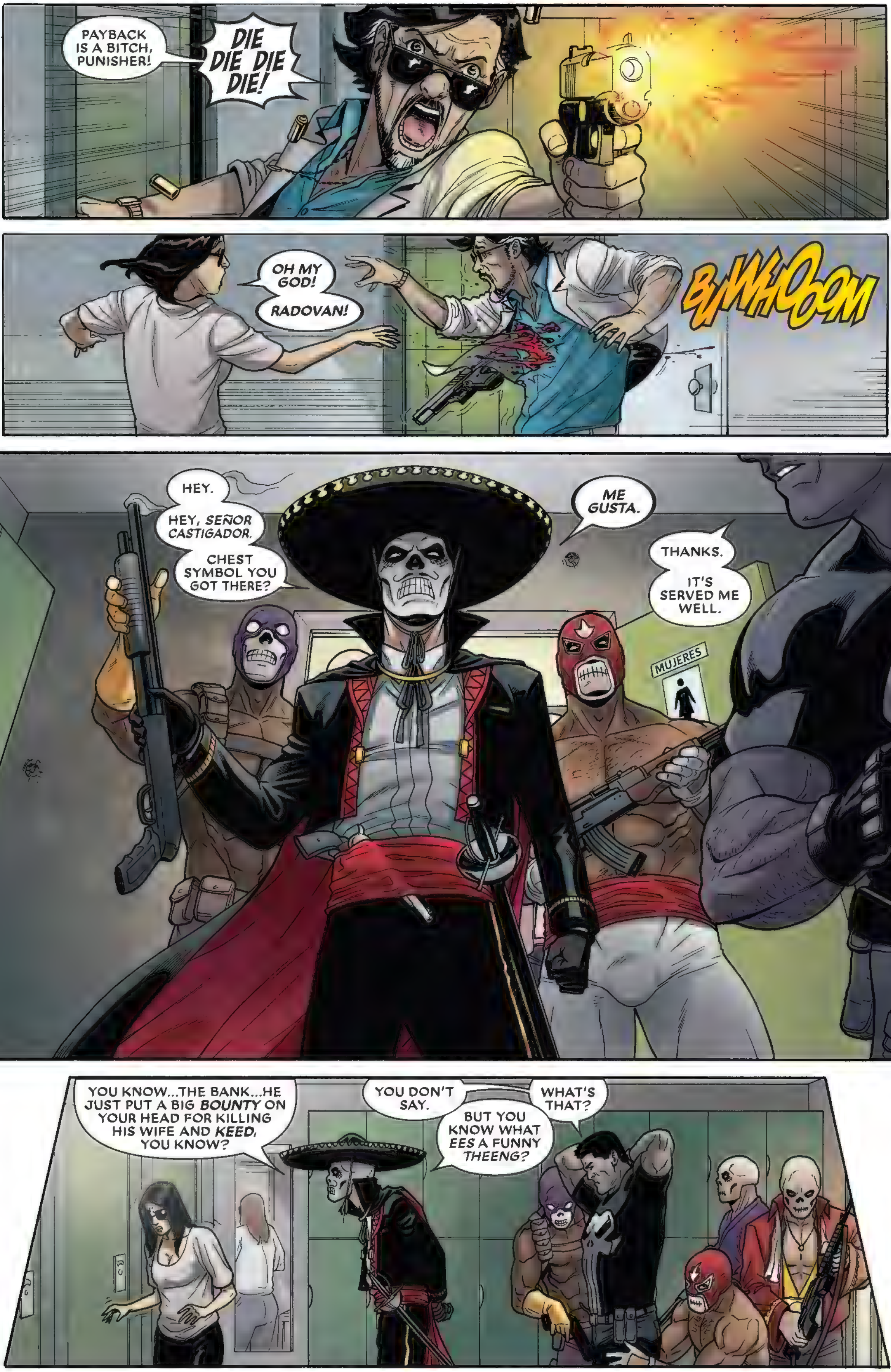

...THE STABILITY OF MY FINANCIAL TRANSACTIONS. THE NUMBERS FOR MY OFFSHORE ACCOUNTS. THE SECURITY OF MY MONEY.
OF MY MONEY, MR. BANKS.
THIS IS UNAFFECTED?
ABSOLUTELY.
ABSOLUTELY UNAFFECTED, SIR.
THE, UH, THE CFO OF ROXXON IS ON HOLD, MR. BANKS. THEY WANT TO WITHDRAW THEIR ENTIRE BLACK BUDGET--NOW.
NO WITHDRAWALS! FROM ANYONE'S ACCOUNTS!
THEY'RE, UH, THREATENING TO KILL MY FAMILY, SIR.
TOUGH! TELL THEM...I DON'T KNOW! TELL THEM IT'S A JEWISH HOLIDAY!
THEY'RE NOT GONNA FALL FOR THAT...
YOU HAVE NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT, MR. FISK.
THE SITUATION IS COMPLETELY UNDER CONTROL.
GOOD.

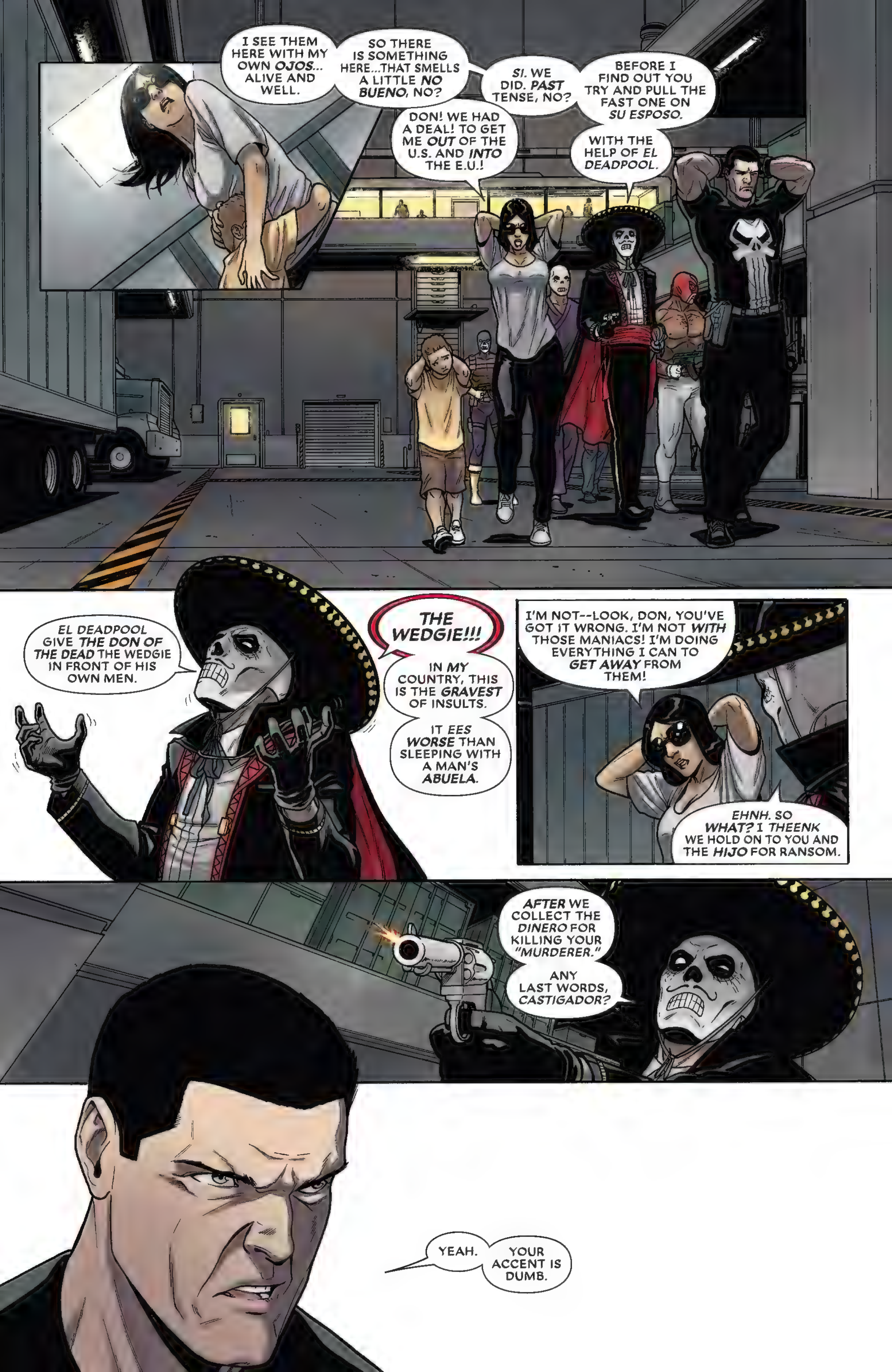

MMM! MMMMM!
BBBBBBBRRRRRRRRRRPP
BBBBBBBRRRRRRRRRRRPP
YOU PROVIDE ME WITH ONE THING AND ONE THING *ONLY*, "BANK."
INFALLIBILITY.
AS SOON AS YOU MAKE THE *SLIGHTEST* MISSTEP, I WILL ENTRUST MY MONEY *ELSEWHERE*.
AND THE OTHER CONSEQUENCES FOR YOU DEVOLVE FROM THERE.
GOOD DAY, MR. BANKS.
KLIK

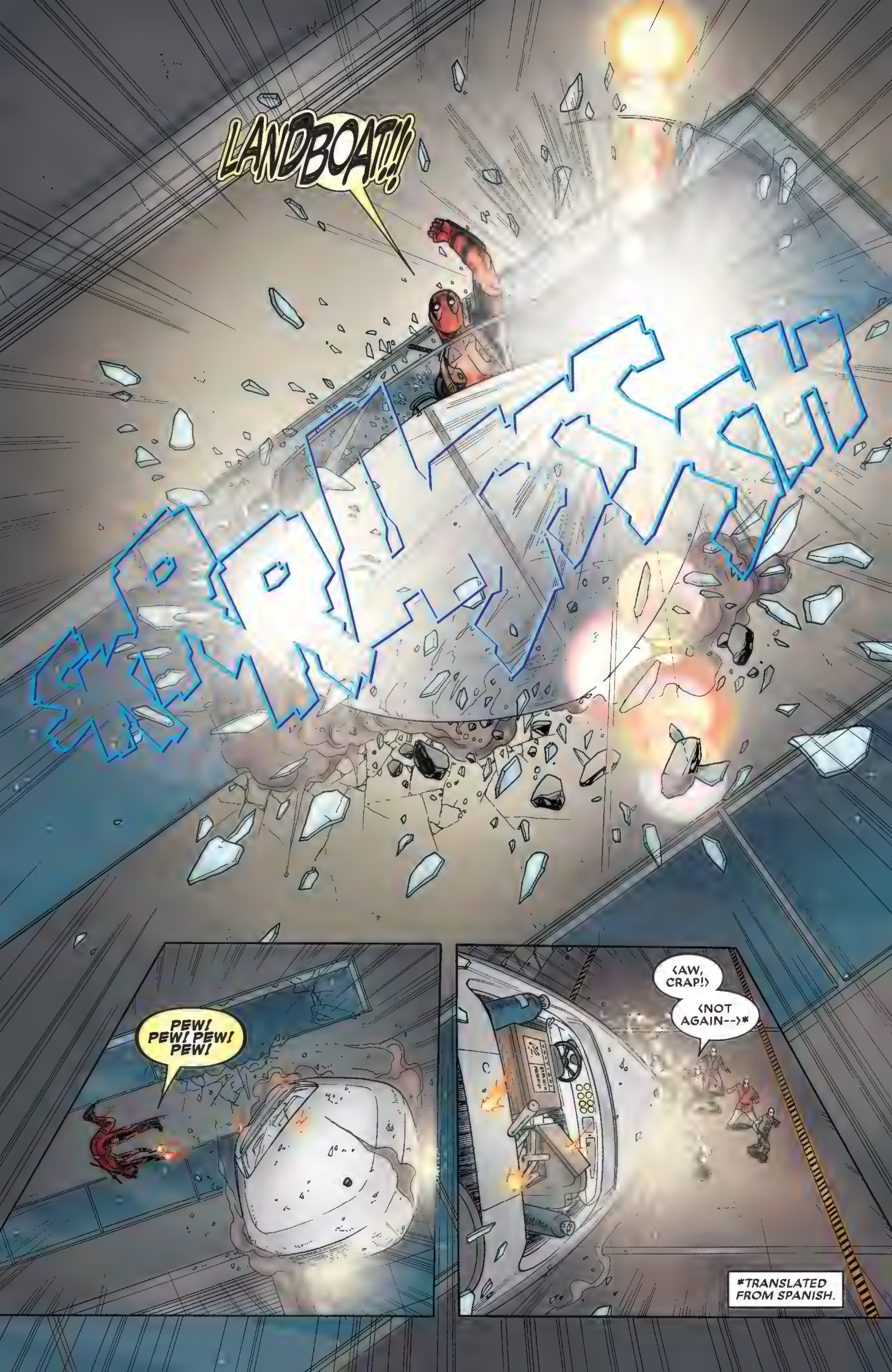

FlashDrive 1TB
YOU THINK MAYBE WE WAIT HERE?
YEAH...HUDSON, YOU STAY WITH UNCLE RADOVAN, ALL RIGHT?
OKAY, MOM. LET'S PLAY A GAME, RAD!
I SPY... SOMETHING **BROWN**.
WELL, THAT REALLY...*AH*... ***NARROWS IT DOWN***, EH, LITTLE ONE?
OFICINA
I'VE GOT THE MONEY.
HERE ARE YOUR PASSPORTS...ONE SAYS YOU ARE BRITISH.
ONE SAYS YOU ARE ***LATVERIAN***.
PICK YOUR FAVORITE AND HIDE THE OTHER SOMEWHERE ON YOUR...MOST *BONITA* PERSON, NO?
ALL RIGHT.
BUT IT DOESN'T MEAN ANYTHING WITHOUT ***TRANSPORT***.
LATVERIA
LATVERIA
SE
EES COMING, EES COMING, DON'T WORRY, *GRINGA*, DON'T WORRY. JUST A FEW MINUTES LATE. BEFORE YOU KNOW IT, IT'LL BE LANDING ON THE ROOF.
SORRY. IT'S JUST BEEN...A STRESSFUL LAST COUPLE OF DAYS.
CLARO. I UNDERSTAND.
IT'S ALMOST TIME. HOW ABOUT YOU AND YOUR BOY GET INTO YOUR ***NEW LOOKS***, *HANH?*

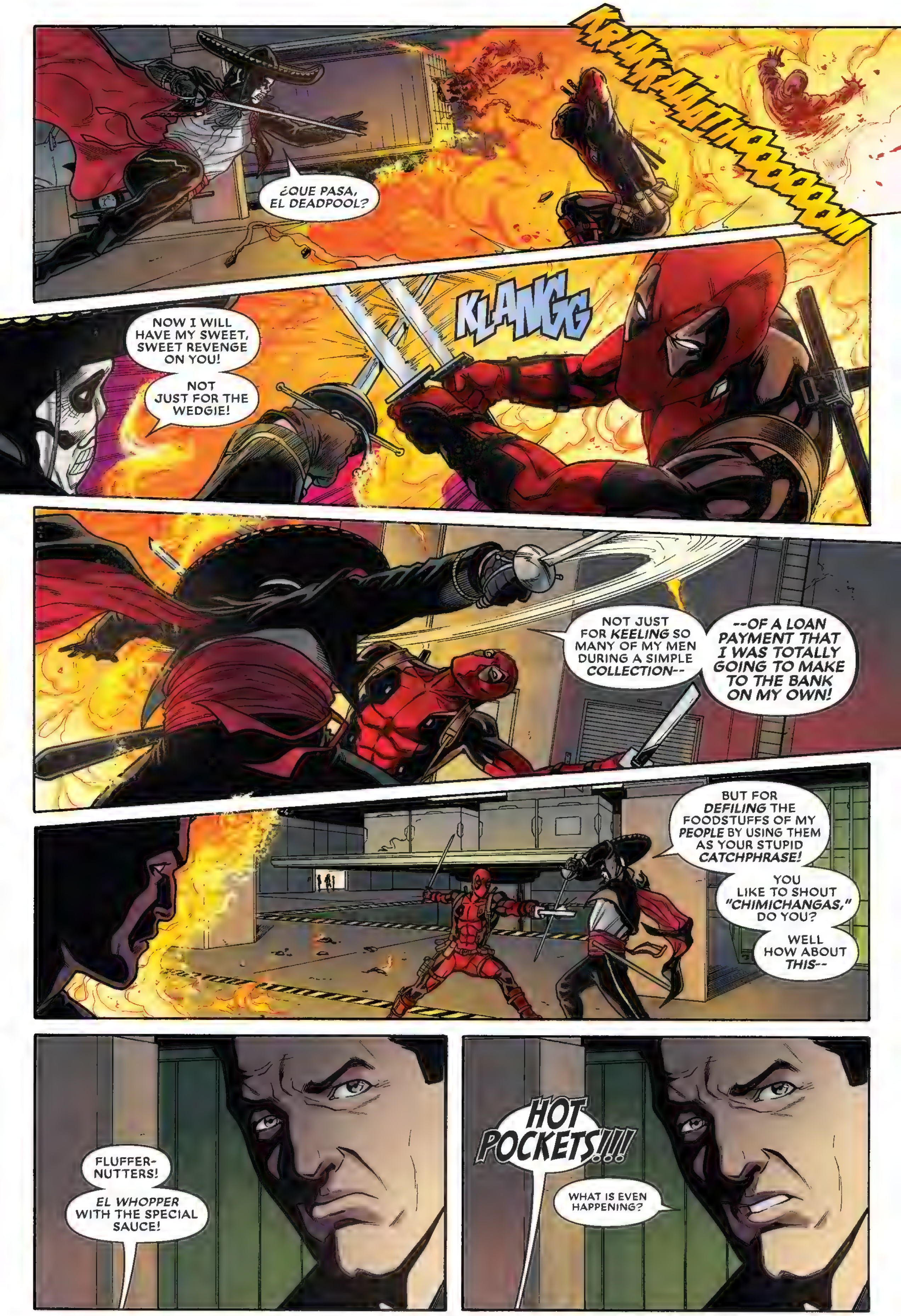

HOMBRES
MUJERES
⁼SIGH⁼
WHAT'S THE INDECISION?
ANYTHING LOOKS GOOD ON SOMEONE WHO'S SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD...
...BUT *ISN'T*.
THEY'RE STILL DREDGING THE RIVER FOR YOU AND YOUR SON, MARIANA.
YOU AGAIN! WHY CAN'T YOU JUST LEAVE US *ALONE*--
CAN'T DO THAT.
NOT WITHOUT THE TRUTH.
YOU... *WHAT*...HAD THE EXPLOSIVES ON THE BOAT SET ON A TIMER?
AND YOU SWAM ALL THE WAY TO SHORE WITH YOUR SON ON YOUR BACK?

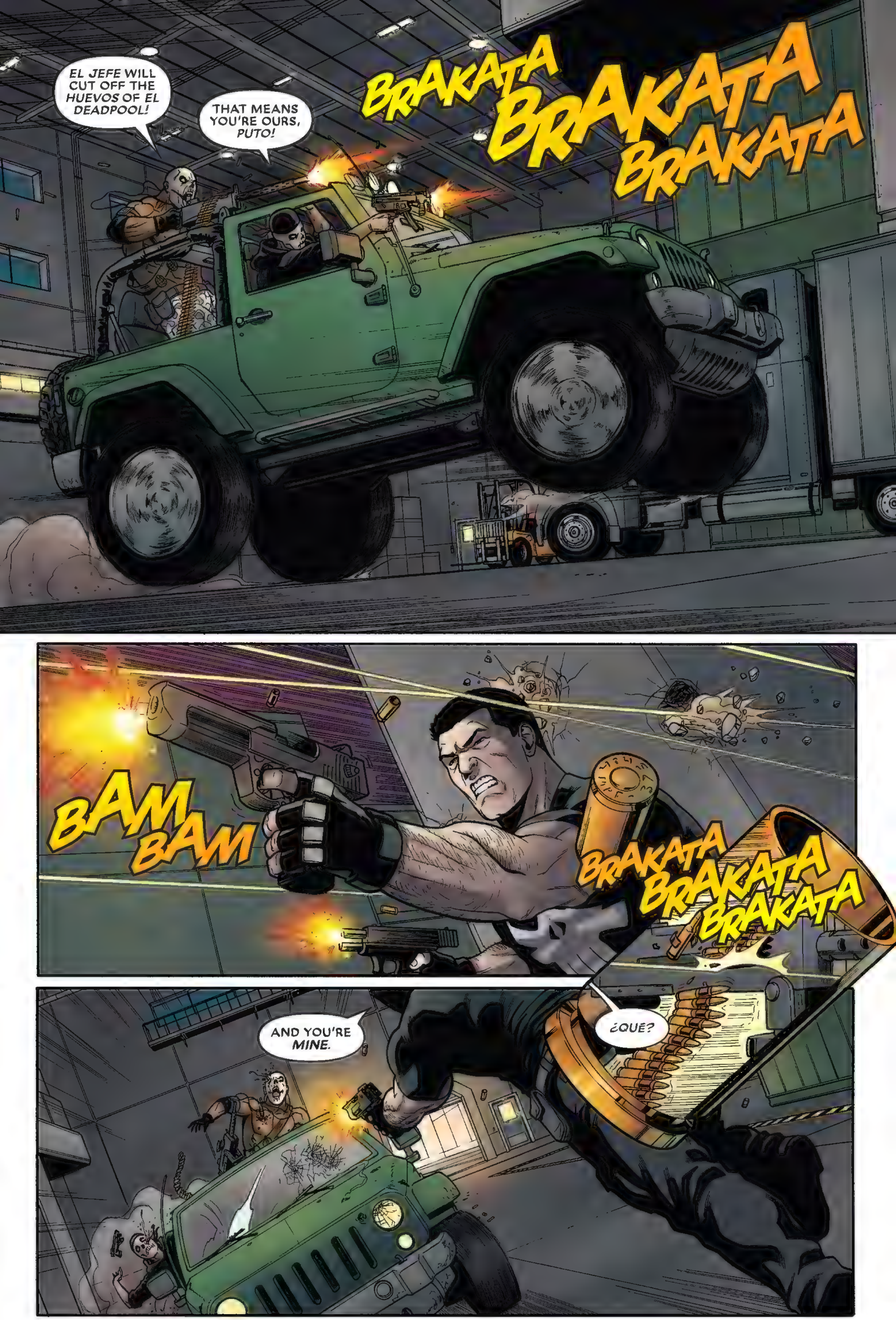

"IMPRESSIVE.
"EVEN FOR A FORMER *SILVER MEDALIST* IN THE 100-METER FREESTYLE FOR THE CZECH REPUBLIC."
HOW'D... HOW'D YOU FIGURE IT OUT?
I BUGGED YOU WHEN I WALKED PAST YOU IN YOUR HOUSE.
ONCE I FINALLY HAD THE OPPORTUNITY TO LISTEN TO THE RECORDING...
...I REALIZED YOUR BROTHER *RADOVAN* TIPPED YOU OFF TO MY VISIT.
AND THEN YOU DECIDED TO STAGE YOUR LITTLE..."*SUICIDE BY PUNISHER.*"
WHAT DO YOU CARE? WHY NOT ADD ME TO THE LIST OF CASUALTIES? WHAT DOES IT MATTER?
DOES IT BOTHER YOU THAT MUCH TO BE KNOWN AS A KILLER OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN, TOO?
DO I *LOOK* LIKE SOMEONE WHO CARES WHAT OTHER PEOPLE THINK?
BUT AS THE BANK'S WIFE, YOU HAVE A VIEW INTO HIS OPERATION LIKE NO OTHER--
NO.
I WON'T HELP YOU.
I'M NOT ASKING.
AND YOU'RE NOT *REFUSING*--

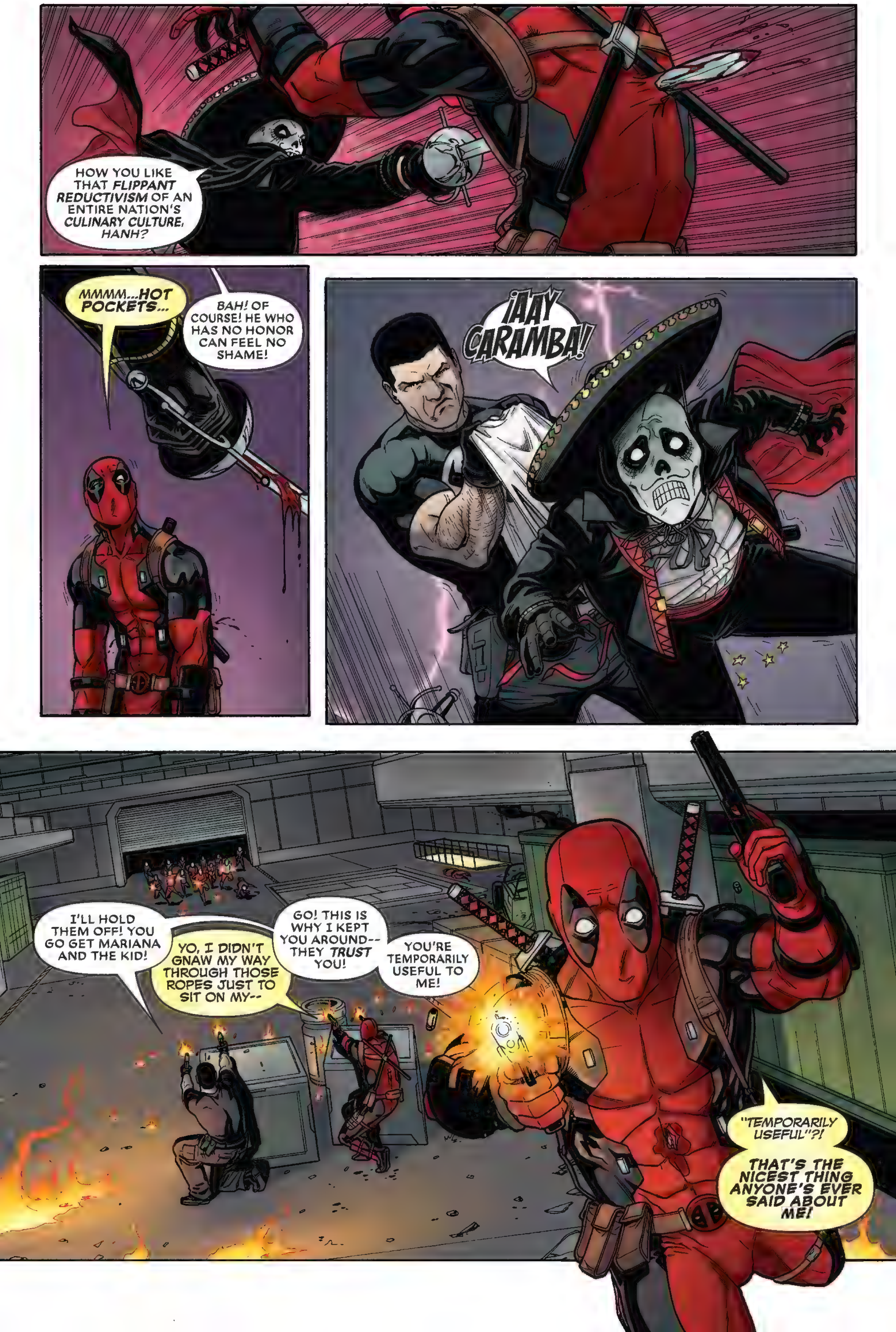

PAYBACK IS A BITCH, PUNISHER!
DIE DIE DIE DIE!
OH MY GOD!
RADOVAN!
BWHOOM
HEY.
HEY, *SEÑOR CASTIGADOR.*
CHEST SYMBOL YOU GOT THERE?
ME GUSTA.
THANKS.
IT'S SERVED ME WELL.
MUJERES
YOU KNOW...THE BANK...HE JUST PUT A BIG *BOUNTY* ON YOUR HEAD FOR KILLING HIS WIFE AND *KEED,* YOU KNOW?
YOU DON'T SAY.
WHAT'S THAT?
BUT YOU KNOW WHAT *EES* A FUNNY *THEENG?*

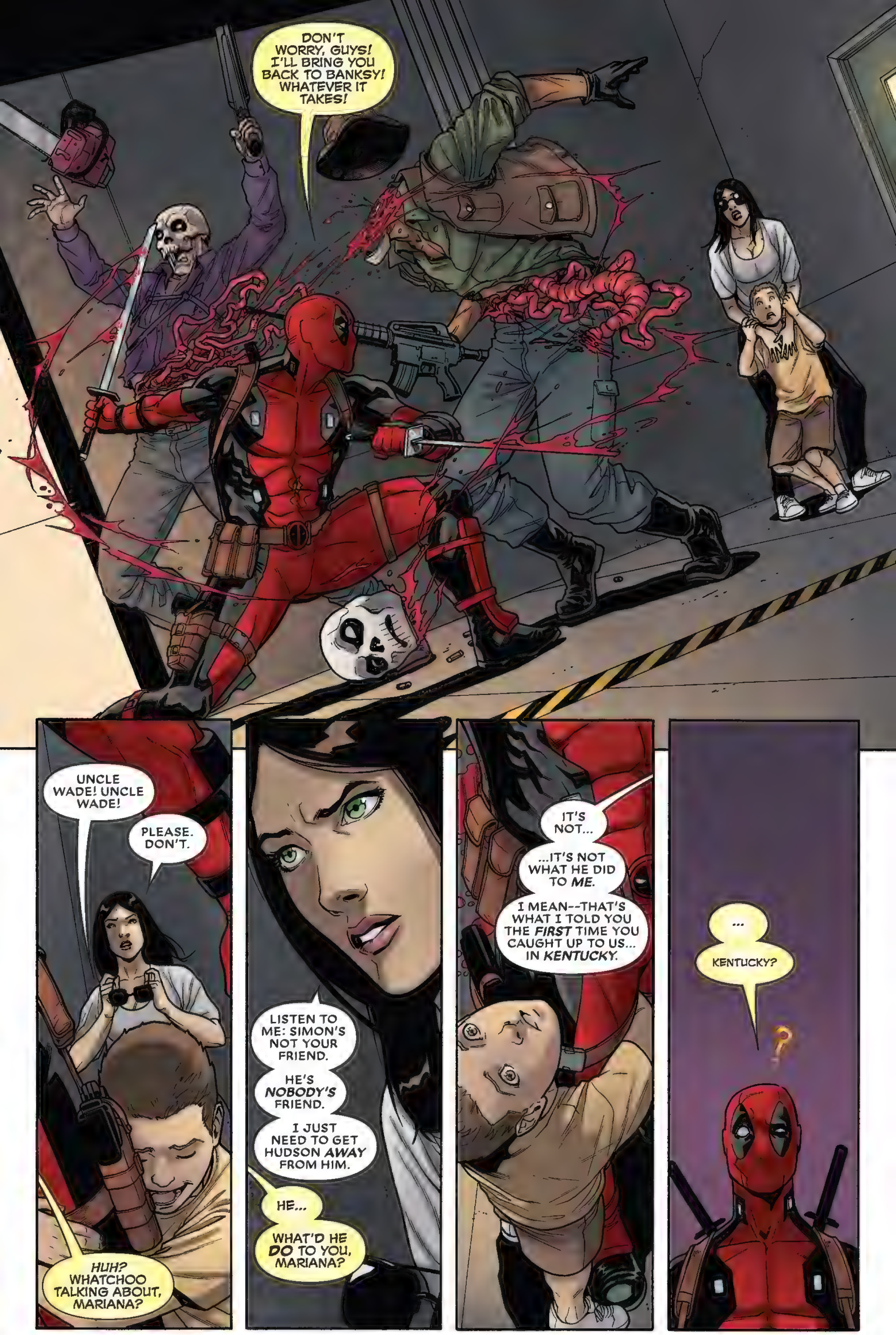

I SEE THEM HERE WITH MY OWN *OJOS*... ALIVE AND WELL.
SO THERE IS SOMETHING HERE...THAT SMELLS A LITTLE *NO BUENO*, NO?
DON! WE HAD A DEAL! TO GET ME *OUT* OF THE U.S. AND *INTO* THE E.U.!
SI. WE DID. *PAST* TENSE, NO?
BEFORE I FIND OUT YOU TRY AND PULL THE FAST ONE ON *SU ESPOSO.*
WITH THE HELP OF *EL DEADPOOL.*
EL DEADPOOL GIVE *THE DON OF THE DEAD* THE WEDGIE IN FRONT OF HIS OWN MEN.
THE WEDGIE!!!
IN *MY* COUNTRY, THIS IS THE *GRAVEST* OF INSULTS.
IT *EES WORSE* THAN SLEEPING WITH A MAN'S *ABUELA.*
I'M NOT--LOOK, DON, YOU'VE GOT IT WRONG. I'M NOT *WITH* THOSE MANIACS! I'M DOING EVERYTHING I CAN TO *GET AWAY* FROM THEM!
EHNH. SO *WHAT?* I *THEENK* WE HOLD ON TO YOU AND THE *HIJO* FOR RANSOM.
AFTER WE COLLECT THE *DINERO* FOR KILLING YOUR *"MURDERER."*
ANY LAST WORDS, *CASTIGADOR?*
YEAH.
YOUR ACCENT IS DUMB.

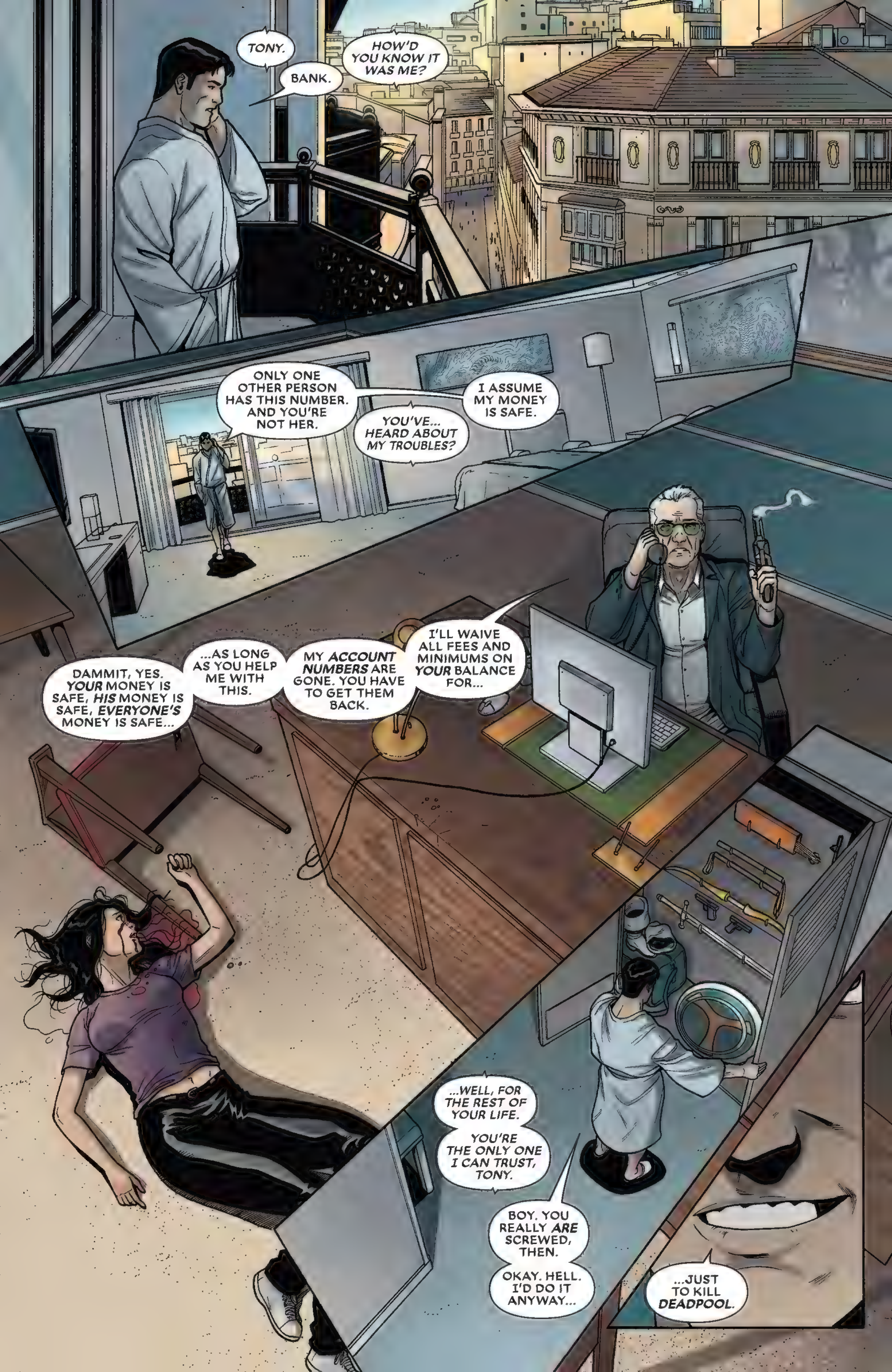

LANDBOAT!!
PEW! PEW! PEW! PEW!
‹AW, CRAP!›
‹NOT AGAIN--›*
*TRANSLATED FROM SPANISH.

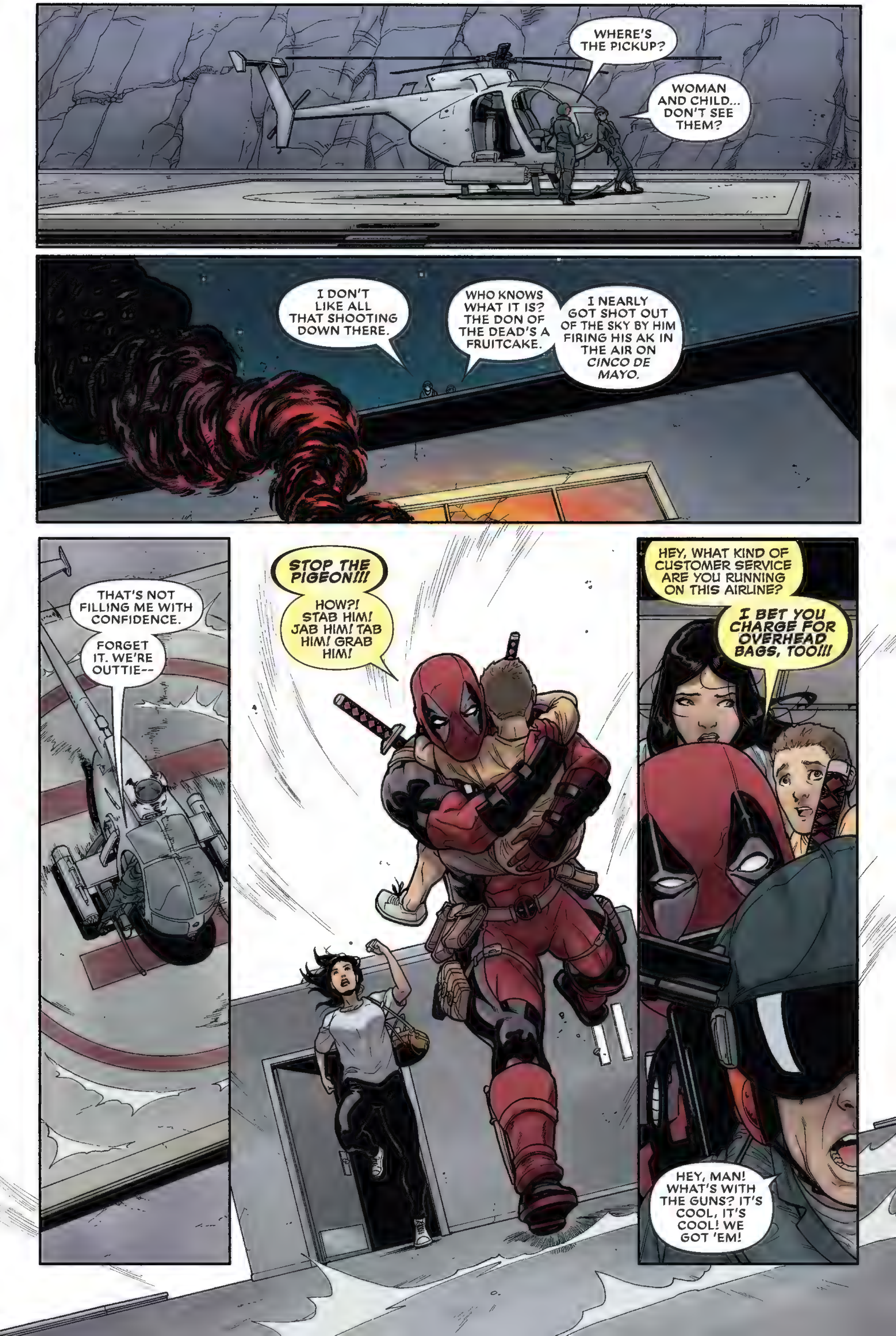

KRAKAAATHOOOOOM
¿QUE PASA, EL DEADPOOL?
KLANGG
NOW I WILL HAVE MY SWEET, SWEET REVENGE ON YOU!
NOT JUST FOR THE WEDGIE!
NOT JUST FOR *KEELING* SO MANY OF MY MEN DURING A SIMPLE *COLLECTION*--
--OF A LOAN PAYMENT THAT I WAS TOTALLY GOING TO MAKE TO THE BANK ON MY OWN!
BUT FOR *DEFILING* THE FOODSTUFFS OF MY *PEOPLE* BY USING THEM AS YOUR STUPID *CATCHPHRASE!*
YOU LIKE TO SHOUT *"CHIMICHANGAS,"* DO YOU?
WELL HOW ABOUT *THIS*--
FLUFFER-NUTTERS!
EL WHOPPER WITH THE SPECIAL SAUCE!
HOT POCKETS!!!
WHAT IS EVEN HAPPENING?

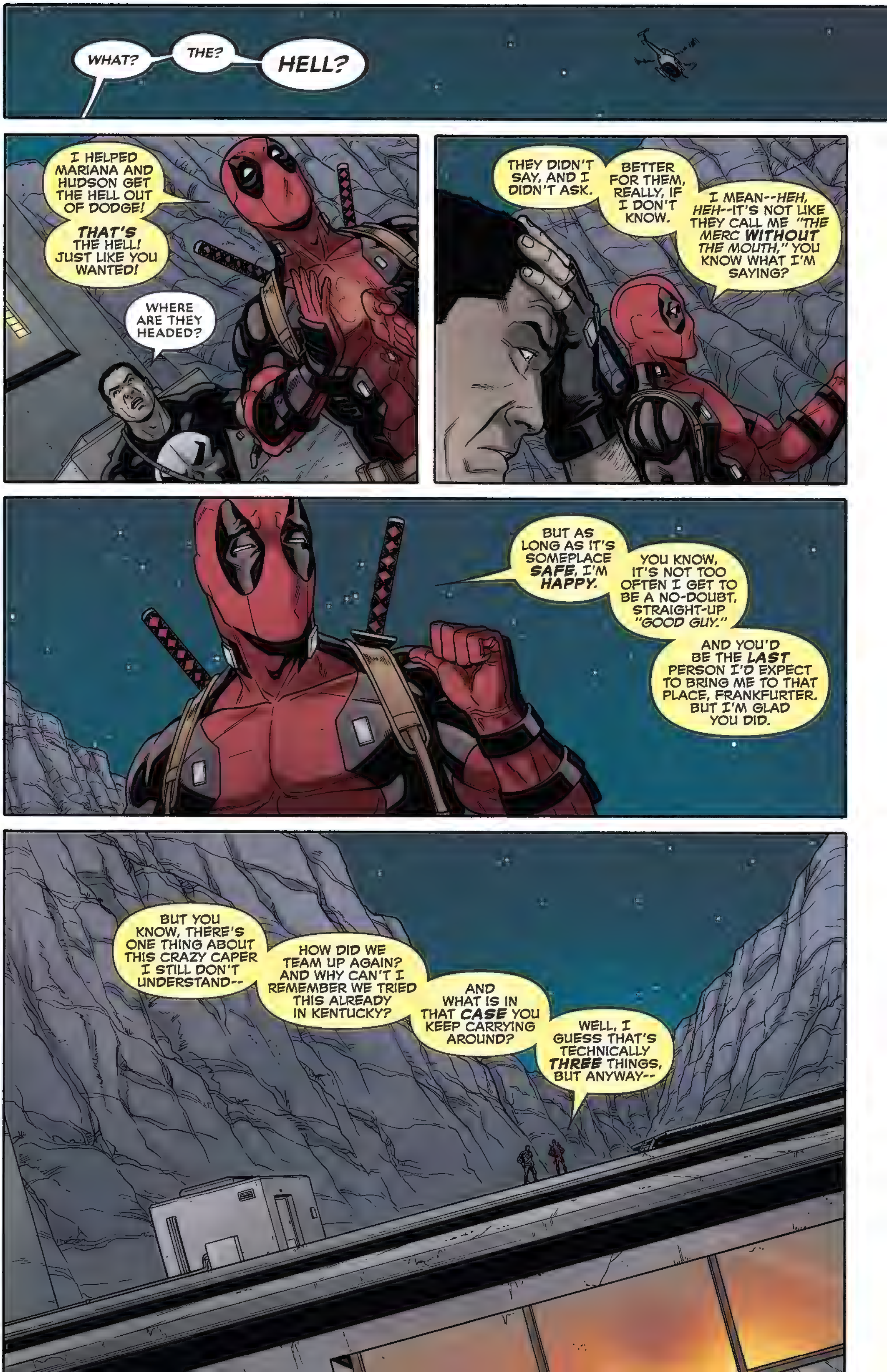

EL JEFE WILL CUT OFF THE *HUEVOS* OF EL DEADPOOL!
THAT MEANS YOU'RE OURS, *PUTO!*
BRAKATA BRAKATA BRAKATA
BAM BAM
BRAKATA BRAKATA BRAKATA
AND YOU'RE *MINE.*
¿QUE?

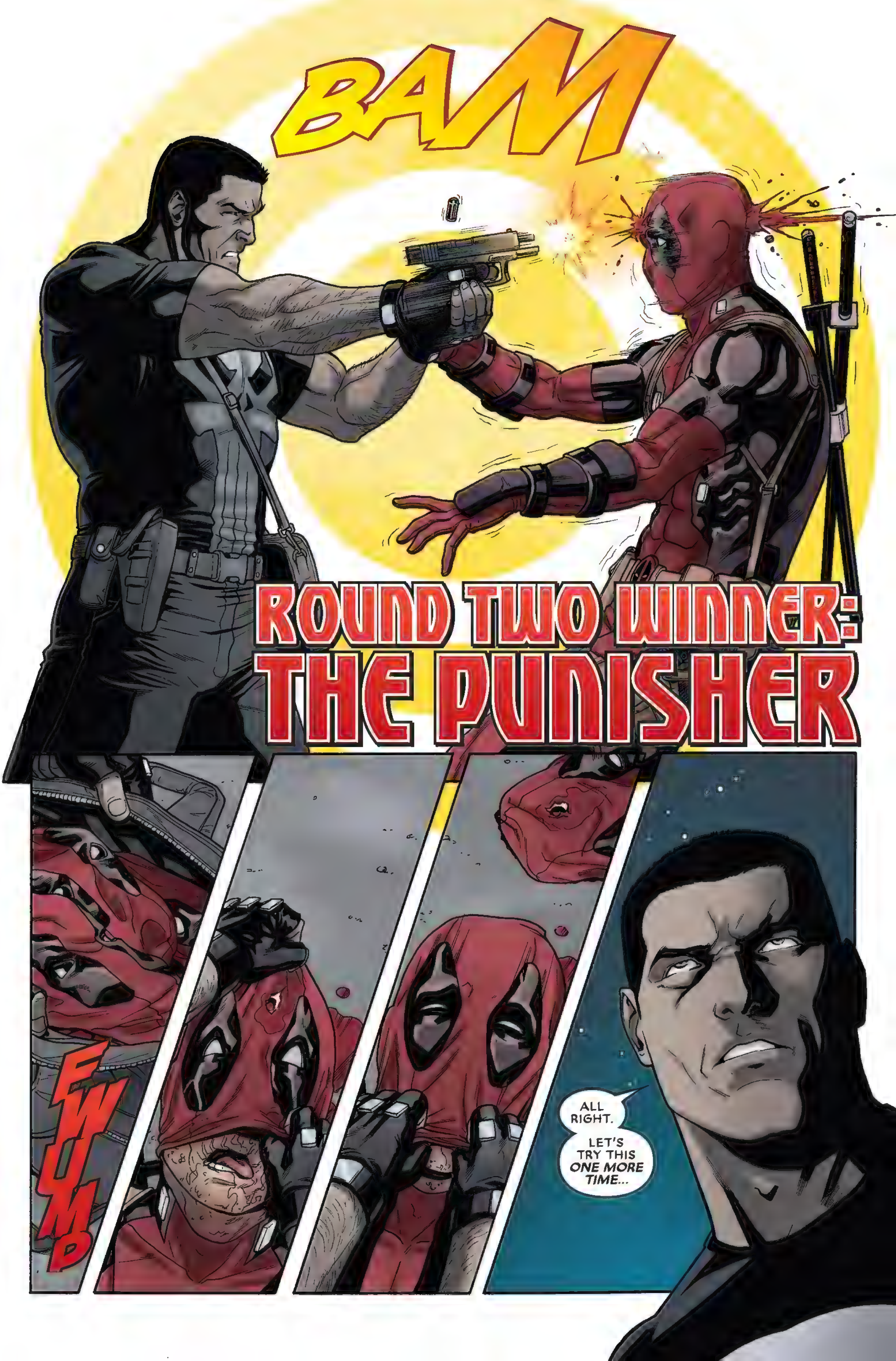

HOW YOU LIKE THAT *FLIPPANT REDUCTIVISM* OF AN ENTIRE NATION'S *CULINARY CULTURE*, HANH?
MMMM...HOT POCKETS...
BAH! OF COURSE! HE WHO HAS NO HONOR CAN FEEL NO SHAME!
¡AAY CARAMBA!
I'LL HOLD THEM OFF! YOU GO GET MARIANA AND THE KID!
YO, I DIDN'T GNAW MY WAY THROUGH THOSE ROPES JUST TO SIT ON MY--
GO! THIS IS WHY I KEPT YOU AROUND-- THEY *TRUST* YOU!
YOU'RE TEMPORARILY USEFUL TO ME!
"TEMPORARILY USEFUL"?!
THAT'S THE NICEST THING ANYONE'S EVER SAID ABOUT ME!


DON'T WORRY, GUYS! I'LL BRING YOU BACK TO BANKSY! WHATEVER IT TAKES!
UNCLE WADE! UNCLE WADE!
PLEASE. DON'T.
HUH? WHATCHOO TALKING ABOUT, MARIANA?
LISTEN TO ME: SIMON'S NOT YOUR FRIEND.
HE'S *NOBODY'S* FRIEND.
I JUST NEED TO GET HUDSON *AWAY* FROM HIM.
HE...
WHAT'D HE *DO* TO YOU, MARIANA?
IT'S NOT...
...IT'S NOT WHAT HE DID TO *ME*.
I MEAN--THAT'S WHAT I TOLD YOU THE *FIRST* TIME YOU CAUGHT UP TO US... IN *KENTUCKY*.
...
KENTUCKY?
?

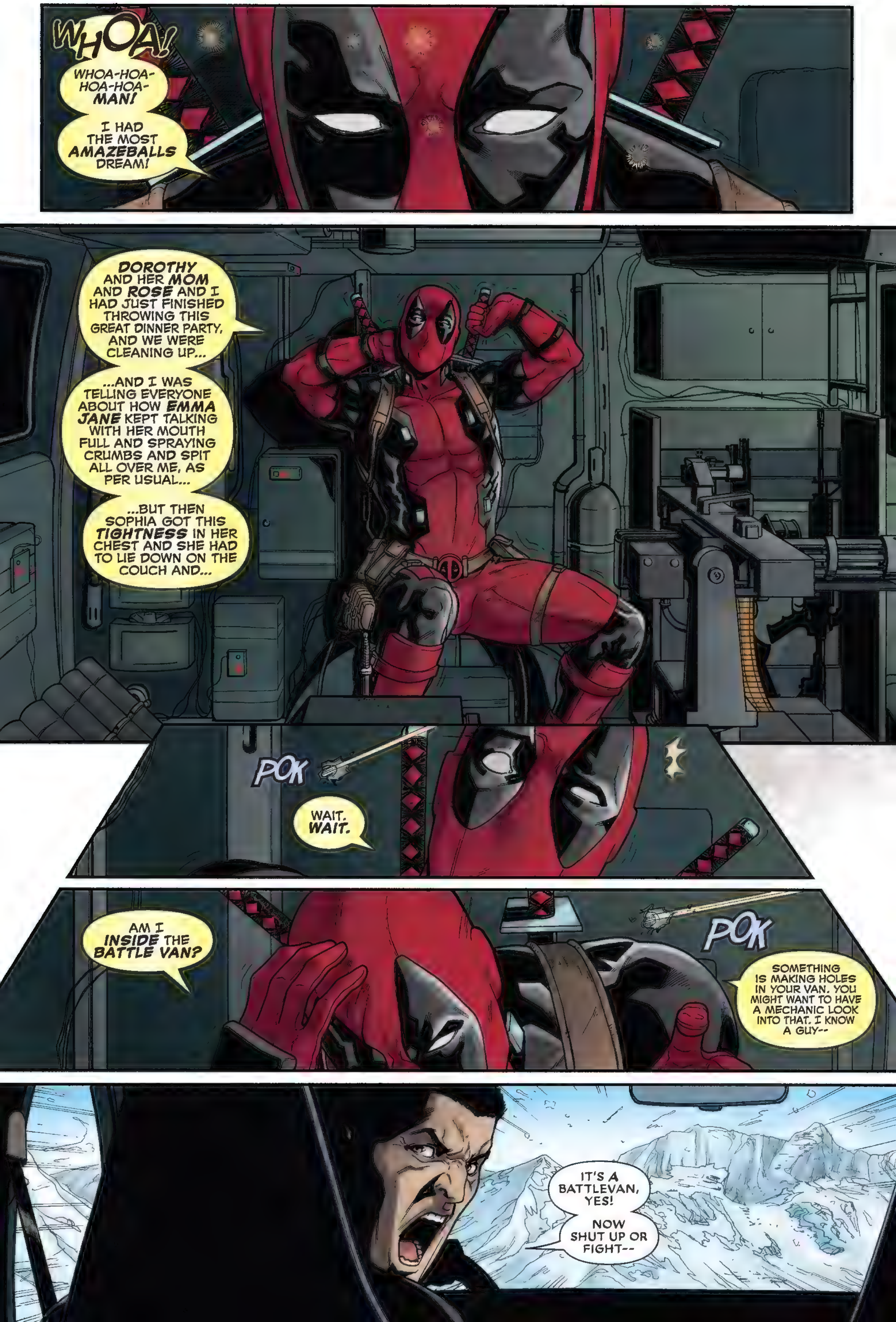

TONY.
HOW'D YOU KNOW IT WAS ME?
BANK.
ONLY ONE OTHER PERSON HAS THIS NUMBER. AND YOU'RE NOT HER.
I ASSUME MY MONEY IS SAFE.
YOU'VE... HEARD ABOUT MY TROUBLES?
DAMMIT, YES. YOUR MONEY IS SAFE, HIS MONEY IS SAFE, EVERYONE'S MONEY IS SAFE...
...AS LONG AS YOU HELP ME WITH THIS.
MY ACCOUNT NUMBERS ARE GONE. YOU HAVE TO GET THEM BACK.
I'LL WAIVE ALL FEES AND MINIMUMS ON YOUR BALANCE FOR...
...WELL, FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE.
YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE I CAN TRUST, TONY.
BOY, YOU REALLY ARE SCREWED, THEN.
OKAY. HELL. I'D DO IT ANYWAY...
...JUST TO KILL DEADPOOL.

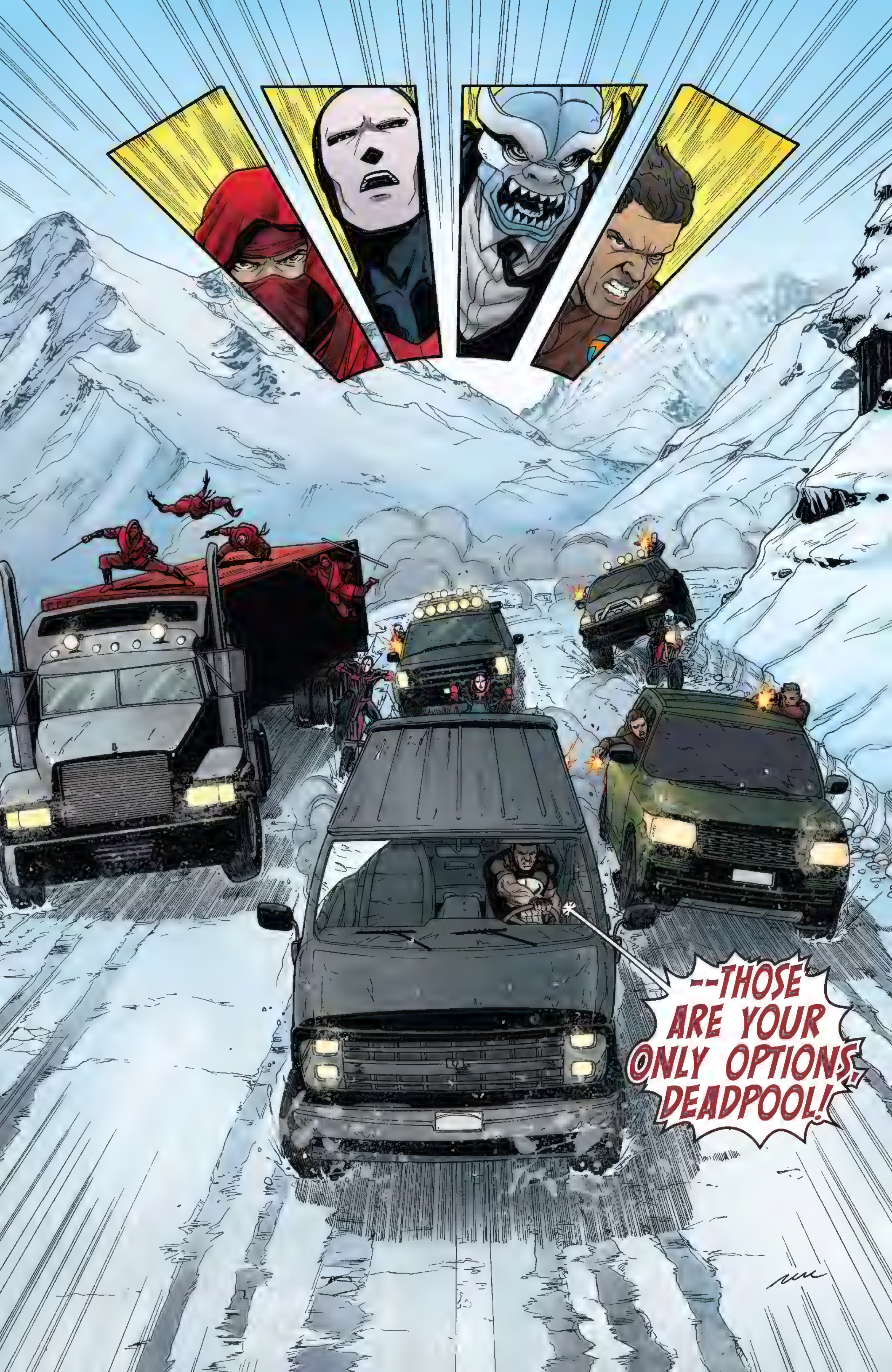

WHERE'S THE PICKUP?
WOMAN AND CHILD... DON'T SEE THEM?
I DON'T LIKE ALL THAT SHOOTING DOWN THERE.
WHO KNOWS WHAT IT IS? THE DON OF THE DEAD'S A FRUITCAKE.
I NEARLY GOT SHOT OUT OF THE SKY BY HIM FIRING HIS AK IN THE AIR ON *CINCO DE MAYO.*
THAT'S NOT FILLING ME WITH CONFIDENCE.
FORGET IT. WE'RE OUTTIE--
STOP THE PIGEON!!!
HOW?! STAB HIM! JAB HIM! TAB HIM! GRAB HIM!
HEY, WHAT KIND OF CUSTOMER SERVICE ARE YOU RUNNING ON THIS AIRLINE?
I BET YOU CHARGE FOR OVERHEAD BAGS, TOO!!!
HEY, MAN! WHAT'S WITH THE GUNS? IT'S COOL, IT'S COOL! WE GOT 'EM!

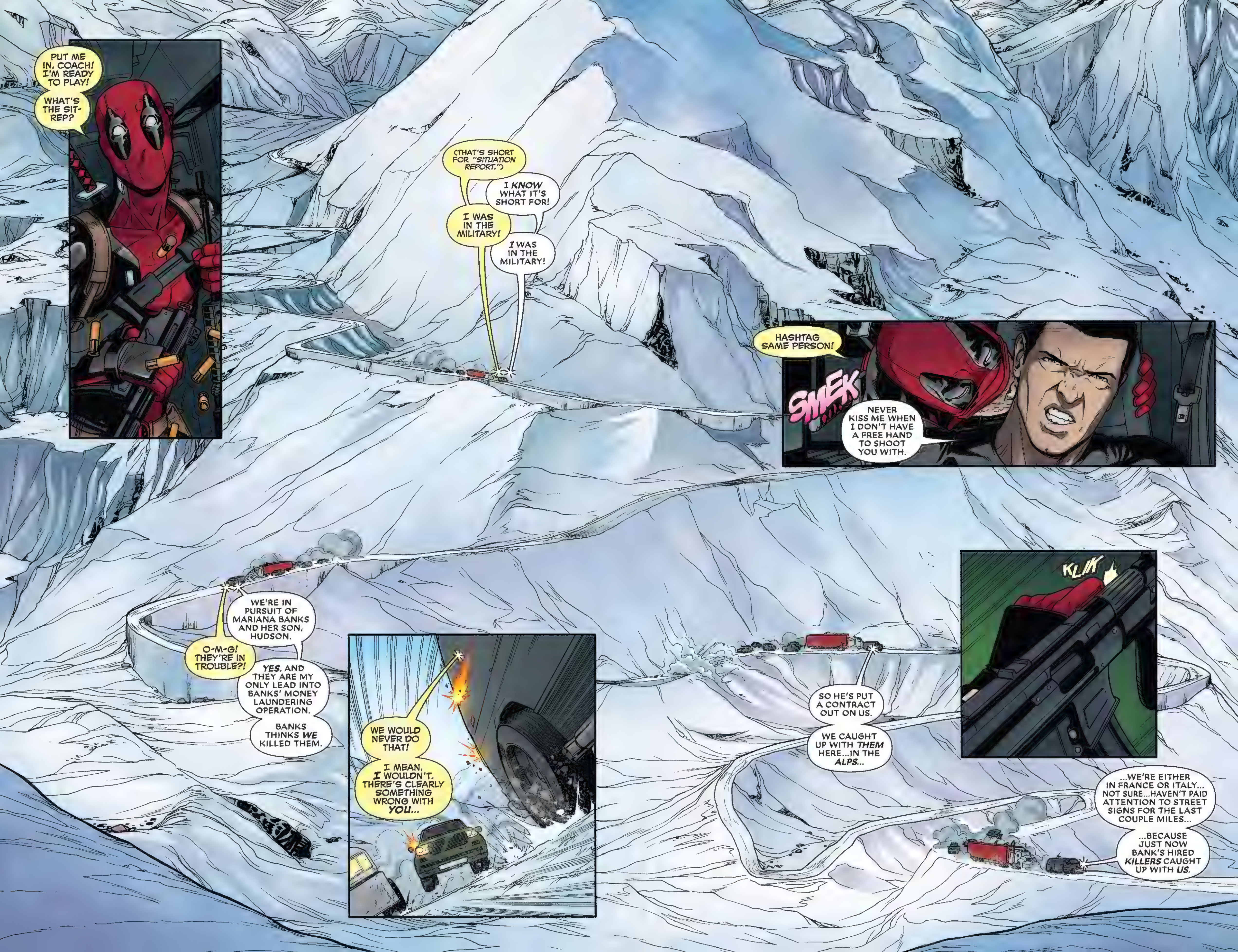

WHAT? THE? HELL?
I HELPED MARIANA AND HUDSON GET THE HELL OUT OF DODGE!
THAT'S THE HELL! JUST LIKE YOU WANTED!
WHERE ARE THEY HEADED?
THEY DIDN'T SAY, AND I DIDN'T ASK.
BETTER FOR THEM, REALLY, IF I DON'T KNOW.
I MEAN--*HEH, HEH*--IT'S NOT LIKE THEY CALL ME *"THE MERC **WITHOUT** THE MOUTH,"* YOU KNOW WHAT I'M SAYING?
BUT AS LONG AS IT'S SOMEPLACE ***SAFE***, I'M ***HAPPY.***
YOU KNOW, IT'S NOT TOO OFTEN I GET TO BE A NO-DOUBT, STRAIGHT-UP *"GOOD GUY."*
AND YOU'D BE THE ***LAST*** PERSON I'D EXPECT TO BRING ME TO THAT PLACE, FRANKFURTER. BUT I'M GLAD YOU DID.
BUT YOU KNOW, THERE'S ONE THING ABOUT THIS CRAZY CAPER I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND--
HOW DID WE TEAM UP AGAIN? AND WHY CAN'T I REMEMBER WE TRIED THIS ALREADY IN KENTUCKY?
AND WHAT IS IN THAT ***CASE*** YOU KEEP CARRYING AROUND?
WELL, I GUESS THAT'S TECHNICALLY ***THREE*** THINGS, BUT ANYWAY--

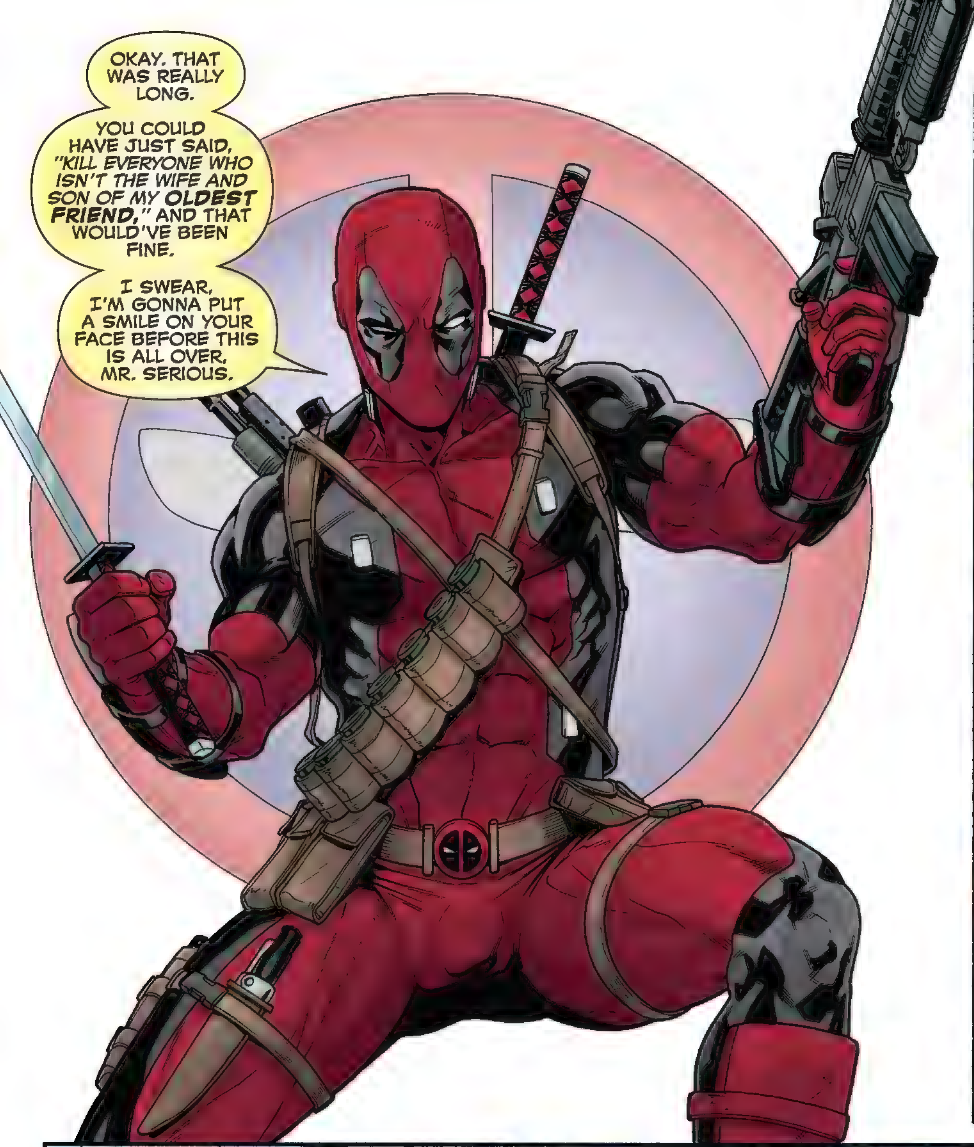

BAM
ROUND TWO WINNER:
THE PUNISHER
FWUMP
ALL RIGHT.
LET'S TRY THIS *ONE MORE TIME...*

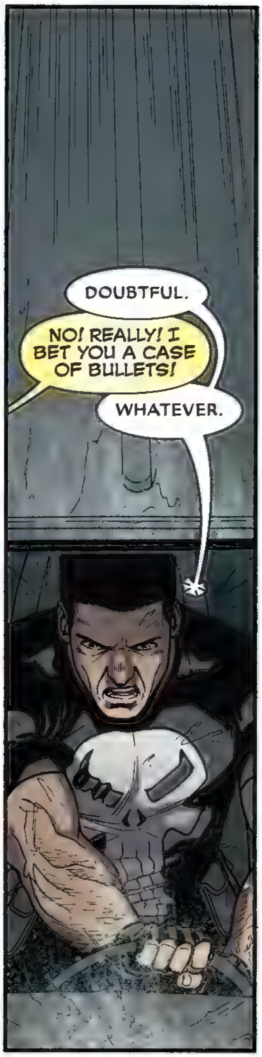
DEADPOOL VERSUS THE PUNISHER #3

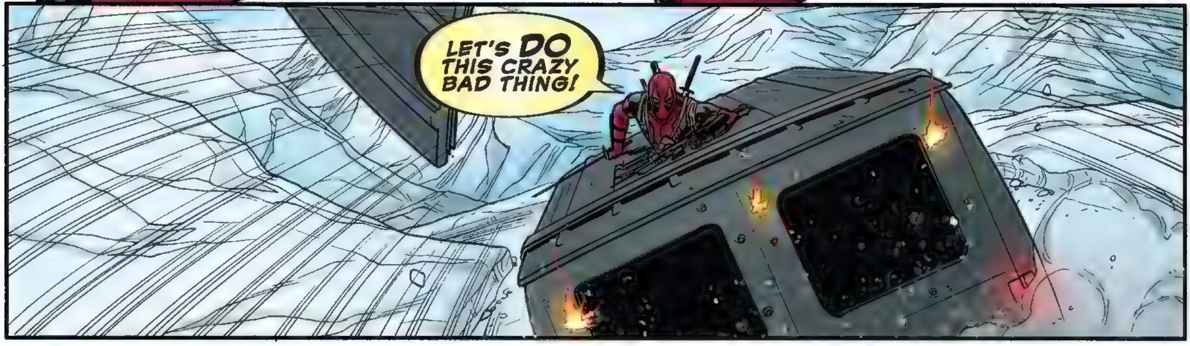

WHOA!
WHOA-HOA-HOA-HOA-MAN!
I HAD THE MOST AMAZEBALLS DREAM!
DOROTHY AND HER MOM AND ROSE AND I HAD JUST FINISHED THROWING THIS GREAT DINNER PARTY, AND WE WERE CLEANING UP...
...AND I WAS TELLING EVERYONE ABOUT HOW EMMA JANE KEPT TALKING WITH HER MOUTH FULL AND SPRAYING CRUMBS AND SPIT ALL OVER ME, AS PER USUAL...
...BUT THEN SOPHIA GOT THIS TIGHTNESS IN HER CHEST AND SHE HAD TO LIE DOWN ON THE COUCH AND...
POK
WAIT. WAIT.
AM I INSIDE THE BATTLE VAN?
POK
SOMETHING IS MAKING HOLES IN YOUR VAN. YOU MIGHT WANT TO HAVE A MECHANIC LOOK INTO THAT. I KNOW A GUY--
IT'S A BATTLEVAN, YES!
NOW SHUT UP OR FIGHT--

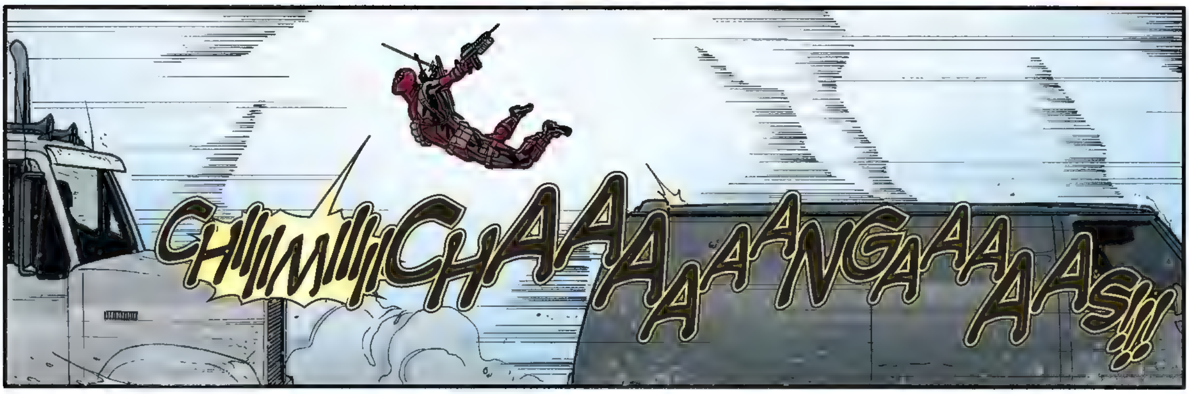

--THOSE ARE YOUR ONLY OPTIONS, DEADPOOL!

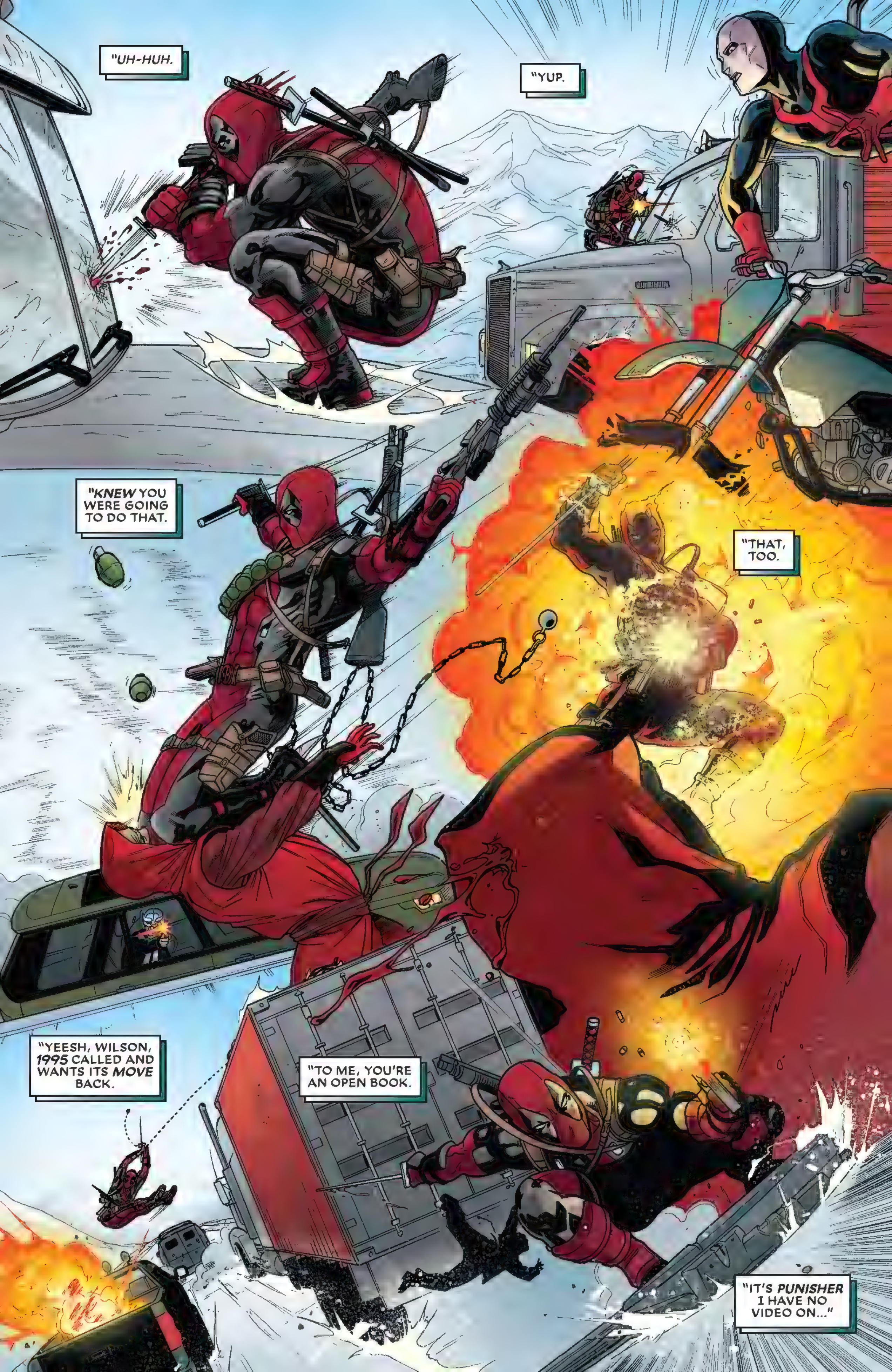

PUT ME IN, COACH! I'M READY TO PLAY!
WHAT'S THE SIT-REP?
(THAT'S SHORT FOR "SITUATION REPORT.")
I *KNOW* WHAT IT'S SHORT FOR!
I WAS IN THE MILITARY!
I WAS IN THE MILITARY!
HASHTAG SAME PERSON!
SMEK
NEVER KISS ME WHEN I DON'T HAVE A FREE HAND TO SHOOT YOU WITH.
WE'RE IN PURSUIT OF MARIANA BANKS AND HER SON, HUDSON.
O-M-G! THEY'RE IN TROUBLE?!
YES. AND THEY ARE MY ONLY LEAD INTO BANKS' MONEY LAUNDERING OPERATION.
BANKS THINKS *WE* KILLED THEM.
WE WOULD NEVER DO THAT!
I MEAN, *I* WOULDN'T. THERE'S CLEARLY SOMETHING WRONG WITH *YOU*...
SO HE'S PUT A CONTRACT OUT ON US.
WE CAUGHT UP WITH *THEM* HERE...IN THE *ALPS*...
KLIK
...WE'RE EITHER IN FRANCE OR ITALY... NOT SURE...HAVEN'T PAID ATTENTION TO STREET SIGNS FOR THE LAST COUPLE MILES...
...BECAUSE JUST NOW BANK'S HIRED *KILLERS* CAUGHT UP WITH *US*.

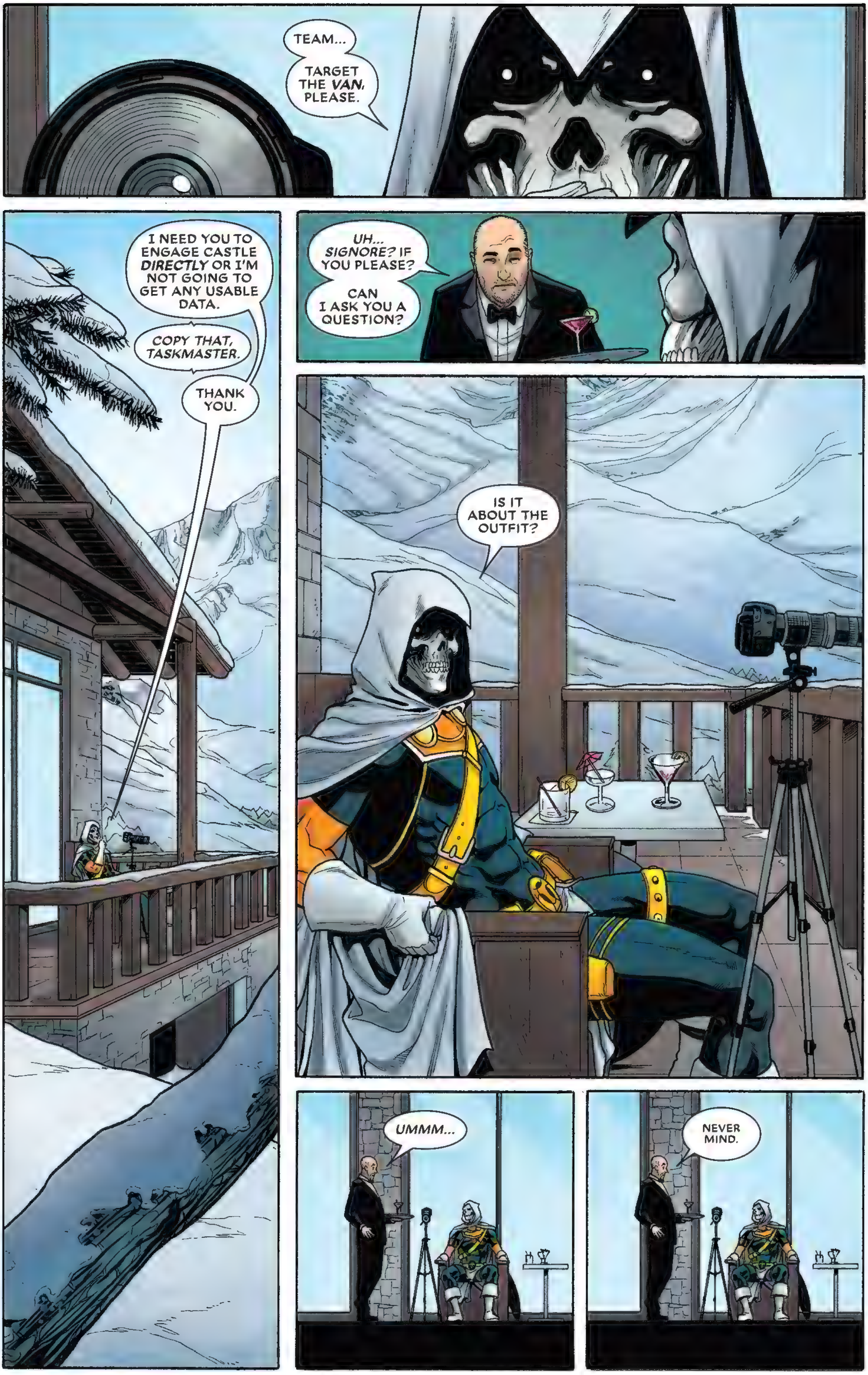

OKAY. THAT WAS REALLY LONG.
YOU COULD HAVE JUST SAID, "KILL EVERYONE WHO ISN'T THE WIFE AND SON OF MY **OLDEST FRIEND**," AND THAT WOULD'VE BEEN FINE.
I SWEAR, I'M GONNA PUT A SMILE ON YOUR FACE BEFORE THIS IS ALL OVER, MR. SERIOUS.

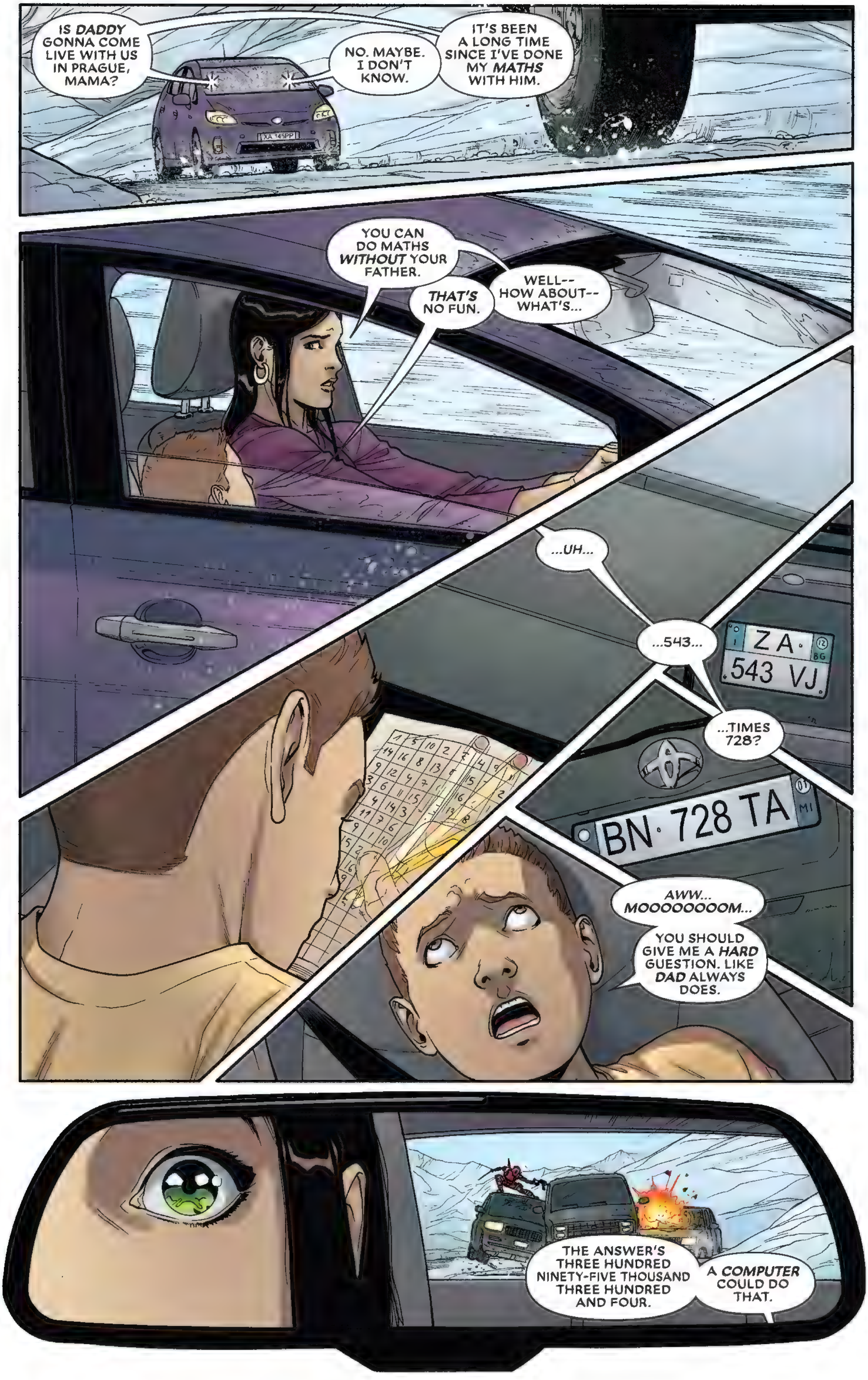

DOUBTFUL.
NO! REALLY! I BET YOU A CASE OF BULLETS!
WHATEVER.

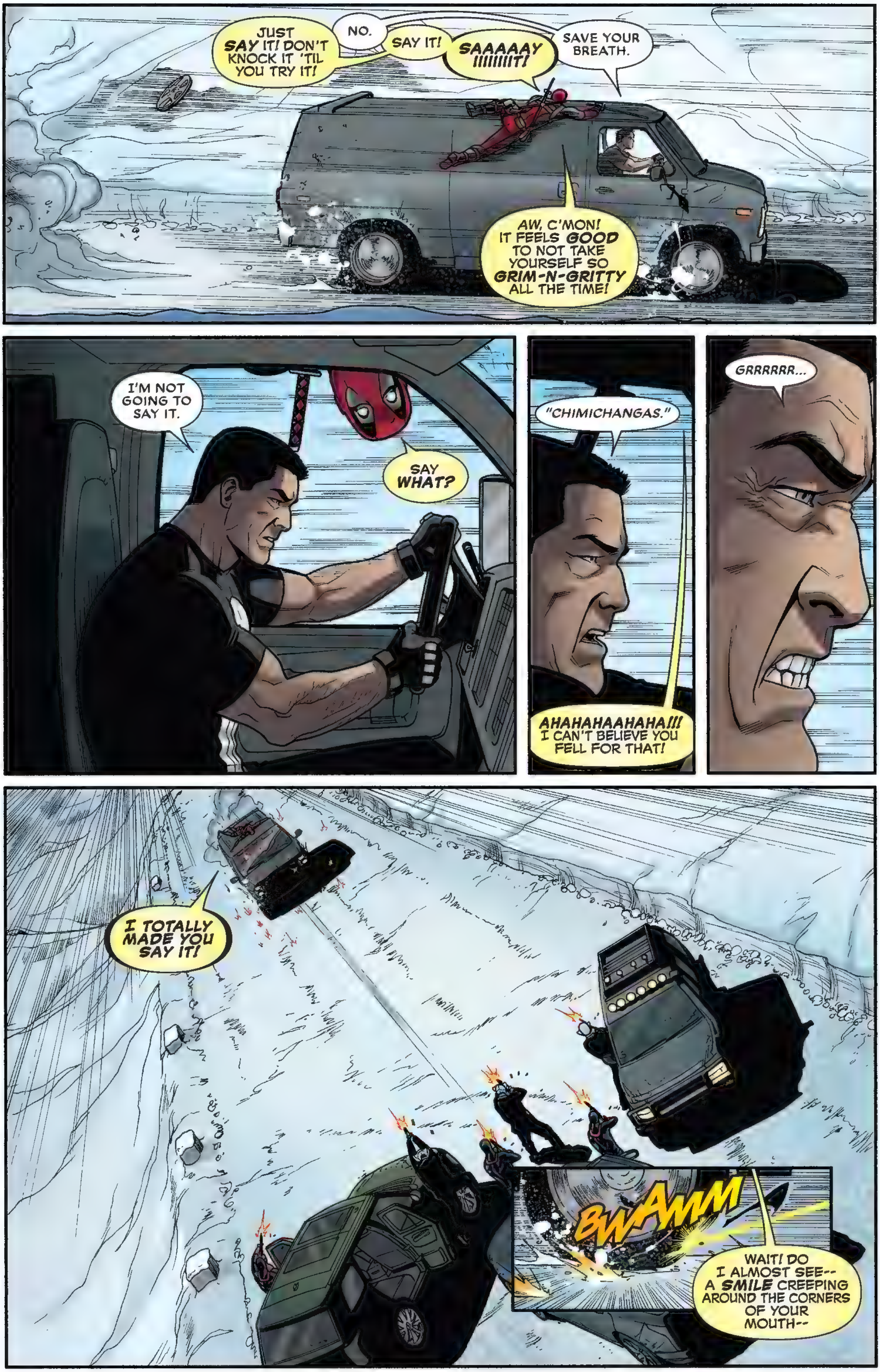

LET'S **DO** THIS CRAZY BAD THING!

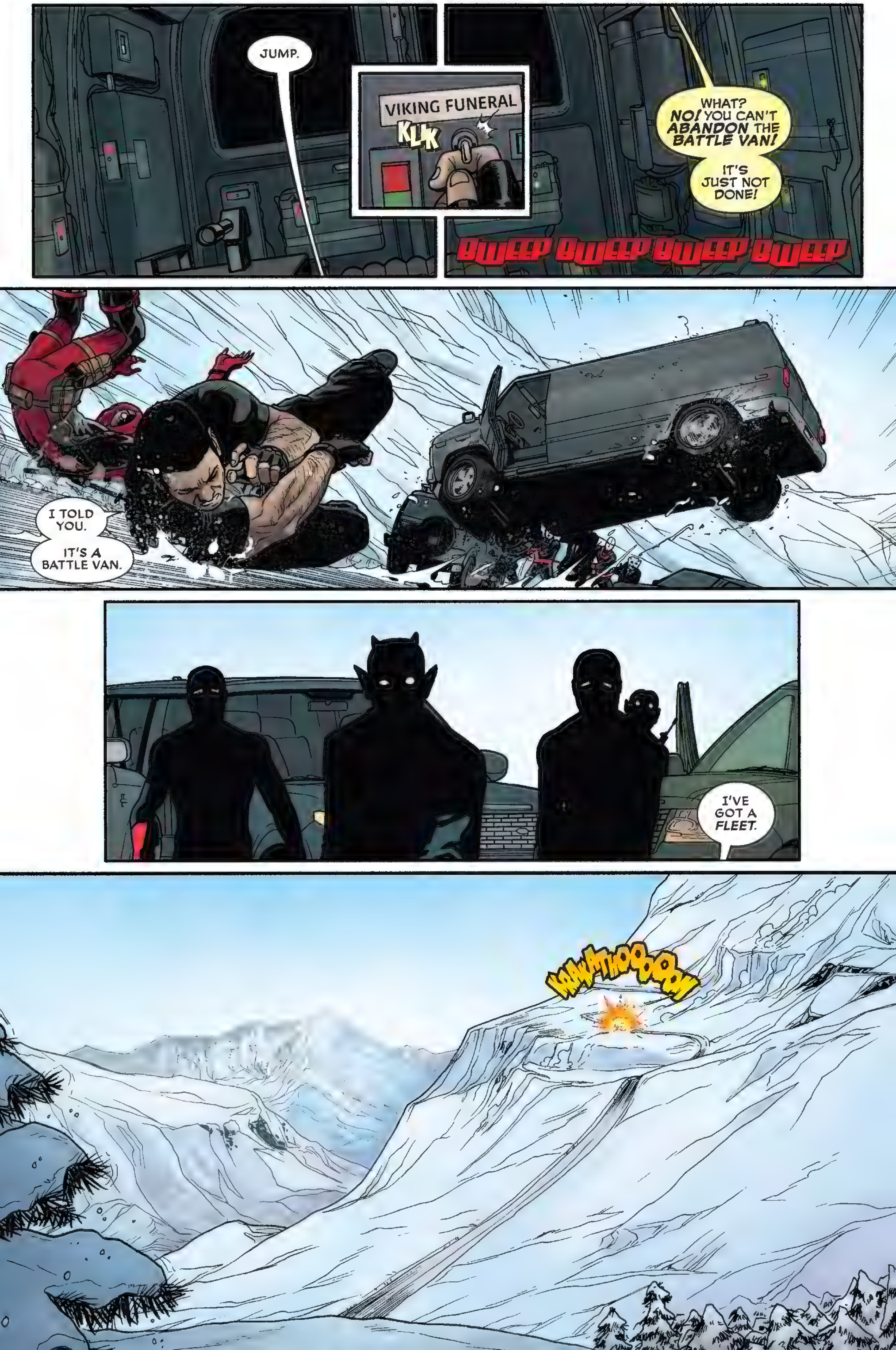

CHIIIMIIIIICHAAAAAAANGAAAAAAS!!

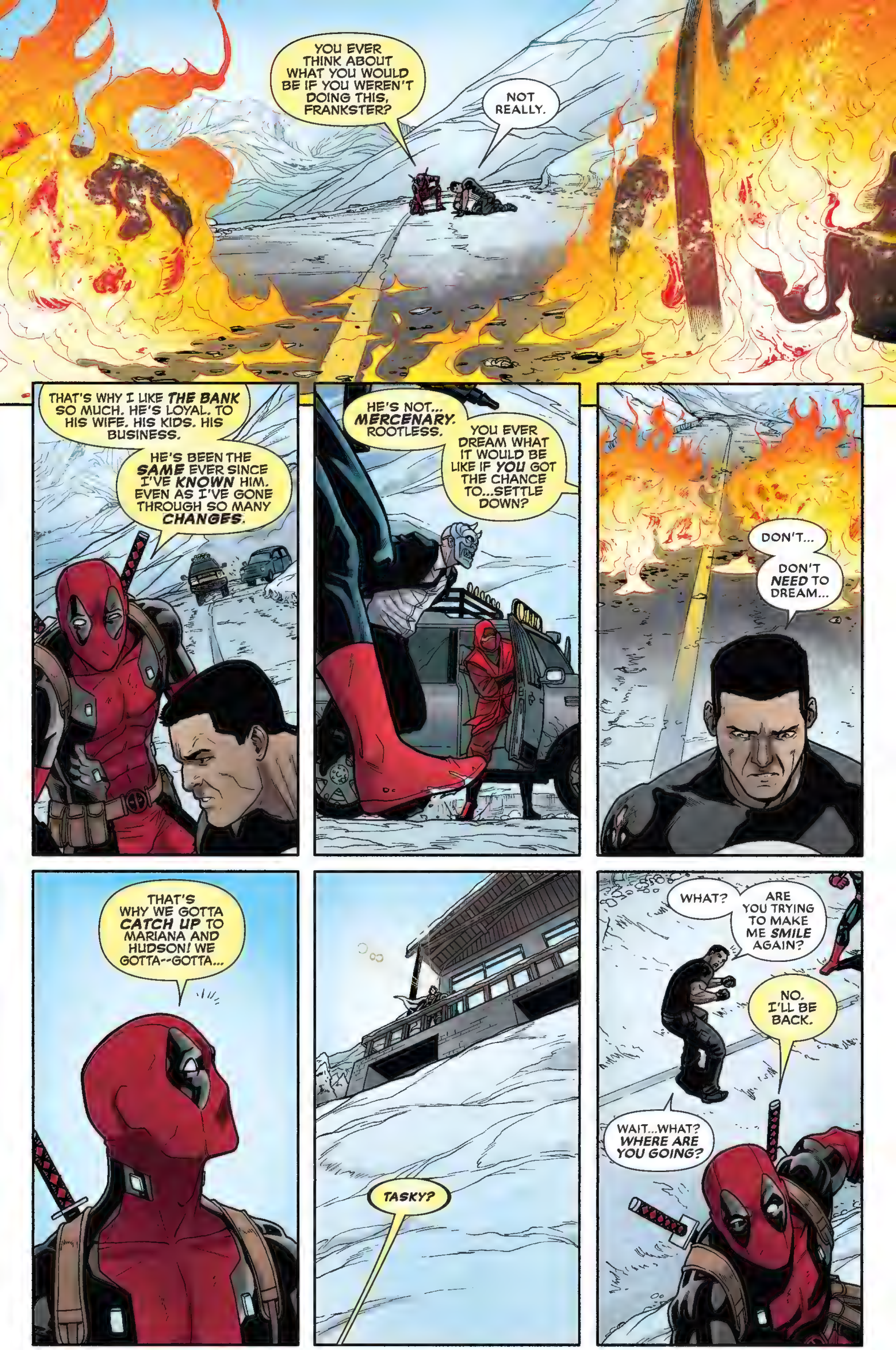

"UH-HUH.
"YUP.
"KNEW YOU WERE GOING TO DO THAT.
"THAT, TOO.
"YEESH, WILSON, 1995 CALLED AND WANTS ITS MOVE BACK.
"TO ME, YOU'RE AN OPEN BOOK.
"IT'S PUNISHER I HAVE NO VIDEO ON..."

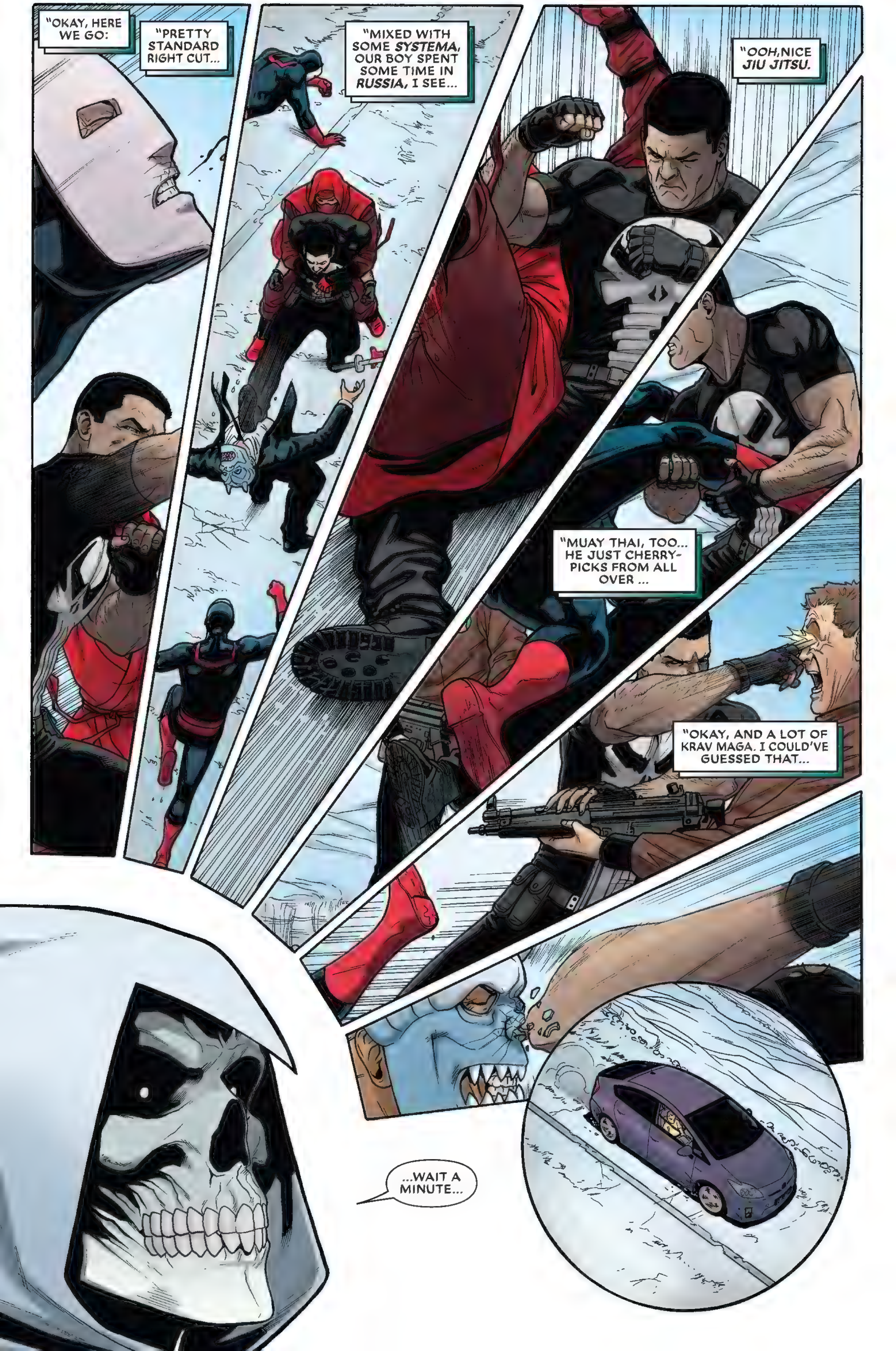

TEAM...
TARGET THE *VAN,* PLEASE.
I NEED YOU TO ENGAGE CASTLE *DIRECTLY* OR I'M NOT GOING TO GET ANY USABLE DATA.
COPY THAT, TASKMASTER.
THANK YOU.
UH... SIGNORE? IF YOU PLEASE?
CAN I ASK YOU A QUESTION?
IS IT ABOUT THE OUTFIT?
UMMM...
NEVER MIND.

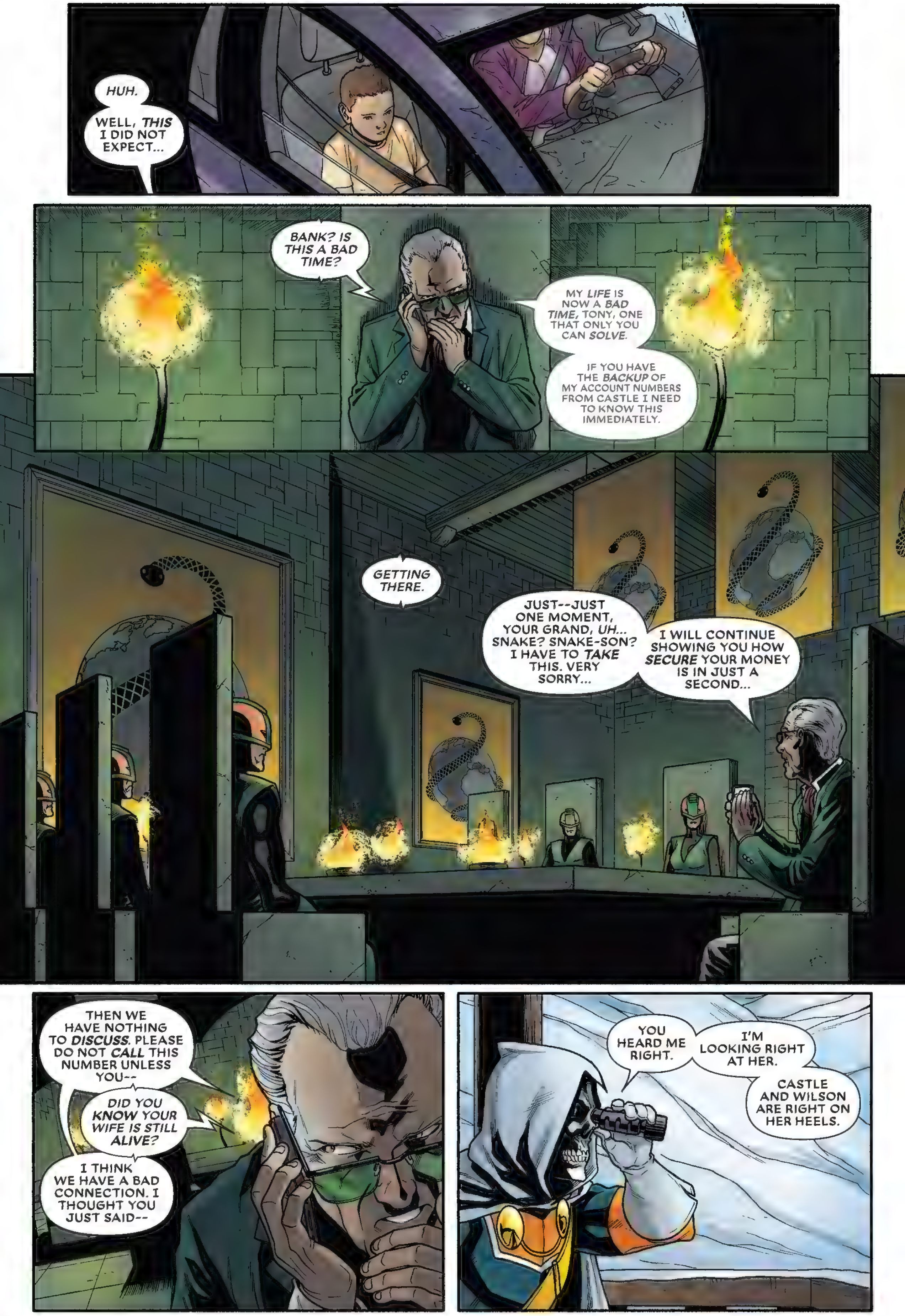

IS *DADDY* GONNA COME LIVE WITH US IN PRAGUE, MAMA?
NO. MAYBE. I DON'T KNOW.
IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE I'VE DONE MY *MATHS* WITH HIM.
XA 145PP
YOU CAN DO MATHS *WITHOUT* YOUR FATHER.
THAT'S NO FUN.
WELL-- HOW ABOUT-- WHAT'S...
...UH...
...543...
ZA 543 VJ
...TIMES 728?
BN 728 TA
AWW... MOOOOOOOOM...
YOU SHOULD GIVE ME A *HARD* GUESTION. LIKE *DAD* ALWAYS DOES.
THE ANSWER'S THREE HUNDRED NINETY-FIVE THOUSAND THREE HUNDRED AND FOUR.
A *COMPUTER* COULD DO THAT.

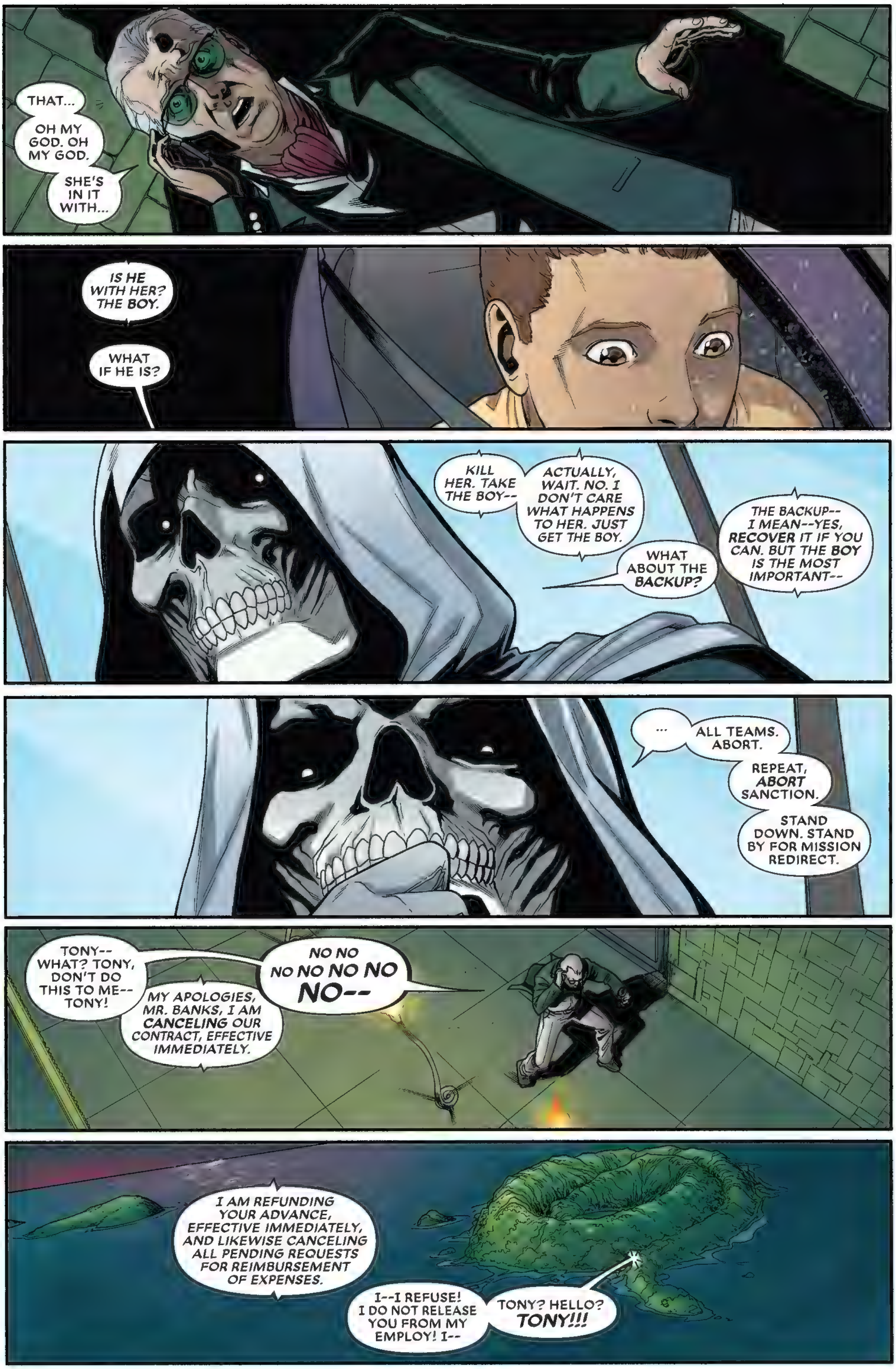

JUST SAY IT! DON'T KNOCK IT 'TIL YOU TRY IT!
NO.
SAY IT!
SAAAAAY IIIIIIIIT!
SAVE YOUR BREATH.
AW, C'MON! IT FEELS GOOD TO NOT TAKE YOURSELF SO GRIM-N-GRITTY ALL THE TIME!
I'M NOT GOING TO SAY IT.
SAY WHAT?
"CHIMICHANGAS."
AHAHAHAAHAHA!!! I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU FELL FOR THAT!
GRRRRRR...
I TOTALLY MADE YOU SAY IT!
BWAMM
WAIT! DO I ALMOST SEE-- A SMILE CREEPING AROUND THE CORNERS OF YOUR MOUTH--

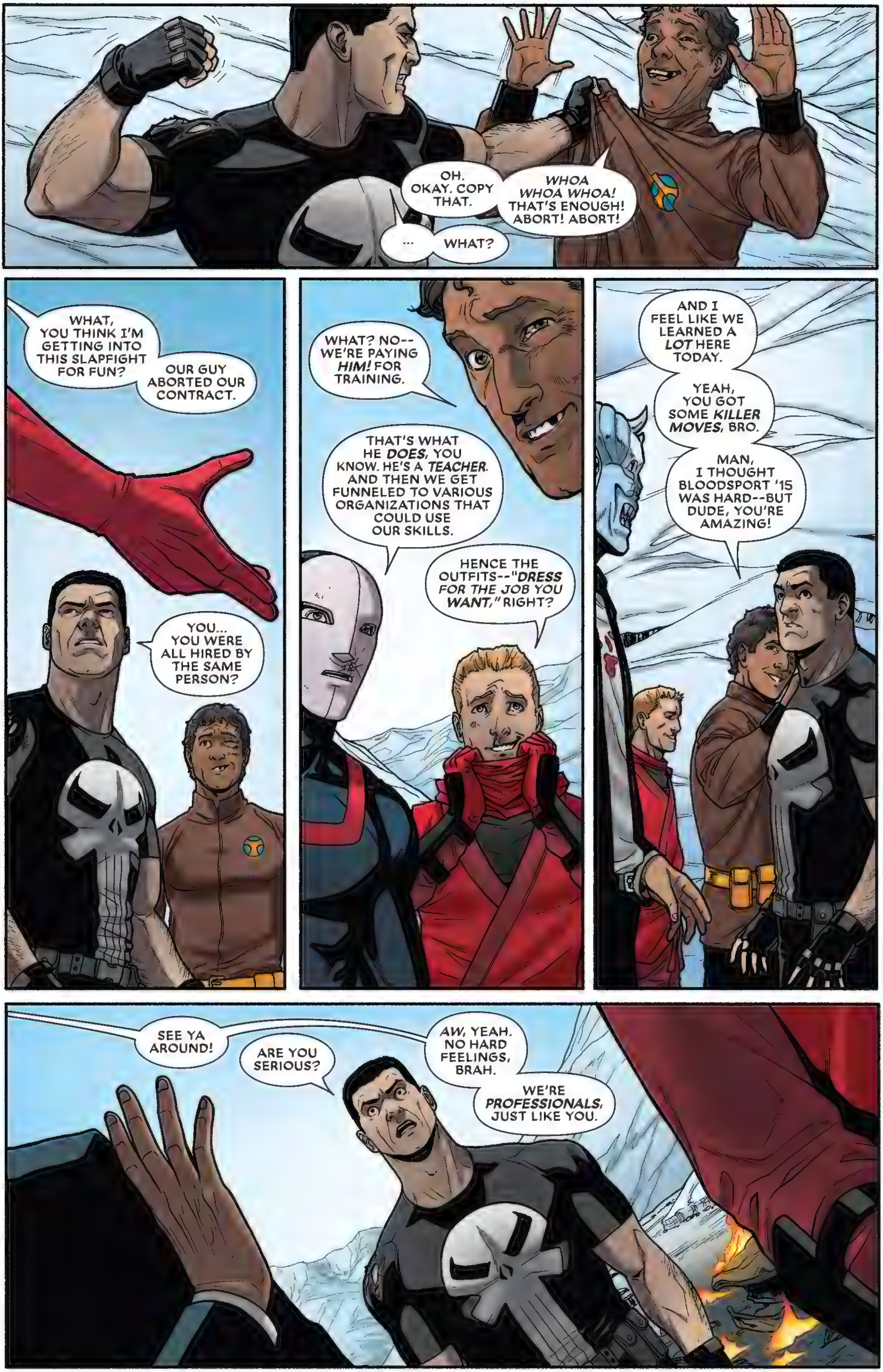

JUMP.
VIKING FUNERAL
KLIK
WHAT? NO! YOU CAN'T ABANDON THE BATTLE VAN!
IT'S JUST NOT DONE!
BWEEP BWEEP BWEEP BWEEP
I TOLD YOU.
IT'S A BATTLE VAN.
I'VE GOT A FLEET.
KRAKATHOOOOOM

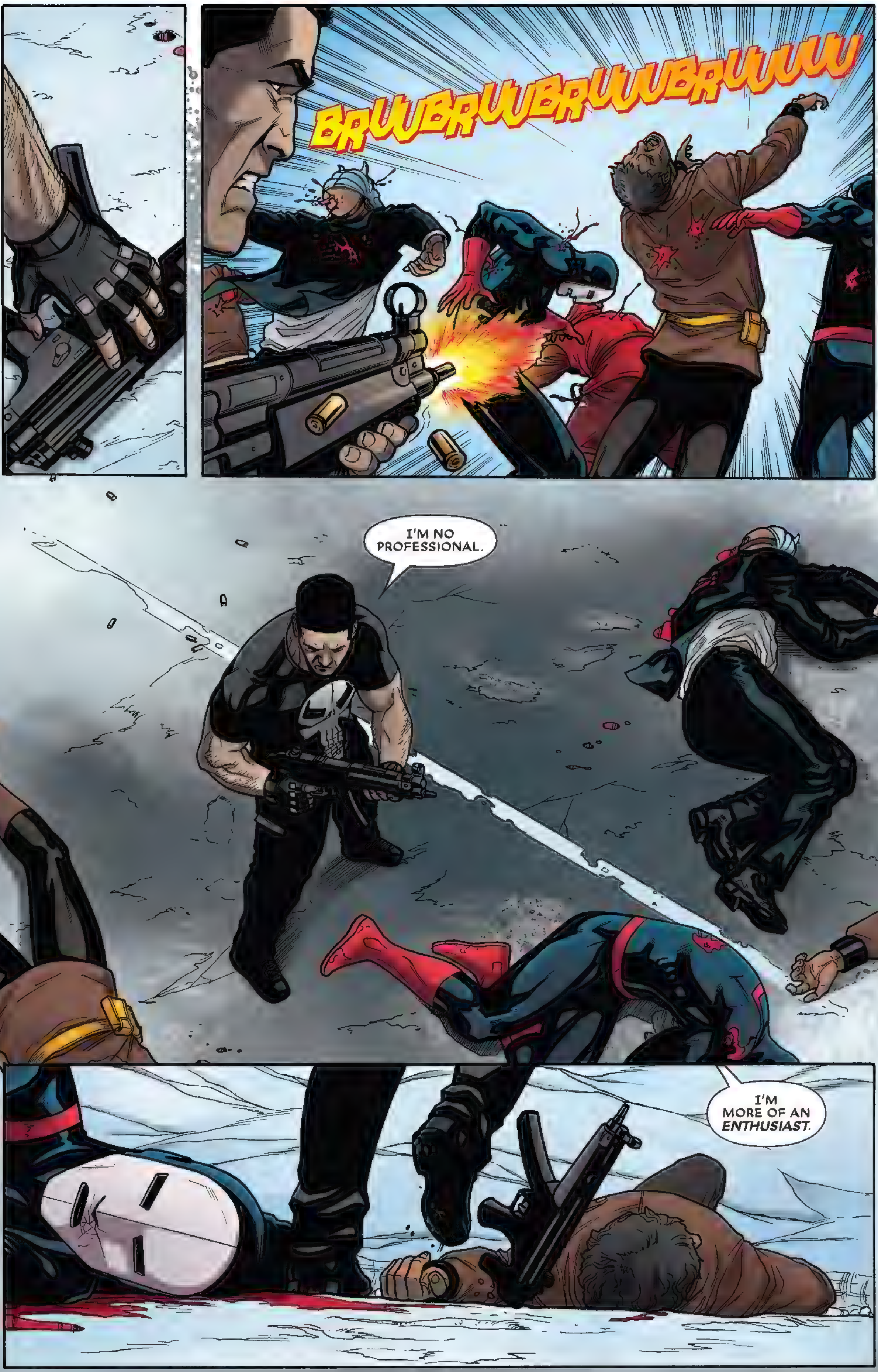

YOU EVER THINK ABOUT WHAT YOU WOULD BE IF YOU WEREN'T DOING THIS, FRANKSTER?
NOT REALLY.
THAT'S WHY I LIKE THE BANK SO MUCH. HE'S LOYAL. TO HIS WIFE. HIS KIDS. HIS BUSINESS.
HE'S BEEN THE SAME EVER SINCE I'VE KNOWN HIM. EVEN AS I'VE GONE THROUGH SO MANY CHANGES.
HE'S NOT... MERCENARY. ROOTLESS.
YOU EVER DREAM WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE IF YOU GOT THE CHANCE TO...SETTLE DOWN?
DON'T...
DON'T NEED TO DREAM...
THAT'S WHY WE GOTTA CATCH UP TO MARIANA AND HUDSON! WE GOTTA--GOTTA...
TASKY?
WHAT?
ARE YOU TRYING TO MAKE ME SMILE AGAIN?
NO. I'LL BE BACK.
WAIT...WHAT? WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

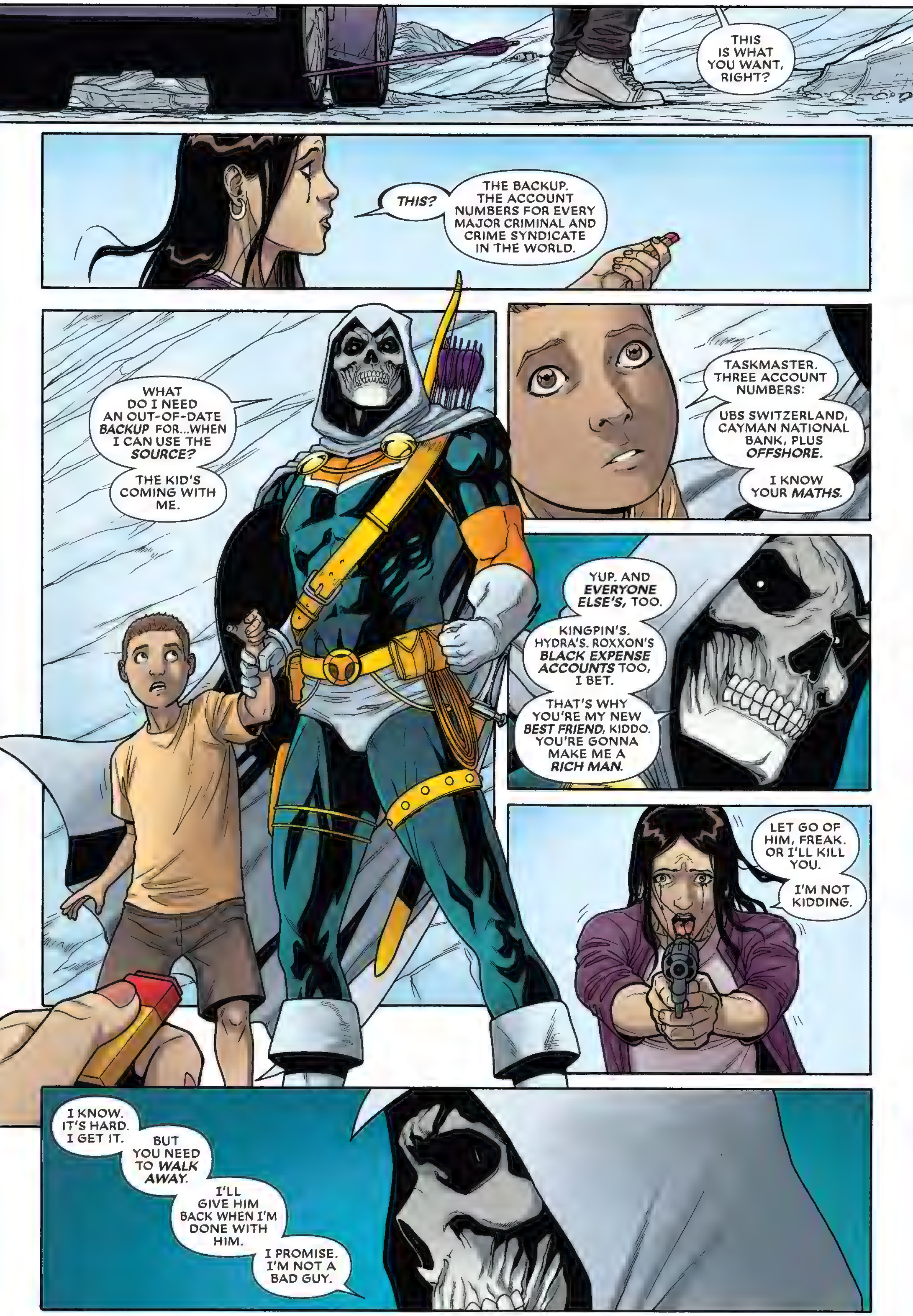

"OKAY, HERE WE GO:
"PRETTY STANDARD RIGHT CUT...
"MIXED WITH SOME *SYSTEMA*, OUR BOY SPENT SOME TIME IN *RUSSIA*, I SEE...
"OOH, NICE *JIU JITSU.*
"MUAY THAI, TOO... HE JUST CHERRY-PICKS FROM ALL OVER ...
"OKAY, AND A LOT OF KRAV MAGA. I COULD'VE GUESSED THAT...
...WAIT A MINUTE...

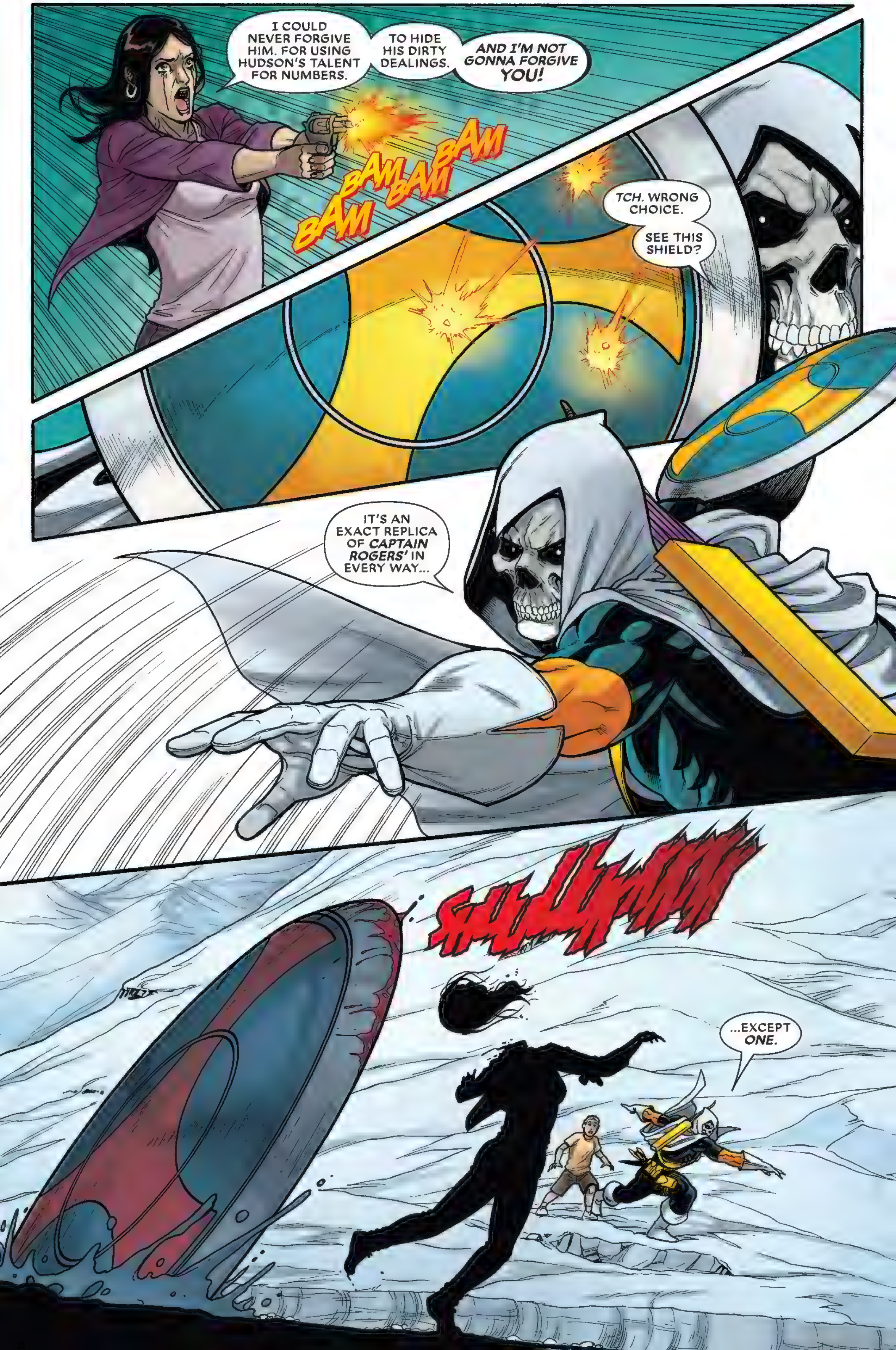

HUH.
WELL, *THIS* I DID NOT EXPECT...
BANK? IS THIS A BAD TIME?
MY *LIFE* IS NOW A *BAD TIME,* TONY, ONE THAT ONLY YOU CAN *SOLVE.*
IF YOU HAVE THE *BACKUP* OF MY ACCOUNT NUMBERS FROM CASTLE I NEED TO KNOW THIS IMMEDIATELY.
GETTING THERE.
JUST--JUST ONE MOMENT, YOUR GRAND, *UH...* SNAKE? SNAKE-SON? I HAVE TO *TAKE* THIS. VERY SORRY...
I WILL CONTINUE SHOWING YOU HOW *SECURE* YOUR MONEY IS IN JUST A SECOND...
THEN WE HAVE NOTHING TO *DISCUSS.* PLEASE DO NOT *CALL* THIS NUMBER UNLESS YOU--
DID YOU KNOW YOUR WIFE IS STILL ALIVE?
I THINK WE HAVE A BAD CONNECTION. I THOUGHT YOU JUST SAID--
YOU HEARD ME RIGHT.
I'M LOOKING RIGHT AT HER.
CASTLE AND WILSON ARE RIGHT ON HER HEELS.

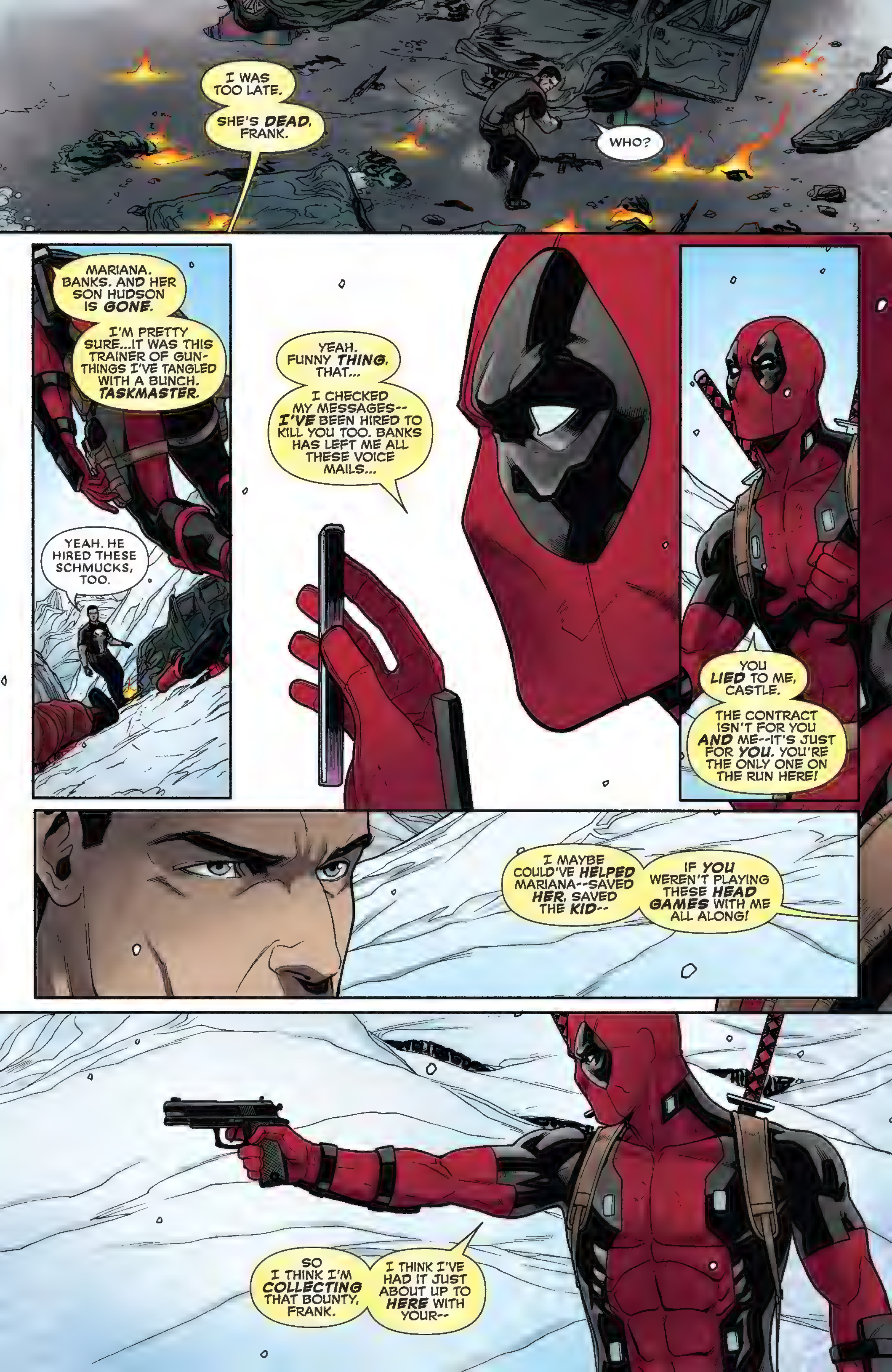

THAT...
OH MY GOD. OH MY GOD.
SHE'S IN IT WITH...
IS HE WITH HER? THE BOY.
WHAT IF HE IS?
KILL HER. TAKE THE BOY--
ACTUALLY, WAIT. NO. I DON'T CARE WHAT HAPPENS TO HER. JUST GET THE BOY.
WHAT ABOUT THE *BACKUP?*
*THE BACKUP-- I MEAN--YES, **RECOVER** IT IF YOU CAN. BUT THE **BOY** IS THE MOST IMPORTANT--*
...
ALL TEAMS. ABORT.
REPEAT, ***ABORT*** SANCTION.
STAND DOWN. STAND BY FOR MISSION REDIRECT.
TONY-- WHAT? TONY, DON'T DO THIS TO ME-- TONY!
NO NO NO NO NO NO NO--
*MY APOLOGIES, MR. BANKS, I AM **CANCELING** OUR CONTRACT, EFFECTIVE IMMEDIATELY.*
I AM REFUNDING YOUR ADVANCE, EFFECTIVE IMMEDIATELY, AND LIKEWISE CANCELING ALL PENDING REQUESTS FOR REIMBURSEMENT OF EXPENSES.
I--I REFUSE! I DO NOT RELEASE YOU FROM MY EMPLOY! I--
TONY? HELLO? *TONY!!!*

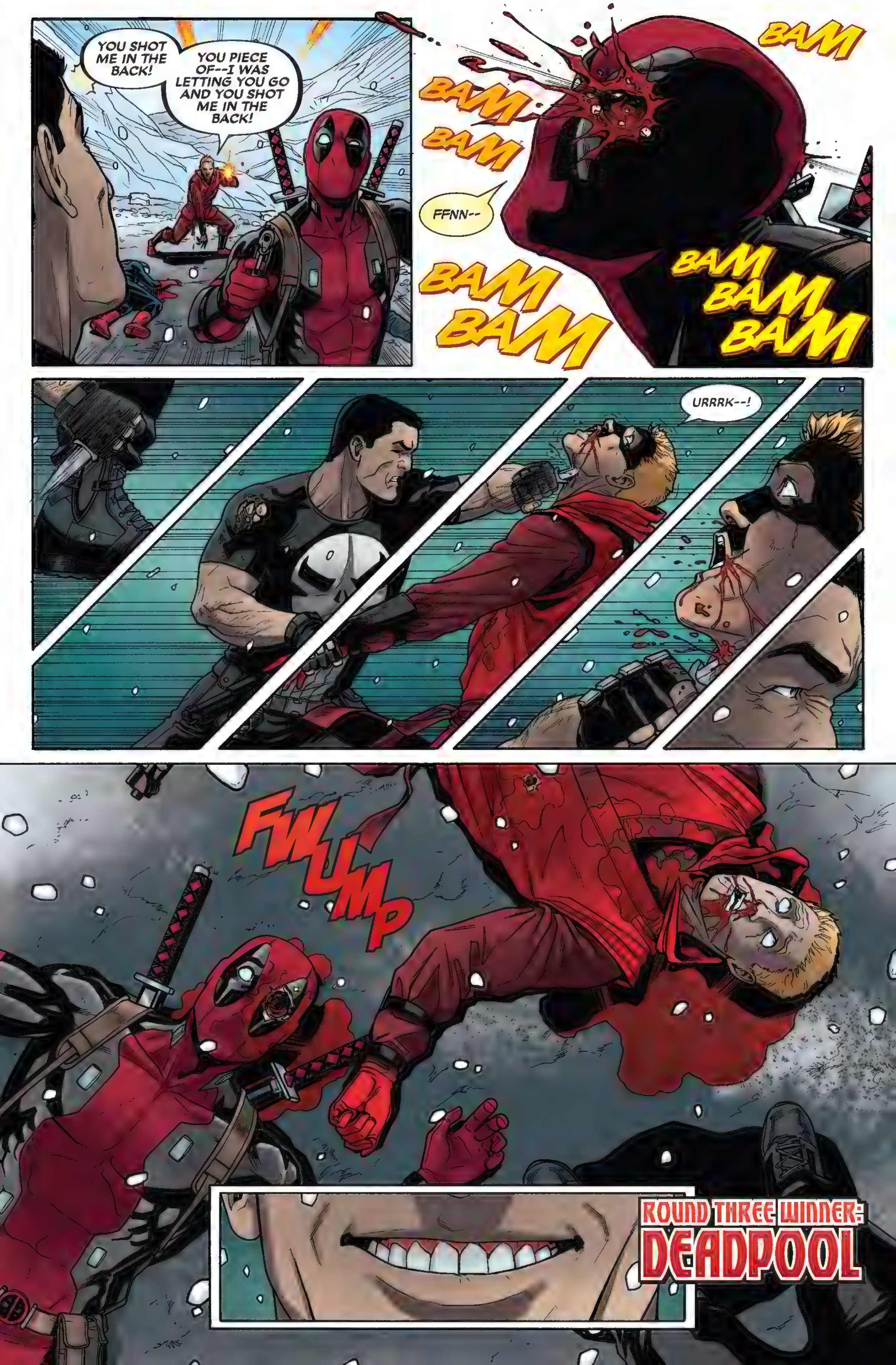

OH. OKAY. COPY THAT.
WHOA WHOA WHOA! THAT'S ENOUGH! ABORT! ABORT!
...
WHAT?
WHAT, YOU THINK I'M GETTING INTO THIS SLAPFIGHT FOR FUN?
OUR GUY ABORTED OUR CONTRACT.
YOU... YOU WERE ALL HIRED BY THE SAME PERSON?
WHAT? NO-- WE'RE PAYING ***HIM!*** FOR TRAINING.
THAT'S WHAT HE ***DOES,*** YOU KNOW. HE'S A ***TEACHER.*** AND THEN WE GET FUNNELED TO VARIOUS ORGANIZATIONS THAT COULD USE OUR SKILLS.
HENCE THE OUTFITS--"***DRESS FOR THE JOB YOU WANT,***" RIGHT?
AND I FEEL LIKE WE LEARNED A ***LOT*** HERE TODAY.
YEAH, YOU GOT SOME ***KILLER MOVES,*** BRO.
MAN, I THOUGHT BLOODSPORT '15 WAS HARD--BUT DUDE, YOU'RE AMAZING!
SEE YA AROUND!
ARE YOU SERIOUS?
AW, YEAH. NO HARD FEELINGS, BRAH.
WE'RE ***PROFESSIONALS,*** JUST LIKE YOU.


BRUUBRUUBRUUUBRUUUU
I'M NO PROFESSIONAL.
I'M MORE OF AN *ENTHUSIAST.*

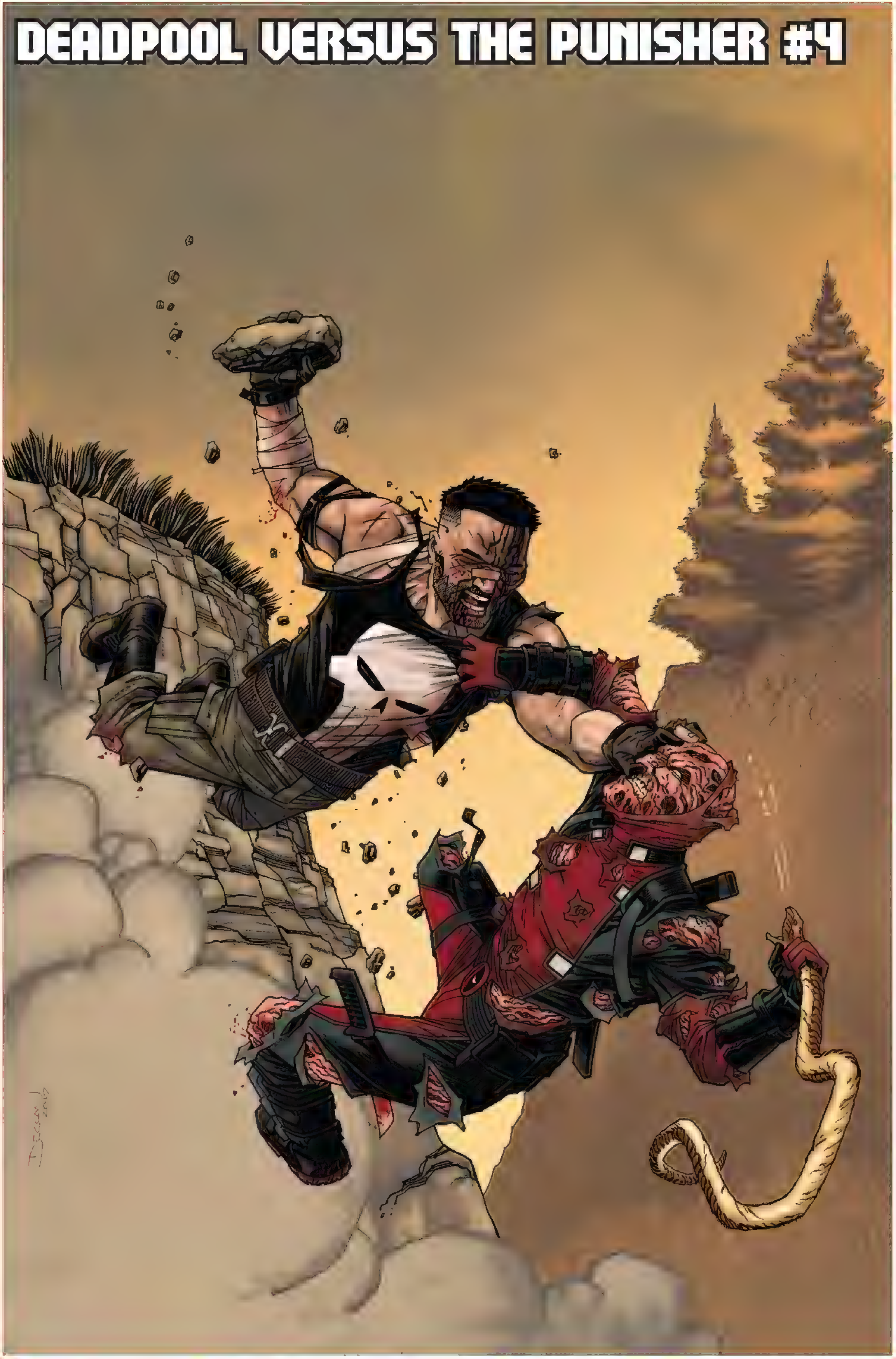

THIS IS WHAT YOU WANT, RIGHT?
THIS?
THE BACKUP. THE ACCOUNT NUMBERS FOR EVERY MAJOR CRIMINAL AND CRIME SYNDICATE IN THE WORLD.
WHAT DO I NEED AN OUT-OF-DATE *BACKUP* FOR...WHEN I CAN USE THE *SOURCE?*
THE KID'S COMING WITH ME.
TASKMASTER. THREE ACCOUNT NUMBERS:
UBS SWITZERLAND, CAYMAN NATIONAL BANK, PLUS *OFFSHORE.*
I KNOW YOUR *MATHS.*
YUP. AND *EVERYONE ELSE'S,* TOO.
KINGPIN'S. HYDRA'S. ROXXON'S *BLACK EXPENSE ACCOUNTS* TOO, I BET.
THAT'S WHY YOU'RE MY NEW *BEST FRIEND,* KIDDO. YOU'RE GONNA MAKE ME A *RICH MAN.*
LET GO OF HIM, FREAK. OR I'LL KILL YOU.
I'M NOT KIDDING.
I KNOW. IT'S HARD. I GET IT.
BUT YOU NEED TO *WALK AWAY.*
I'LL GIVE HIM BACK WHEN I'M DONE WITH HIM.
I PROMISE. I'M NOT A BAD GUY.

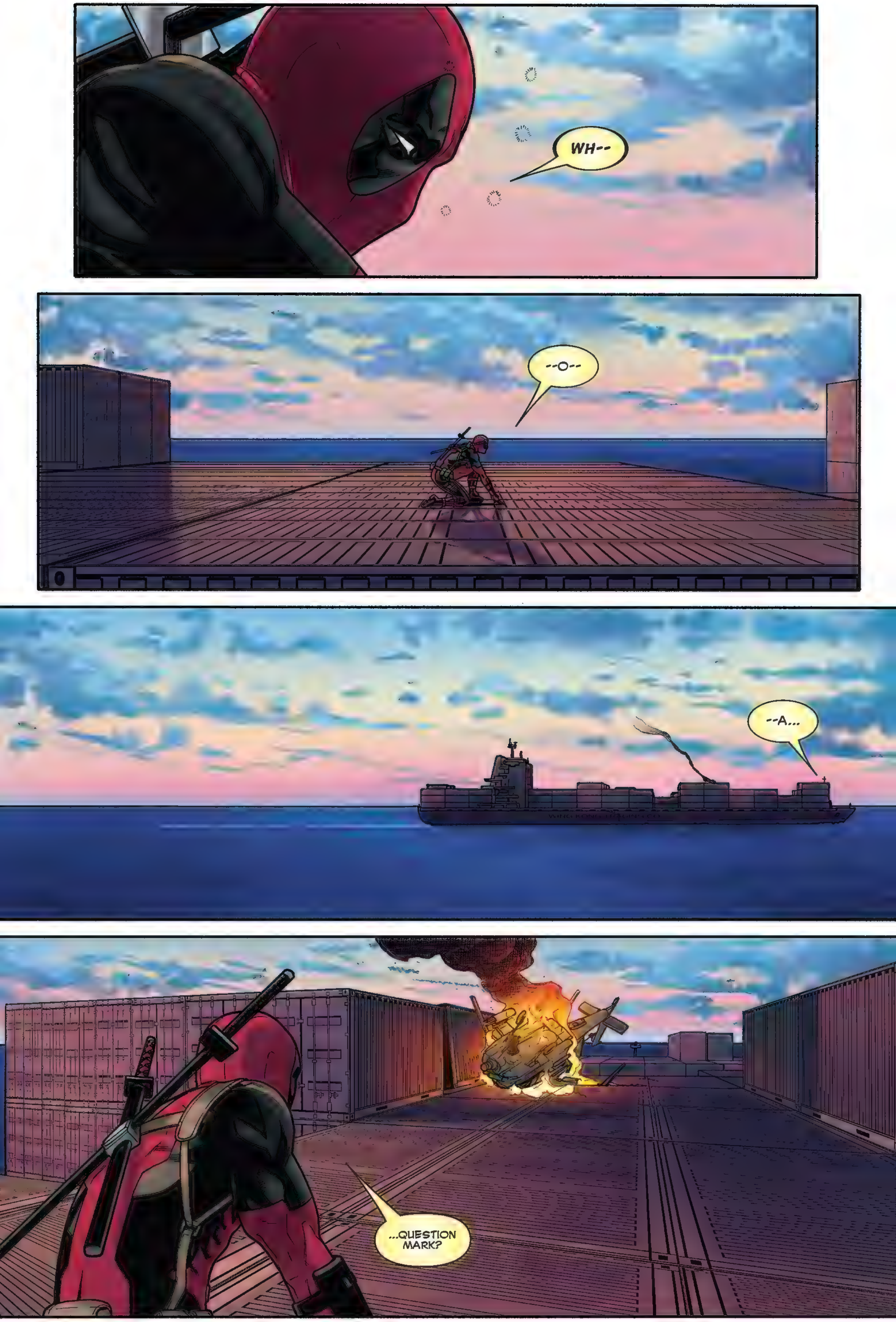

I COULD NEVER FORGIVE HIM. FOR USING HUDSON'S TALENT FOR NUMBERS.
TO HIDE HIS DIRTY DEALINGS.
AND I'M NOT GONNA FORGIVE ***YOU!***
BAM BAM BAM BAM
TCH. WRONG CHOICE.
SEE THIS SHIELD?
IT'S AN EXACT REPLICA OF ***CAPTAIN ROGERS'*** IN EVERY WAY...
...EXCEPT ***ONE.***

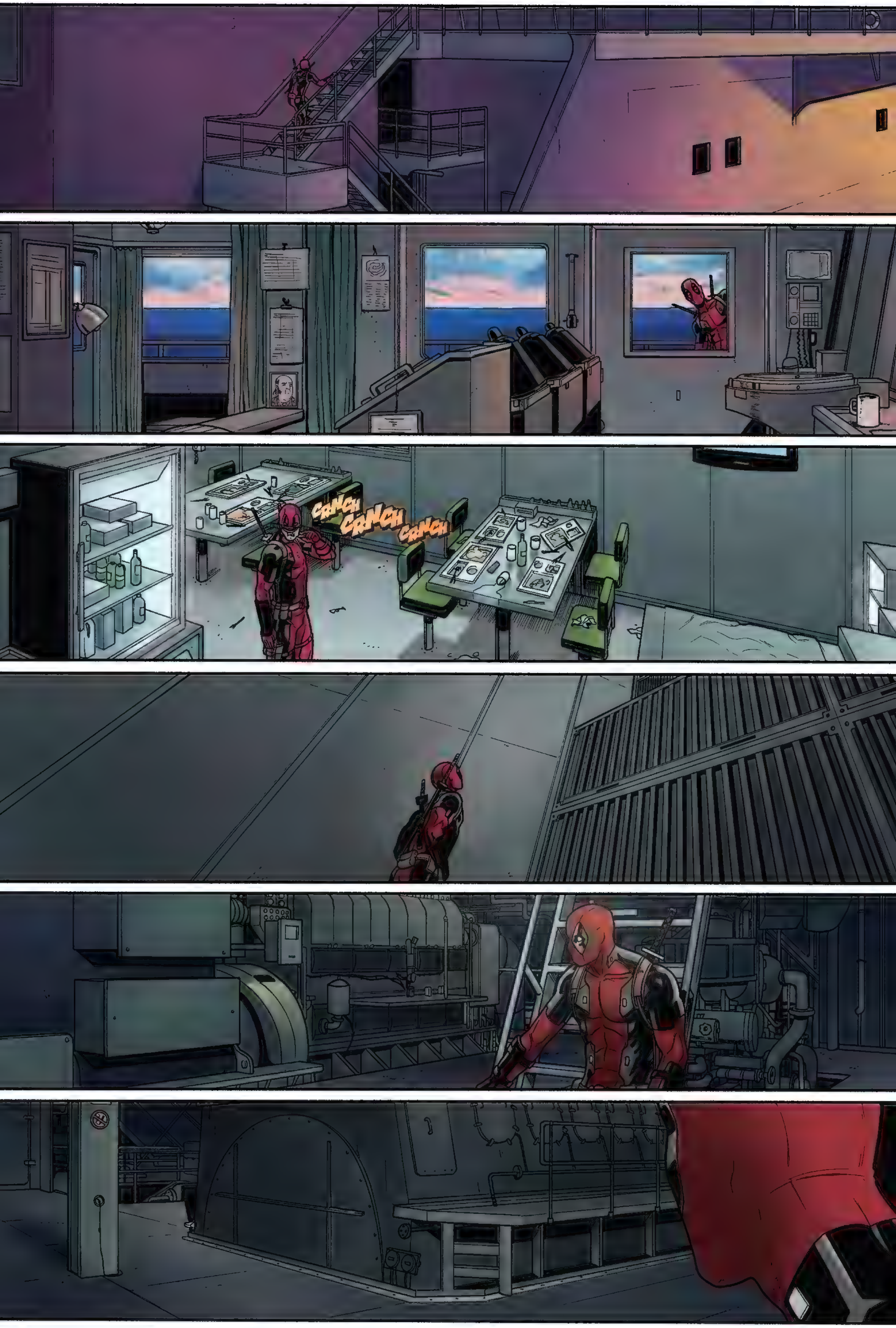

I WAS TOO LATE.
SHE'S DEAD, FRANK.
WHO?
MARIANA. BANKS. AND HER SON HUDSON IS GONE.
I'M PRETTY SURE...IT WAS THIS TRAINER OF GUN-THINGS I'VE TANGLED WITH A BUNCH. TASKMASTER.
YEAH. HE HIRED THESE SCHMUCKS, TOO.
YEAH. FUNNY THING, THAT...
I CHECKED MY MESSAGES-- I'VE BEEN HIRED TO KILL YOU TOO. BANKS HAS LEFT ME ALL THESE VOICE MAILS...
YOU LIED TO ME, CASTLE.
THE CONTRACT ISN'T FOR YOU AND ME--IT'S JUST FOR YOU. YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE ON THE RUN HERE!
I MAYBE COULD'VE HELPED MARIANA--SAVED HER, SAVED THE KID--
IF YOU WEREN'T PLAYING THESE HEAD GAMES WITH ME ALL ALONG!
SO I THINK I'M COLLECTING THAT BOUNTY, FRANK.
I THINK I'VE HAD IT JUST ABOUT UP TO HERE WITH YOUR--

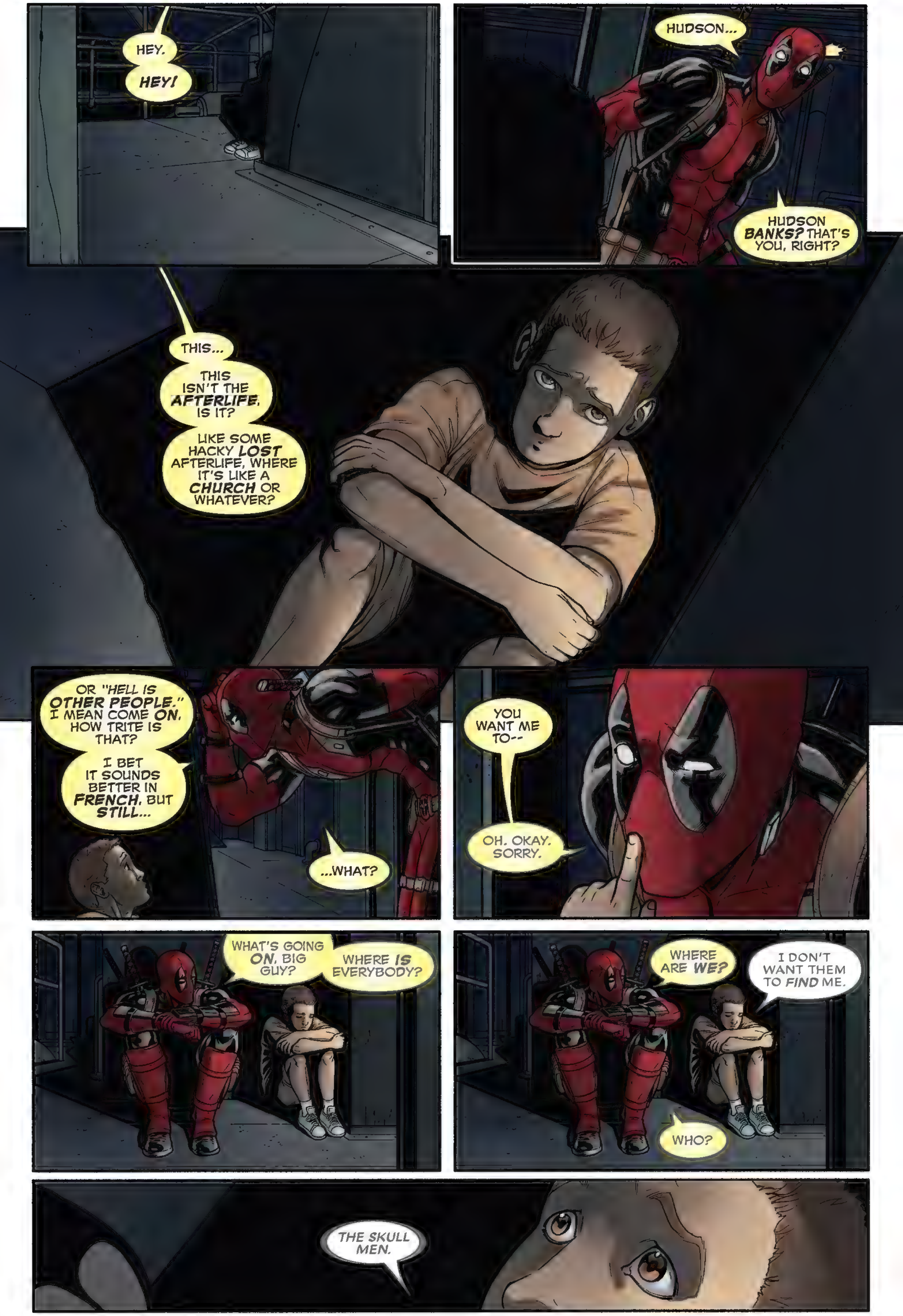

YOU SHOT ME IN THE BACK!
YOU PIECE OF--I WAS LETTING YOU GO AND YOU SHOT ME IN THE BACK!
BAM
BAM
BAM
FFNN--
BAM BAM
BAM BAM BAM
URRRK--!
FWUMP
ROUND THREE WINNER:
DEADPOOL

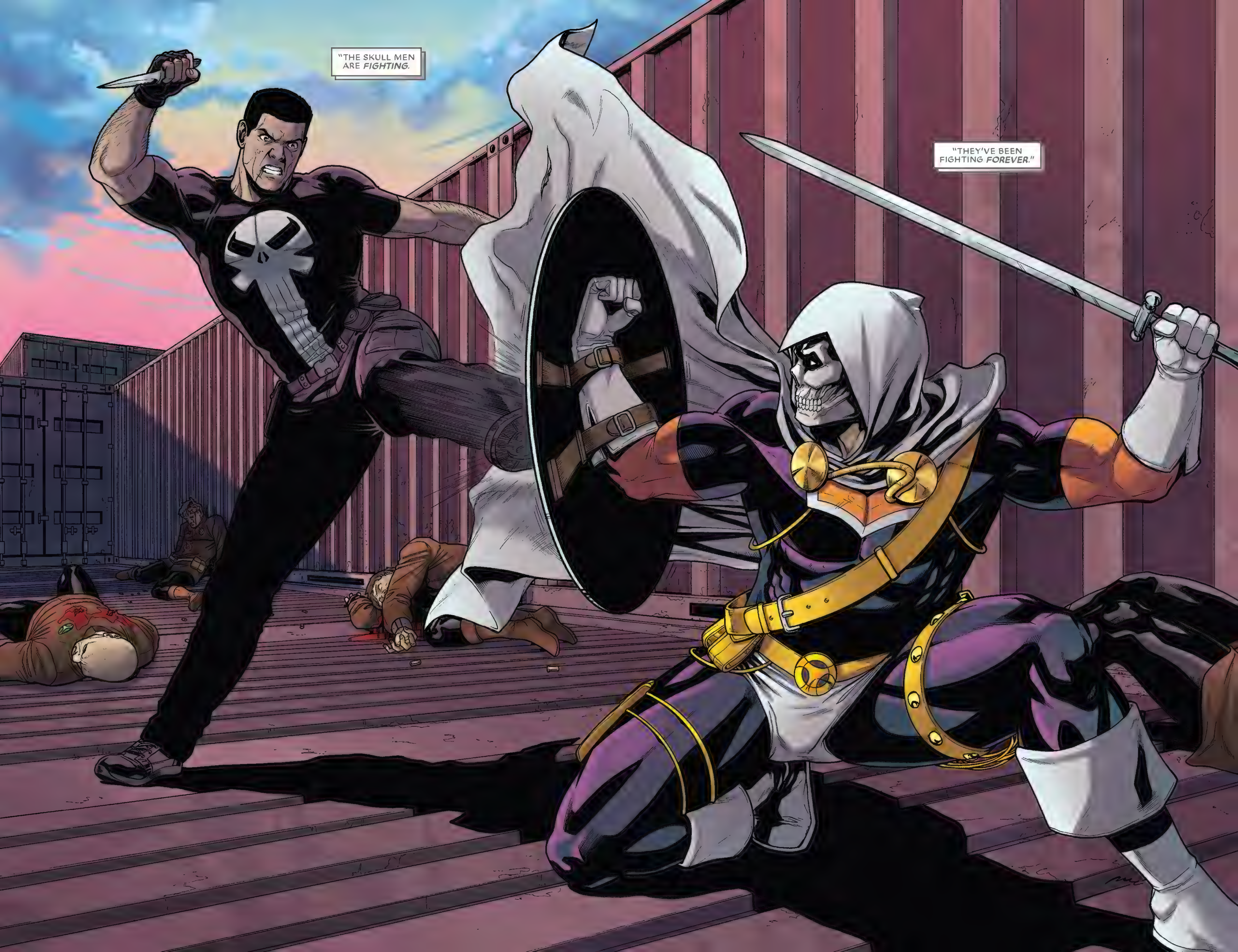
DEADPOOL VERSUS THE PUNISHER #4

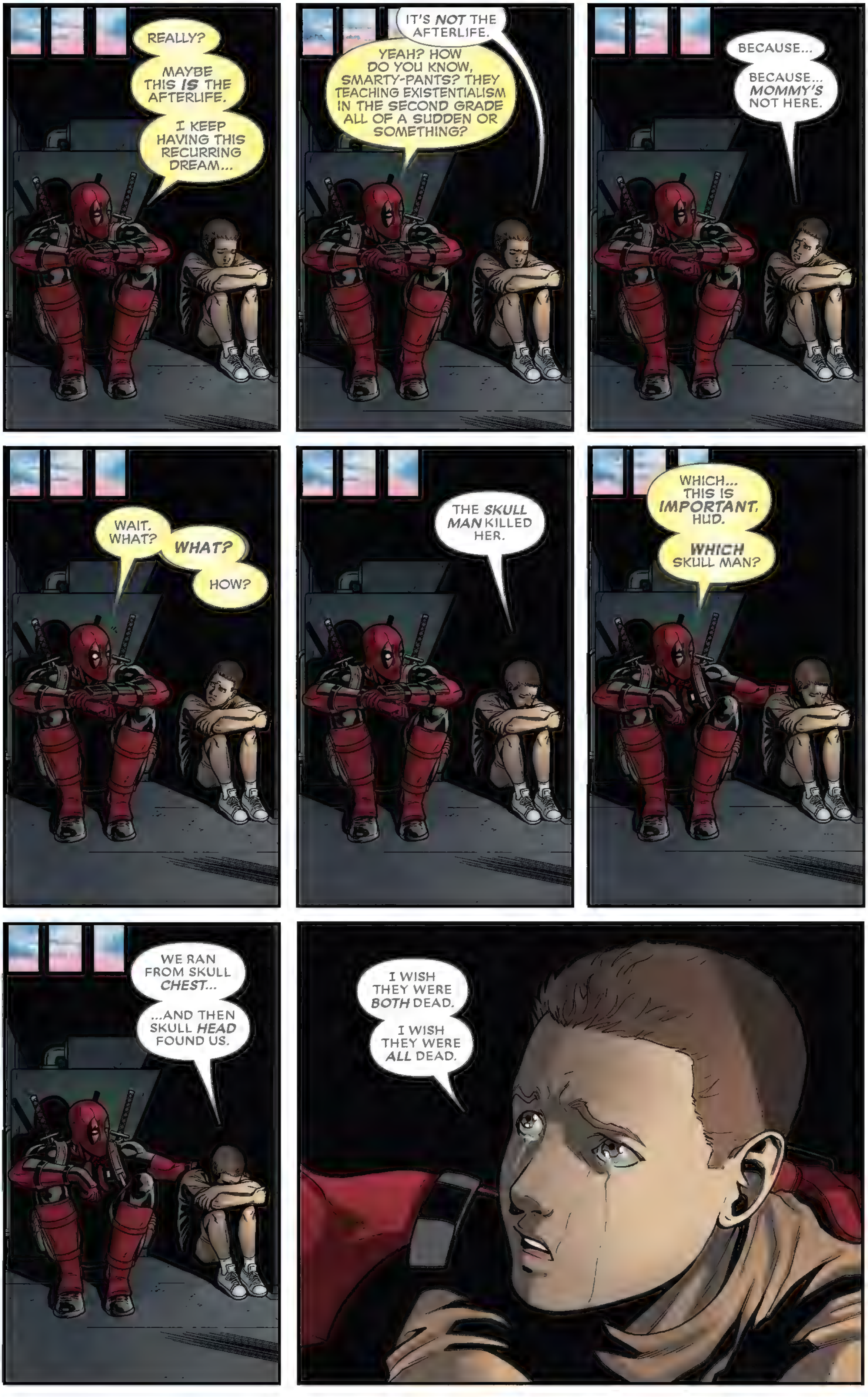


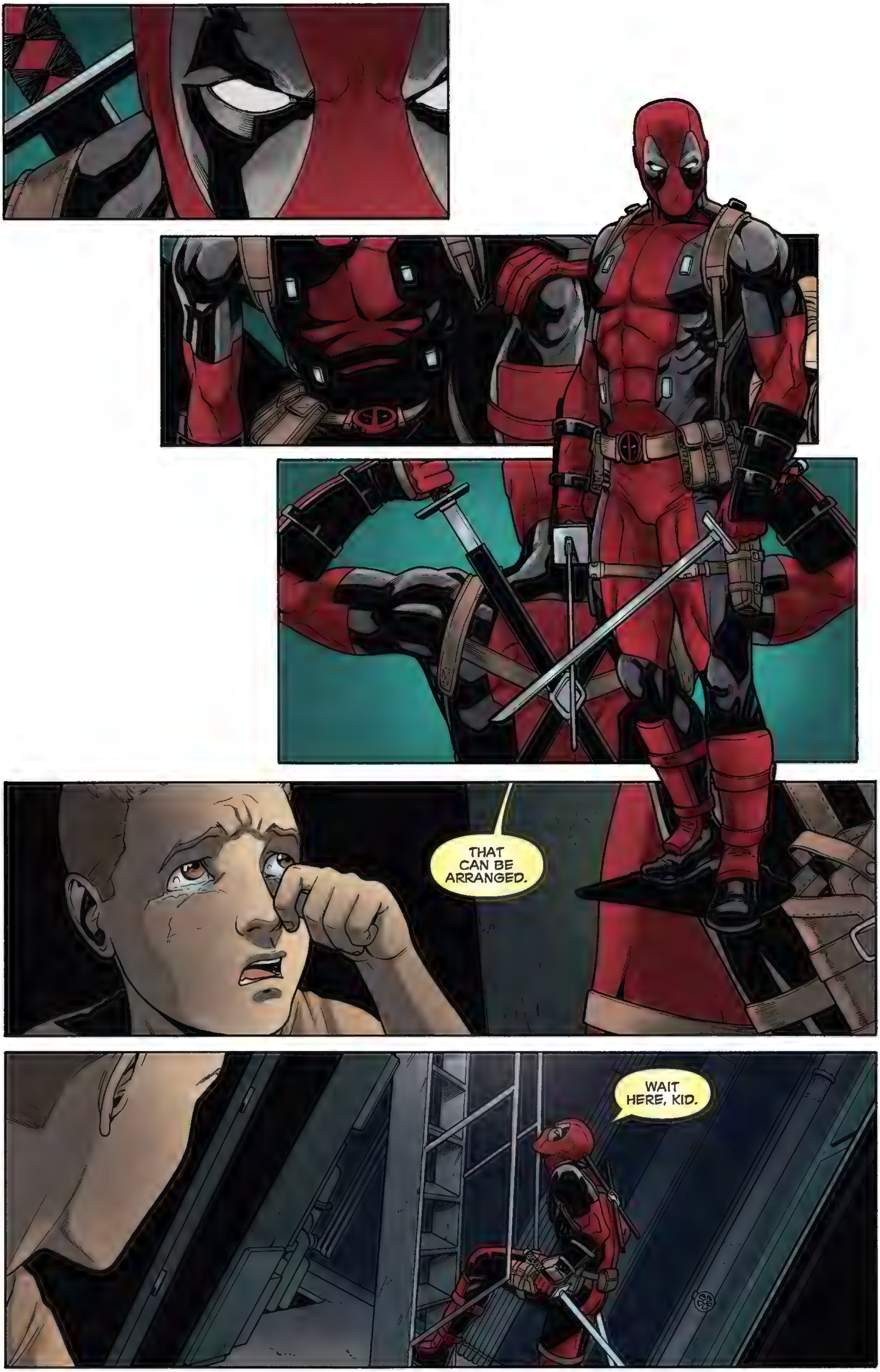

WH--
--O--
WING KONG TRADING CO
--A...
...QUESTION MARK?

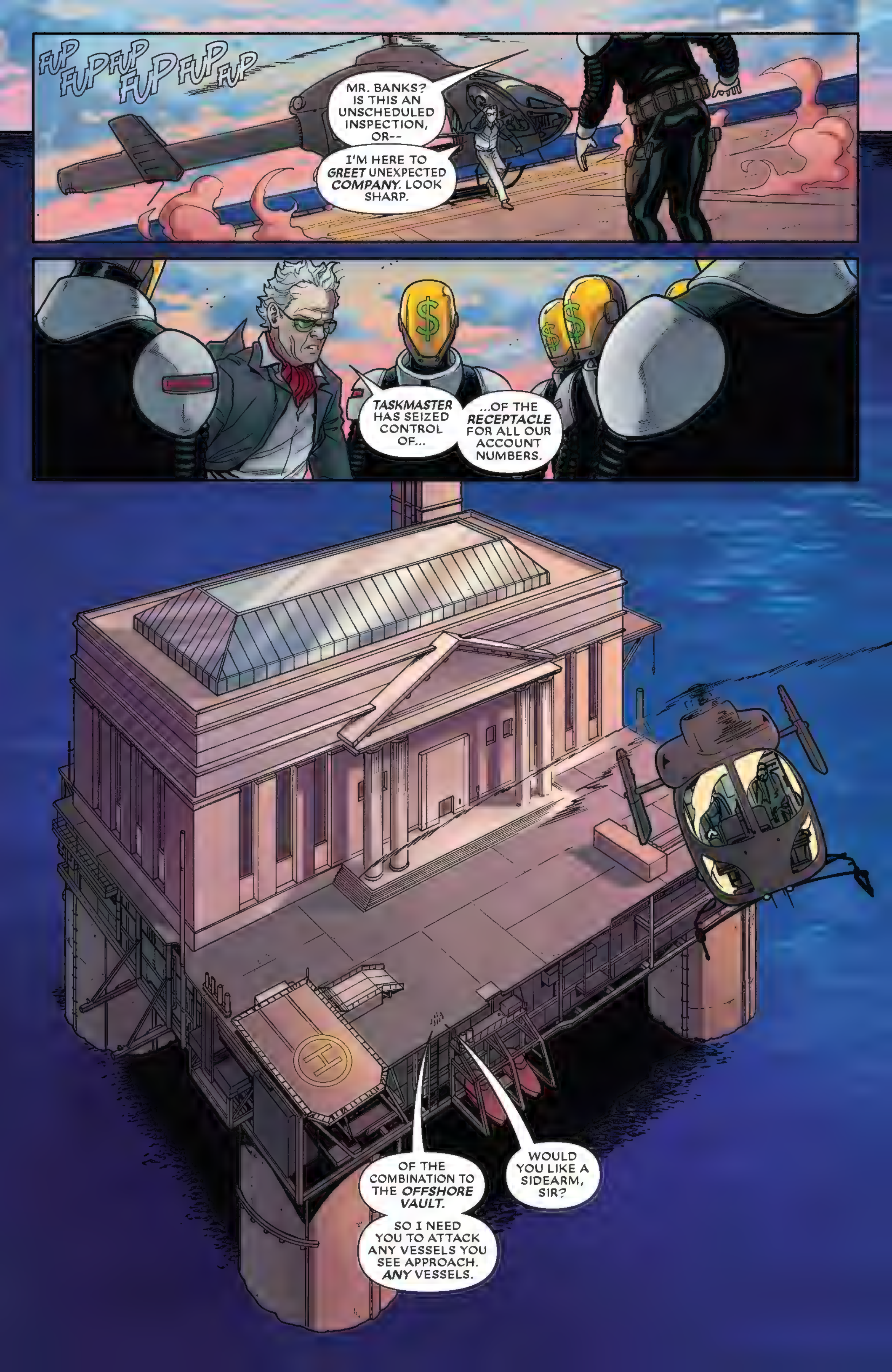

CRNCH
CRNCH
CRNCH

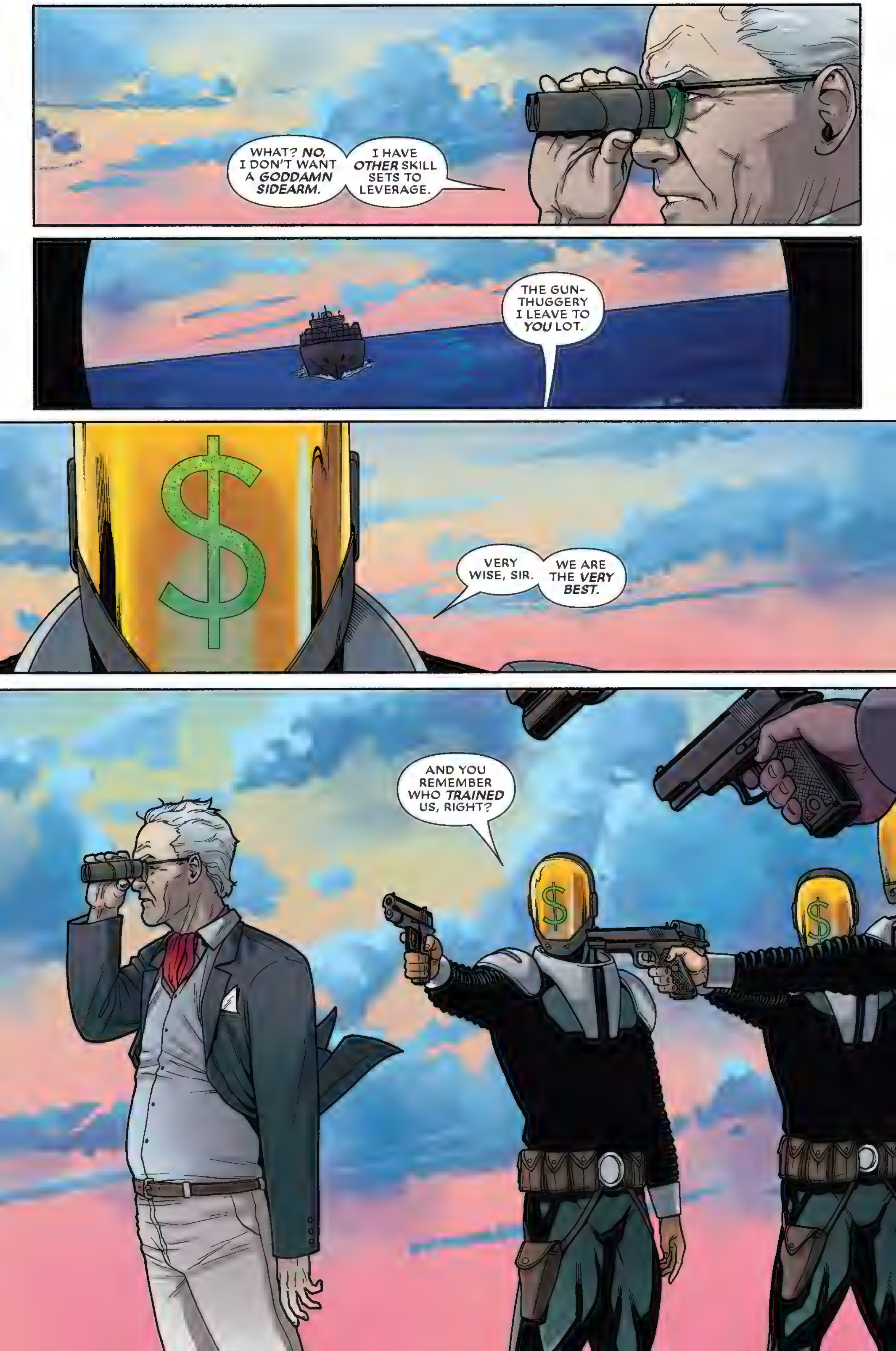

HEY.
HEY!
HUDSON...
HUDSON BANKS? THAT'S YOU, RIGHT?
THIS...
THIS ISN'T THE AFTERLIFE, IS IT?
LIKE SOME HACKY LOST AFTERLIFE, WHERE IT'S LIKE A CHURCH OR WHATEVER?
OR "HELL IS OTHER PEOPLE." I MEAN COME ON, HOW TRITE IS THAT?
I BET IT SOUNDS BETTER IN FRENCH, BUT STILL...
...WHAT?
YOU WANT ME TO--
OH. OKAY. SORRY.
WHAT'S GOING ON, BIG GUY?
WHERE IS EVERYBODY?
WHERE ARE WE?
I DON'T WANT THEM TO FIND ME.
WHO?
THE SKULL MEN.

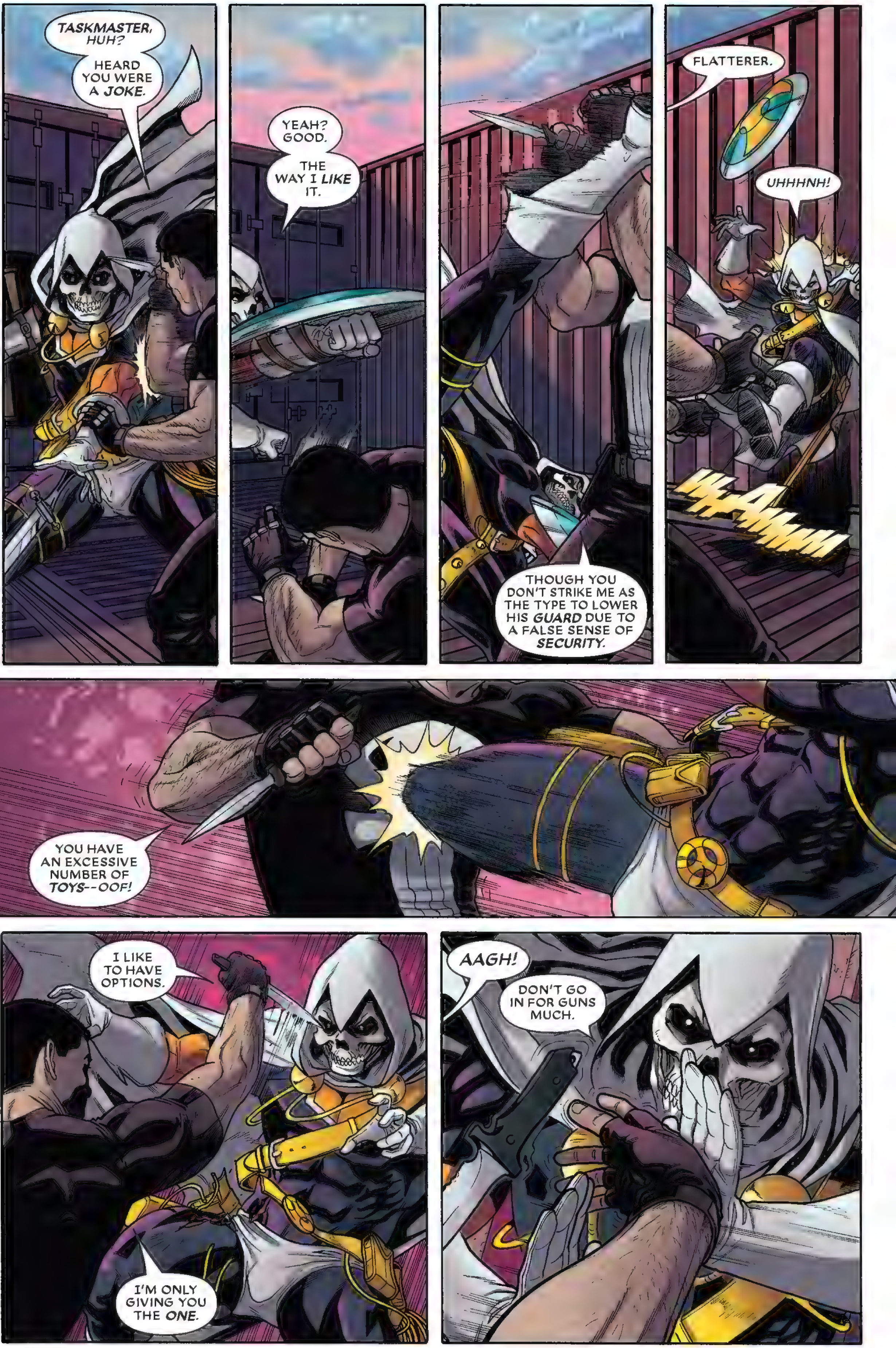

"THE SKULL MEN ARE *FIGHTING*.
"THEY'VE BEEN FIGHTING *FOREVER*."

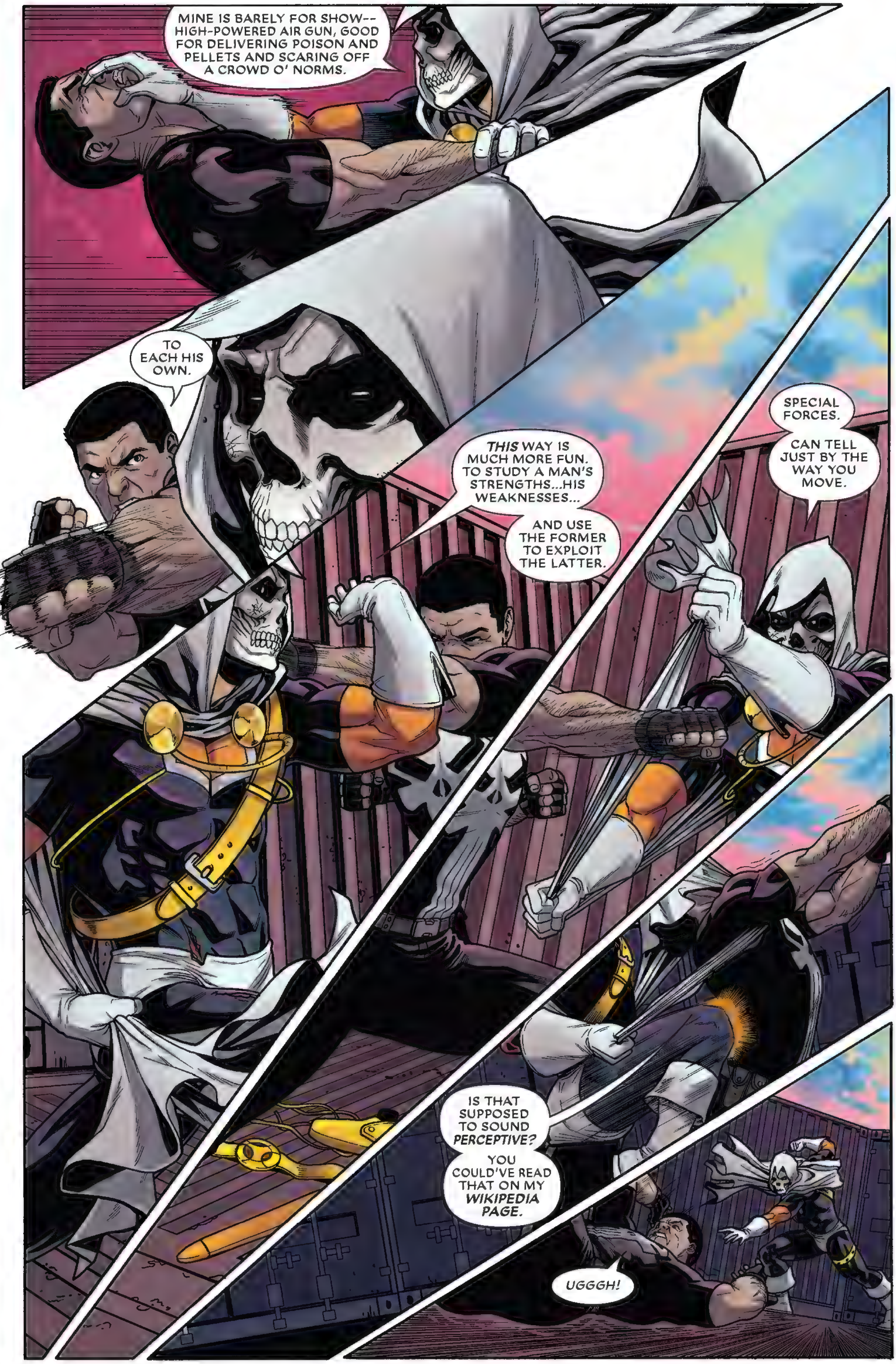

REALLY?
MAYBE THIS *IS* THE AFTERLIFE.
I KEEP HAVING THIS RECURRING DREAM...
IT'S *NOT* THE AFTERLIFE.
YEAH? HOW DO YOU KNOW, SMARTY-PANTS? THEY TEACHING EXISTENTIALISM IN THE SECOND GRADE ALL OF A SUDDEN OR SOMETHING?
BECAUSE...
BECAUSE... *MOMMY'S* NOT HERE.
WAIT. WHAT?
WHAT?
HOW?
THE *SKULL MAN* KILLED HER.
WHICH... THIS IS *IMPORTANT*, HUD.
WHICH SKULL MAN?
WE RAN FROM SKULL *CHEST*...
...AND THEN SKULL *HEAD* FOUND US.
I WISH THEY WERE *BOTH* DEAD.
I WISH THEY WERE *ALL* DEAD.

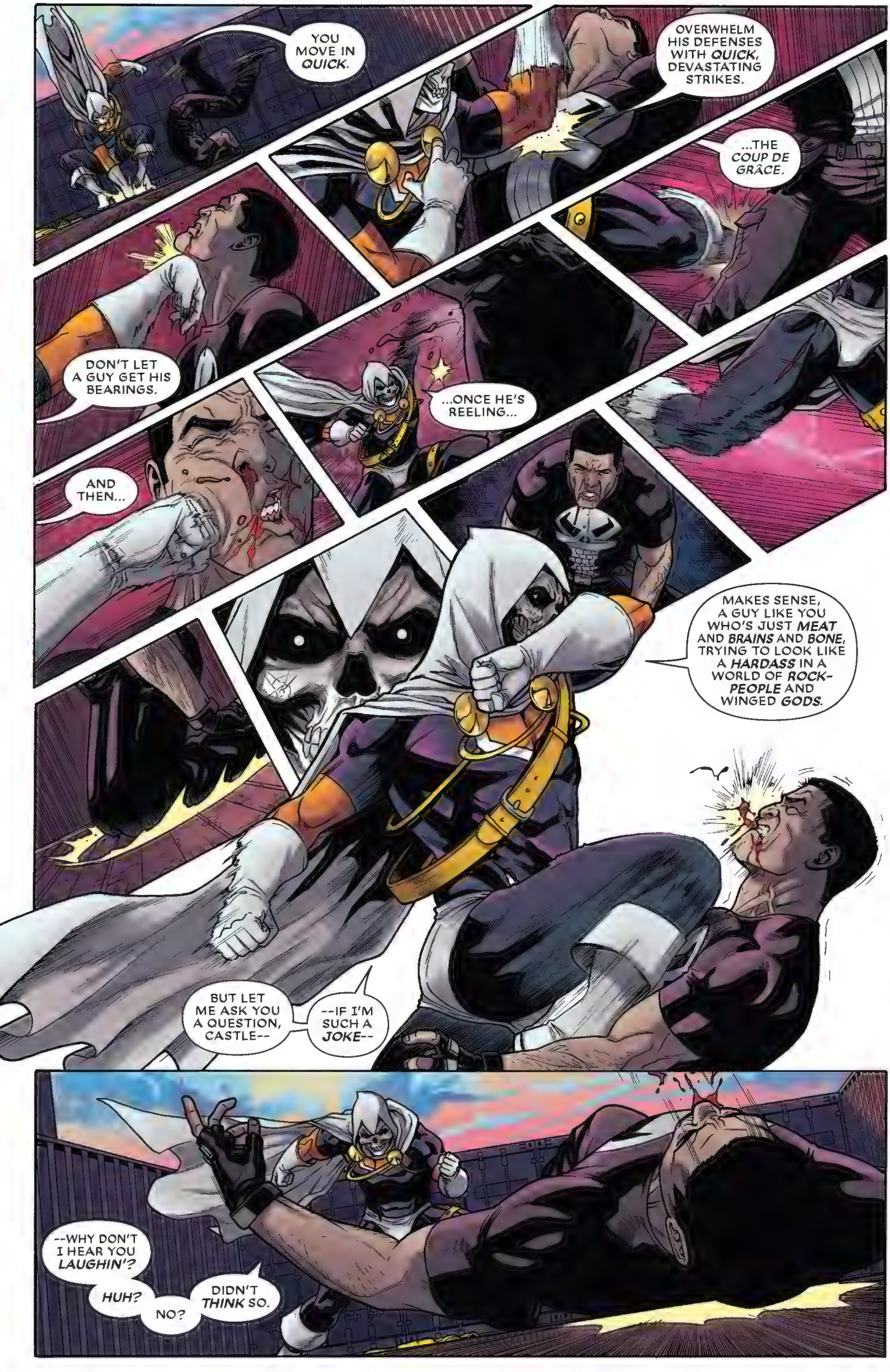

THAT CAN BE ARRANGED.
WAIT HERE, KID.

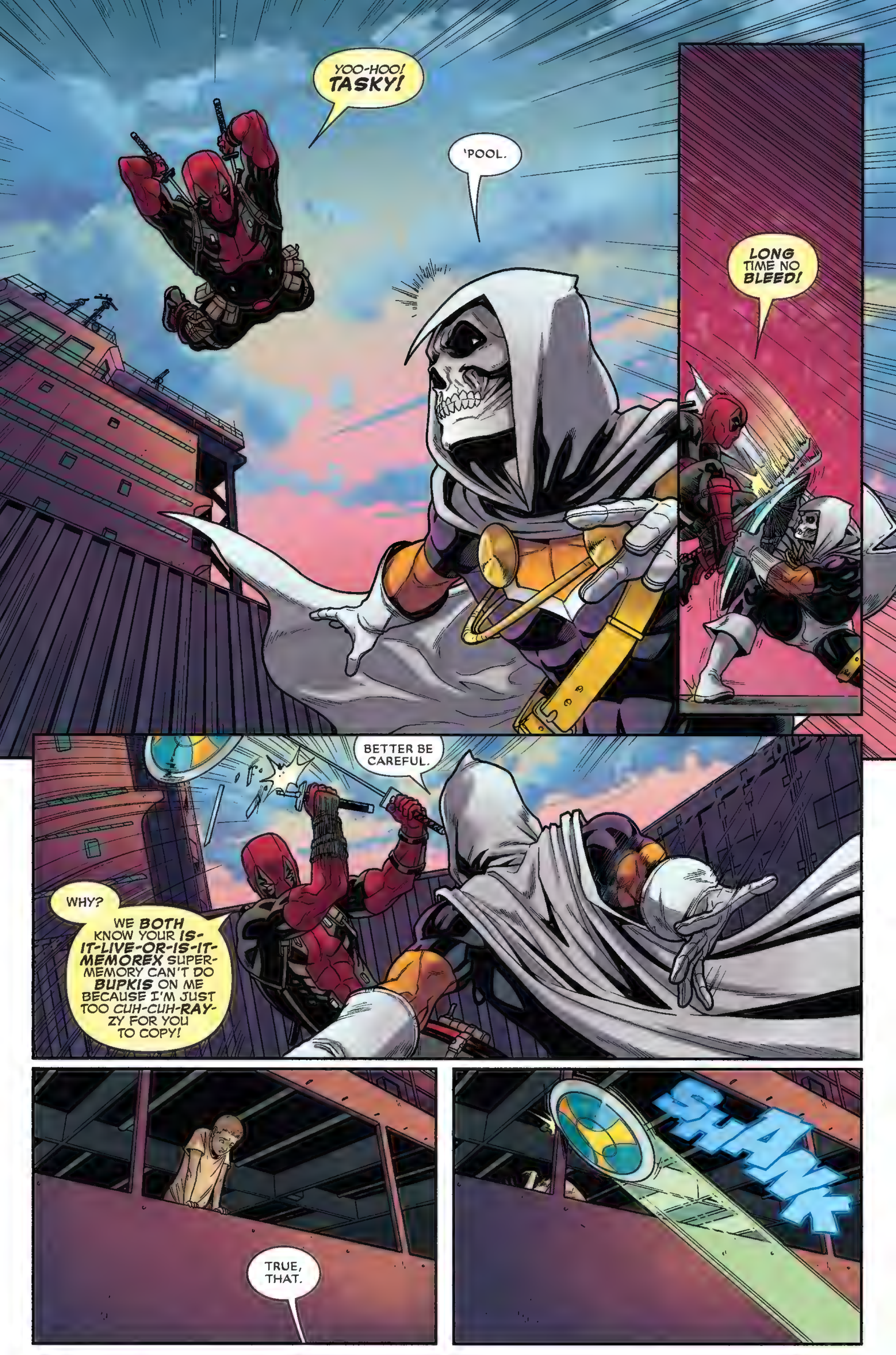

FUP FUP FUP FUP FUP FUP
MR. BANKS? IS THIS AN UNSCHEDULED INSPECTION, OR--
I'M HERE TO *GREET* UNEXPECTED *COMPANY*. LOOK SHARP.
TASKMASTER HAS SEIZED CONTROL OF...
...OF THE *RECEPTACLE* FOR ALL OUR ACCOUNT NUMBERS.
OF THE COMBINATION TO THE *OFFSHORE VAULT*.
SO I NEED YOU TO ATTACK ANY VESSELS YOU SEE APPROACH. *ANY* VESSELS.
WOULD YOU LIKE A SIDEARM, SIR?

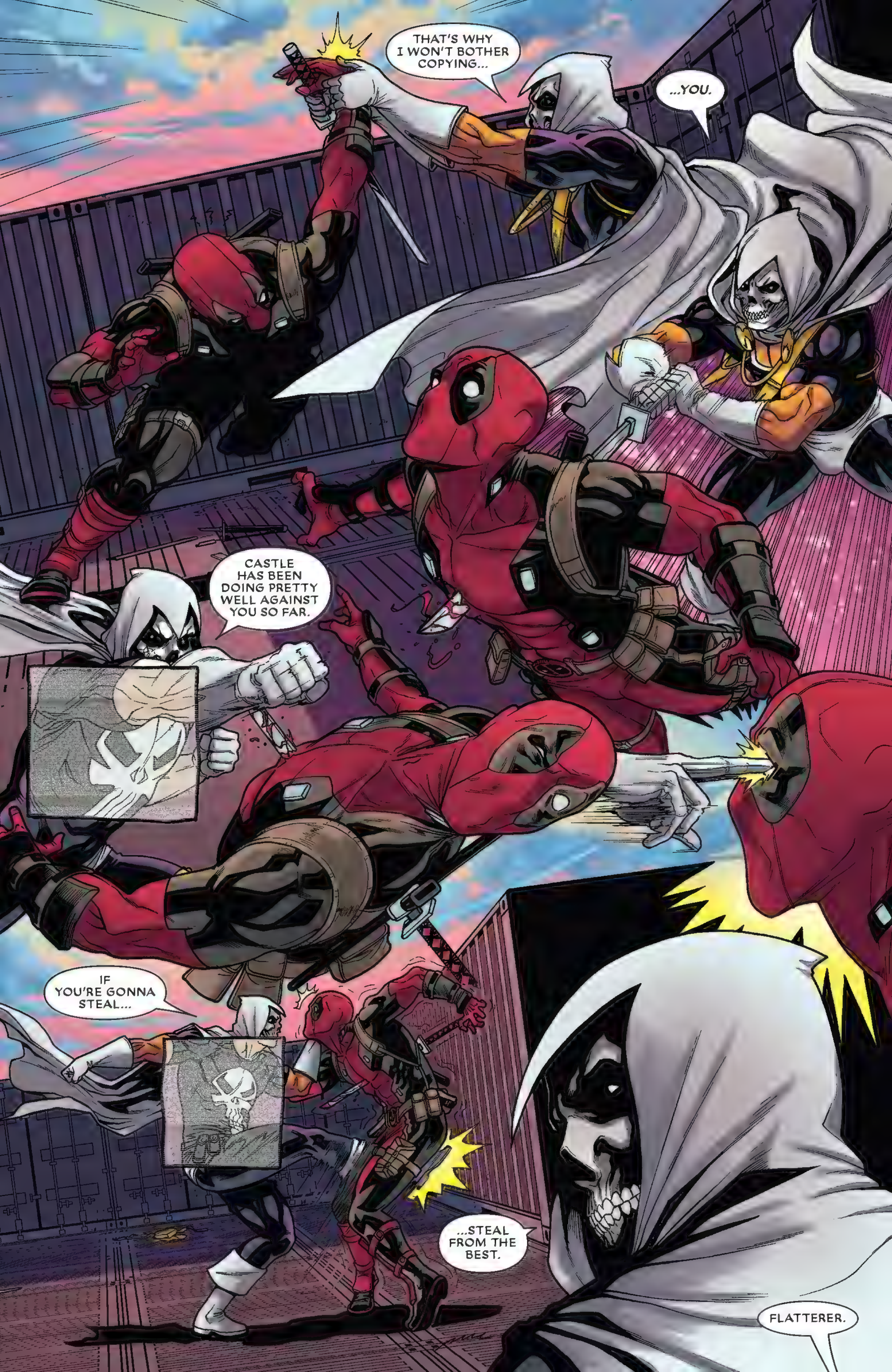

WHAT? NO, I DON'T WANT A GODDAMN SIDEARM.
I HAVE OTHER SKILL SETS TO LEVERAGE.
THE GUN-THUGGERY I LEAVE TO YOU LOT.
VERY WISE, SIR.
WE ARE THE VERY BEST.
AND YOU REMEMBER WHO TRAINED US, RIGHT?

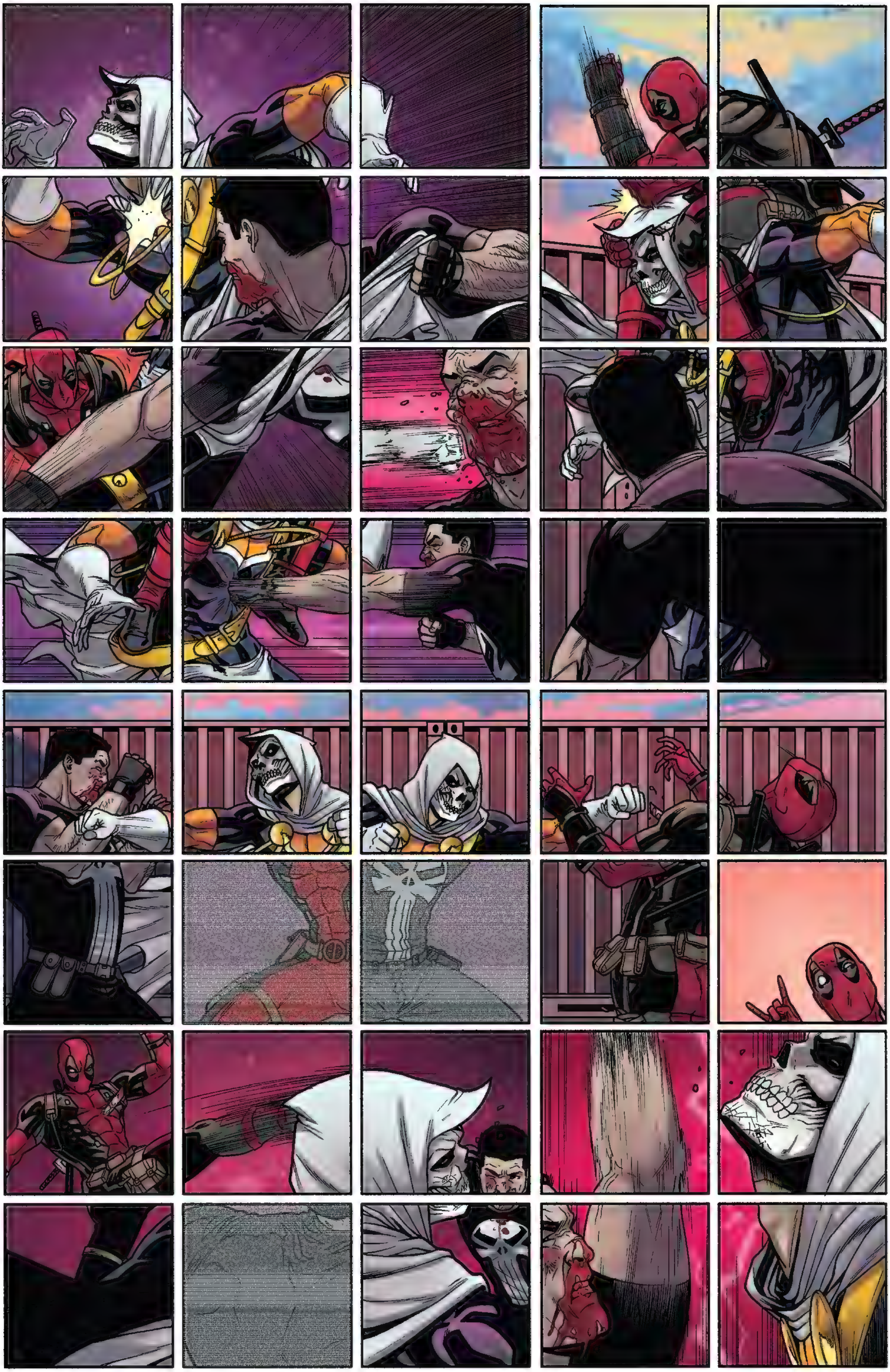

TASKMASTER, HUH?
HEARD YOU WERE A JOKE.
YEAH? GOOD.
THE WAY I LIKE IT.
THOUGH YOU DON'T STRIKE ME AS THE TYPE TO LOWER HIS GUARD DUE TO A FALSE SENSE OF SECURITY.
FLATTERER.
UHHHNH!
YOU HAVE AN EXCESSIVE NUMBER OF TOYS--OOF!
I LIKE TO HAVE OPTIONS.
I'M ONLY GIVING YOU THE ONE.
AAGH!
DON'T GO IN FOR GUNS MUCH.

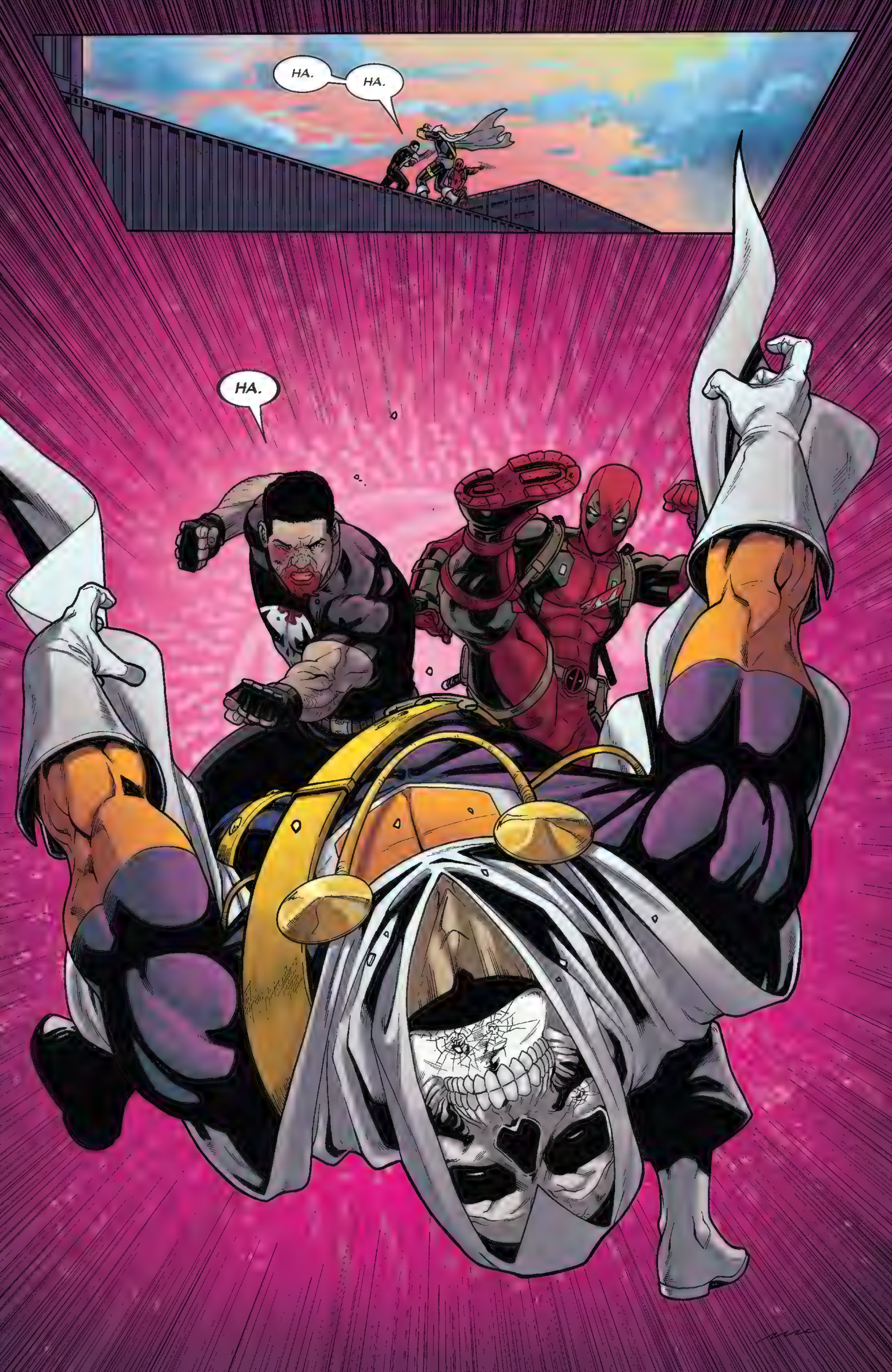

MINE IS BARELY FOR SHOW-- HIGH-POWERED AIR GUN, GOOD FOR DELIVERING POISON AND PELLETS AND SCARING OFF A CROWD O' NORMS.
TO EACH HIS OWN.
THIS WAY IS MUCH MORE FUN. TO STUDY A MAN'S STRENGTHS...HIS WEAKNESSES...
AND USE THE FORMER TO EXPLOIT THE LATTER.
SPECIAL FORCES.
CAN TELL JUST BY THE WAY YOU MOVE.
IS THAT SUPPOSED TO SOUND *PERCEPTIVE?*
YOU COULD'VE READ THAT ON MY *WIKIPEDIA* PAGE.
UGGGH!

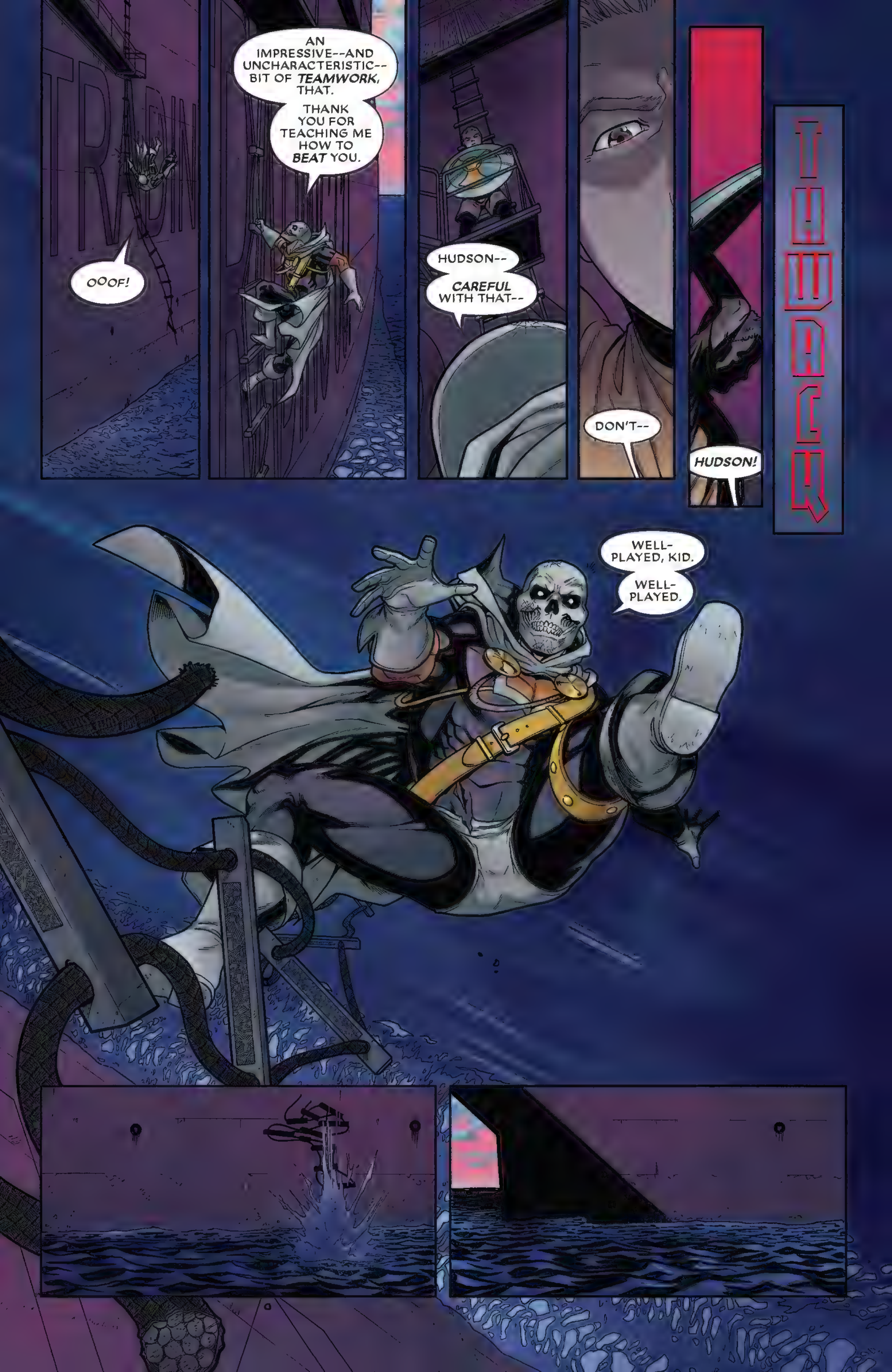

YOU MOVE IN *QUICK*.
OVERWHELM HIS DEFENSES WITH *QUICK*, DEVASTATING STRIKES.
...THE *COUP DE GRÂCE*.
DON'T LET A GUY GET HIS BEARINGS.
...ONCE HE'S REELING...
AND THEN...
MAKES SENSE, A GUY LIKE YOU WHO'S JUST *MEAT* AND *BRAINS* AND *BONE*, TRYING TO LOOK LIKE A *HARDASS* IN A WORLD OF *ROCK-PEOPLE* AND WINGED *GODS*.
BUT LET ME ASK YOU A QUESTION, CASTLE--
--IF I'M SUCH A *JOKE*--
--WHY DON'T I HEAR YOU *LAUGHIN'?*
HUH?
NO?
DIDN'T *THINK* SO.

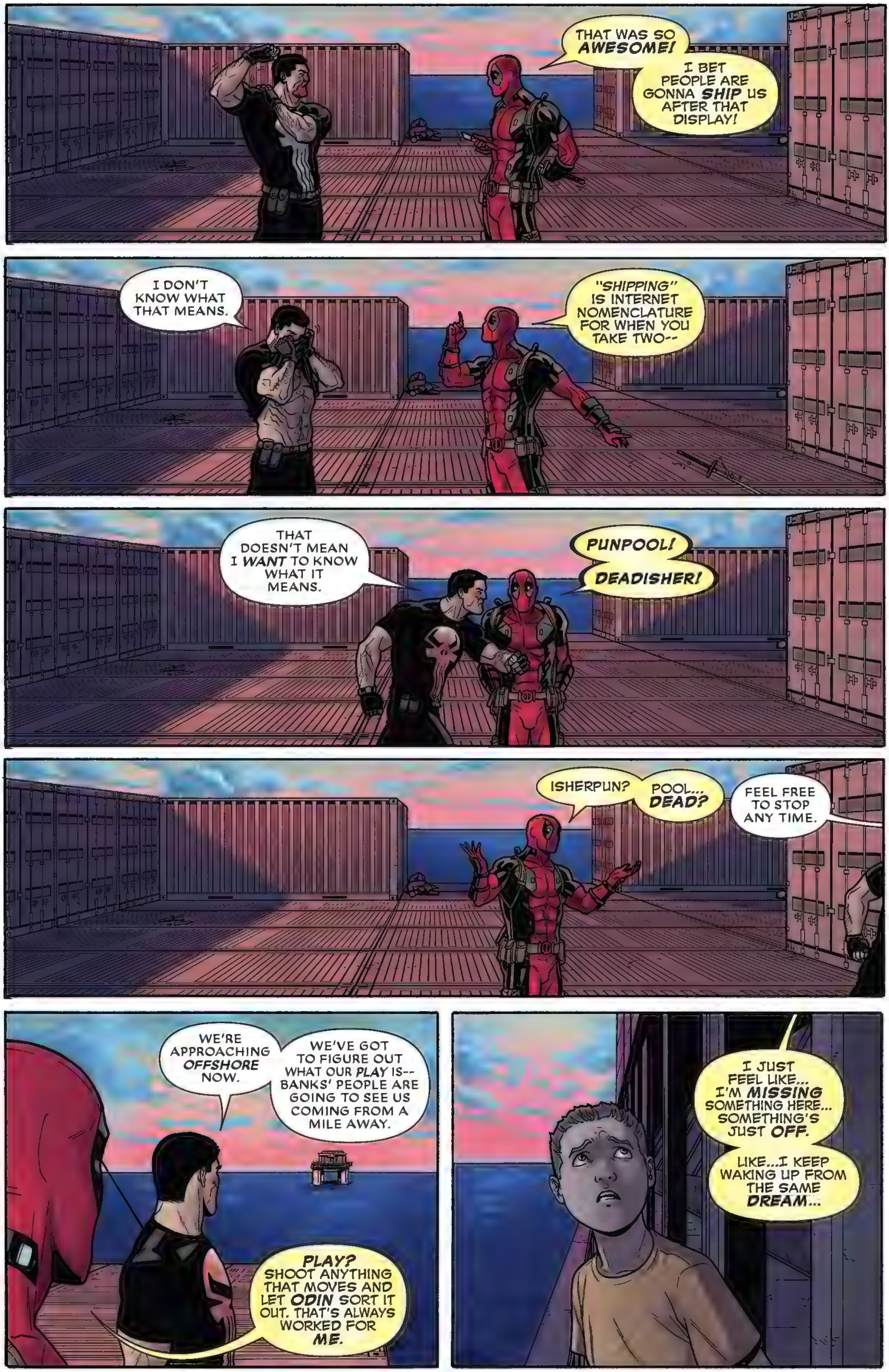

YOO-HOO! TASKY!
'POOL.
LONG TIME NO BLEED!
BETTER BE CAREFUL.
WHY?
WE BOTH KNOW YOUR IS-IT-LIVE-OR-IS-IT-MEMOREX SUPER-MEMORY CAN'T DO BUPKIS ON ME BECAUSE I'M JUST TOO CUH-CUH-RAY-ZY FOR YOU TO COPY!
TRUE, THAT.
SHANK

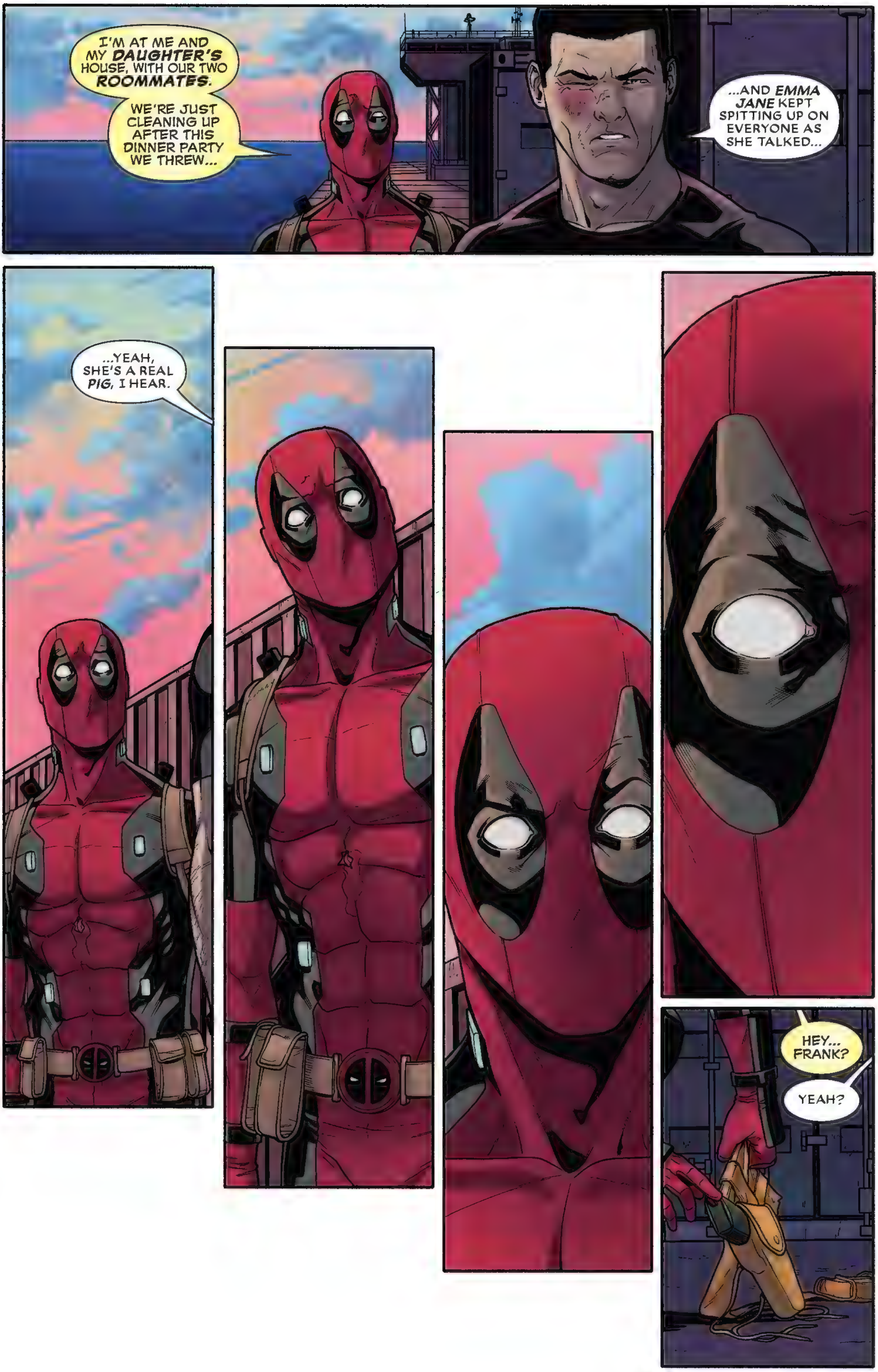

THAT'S WHY I WON'T BOTHER COPYING...
...YOU.
CASTLE HAS BEEN DOING PRETTY WELL AGAINST YOU SO FAR.
IF YOU'RE GONNA STEAL...
...STEAL FROM THE BEST.
FLATTERER.

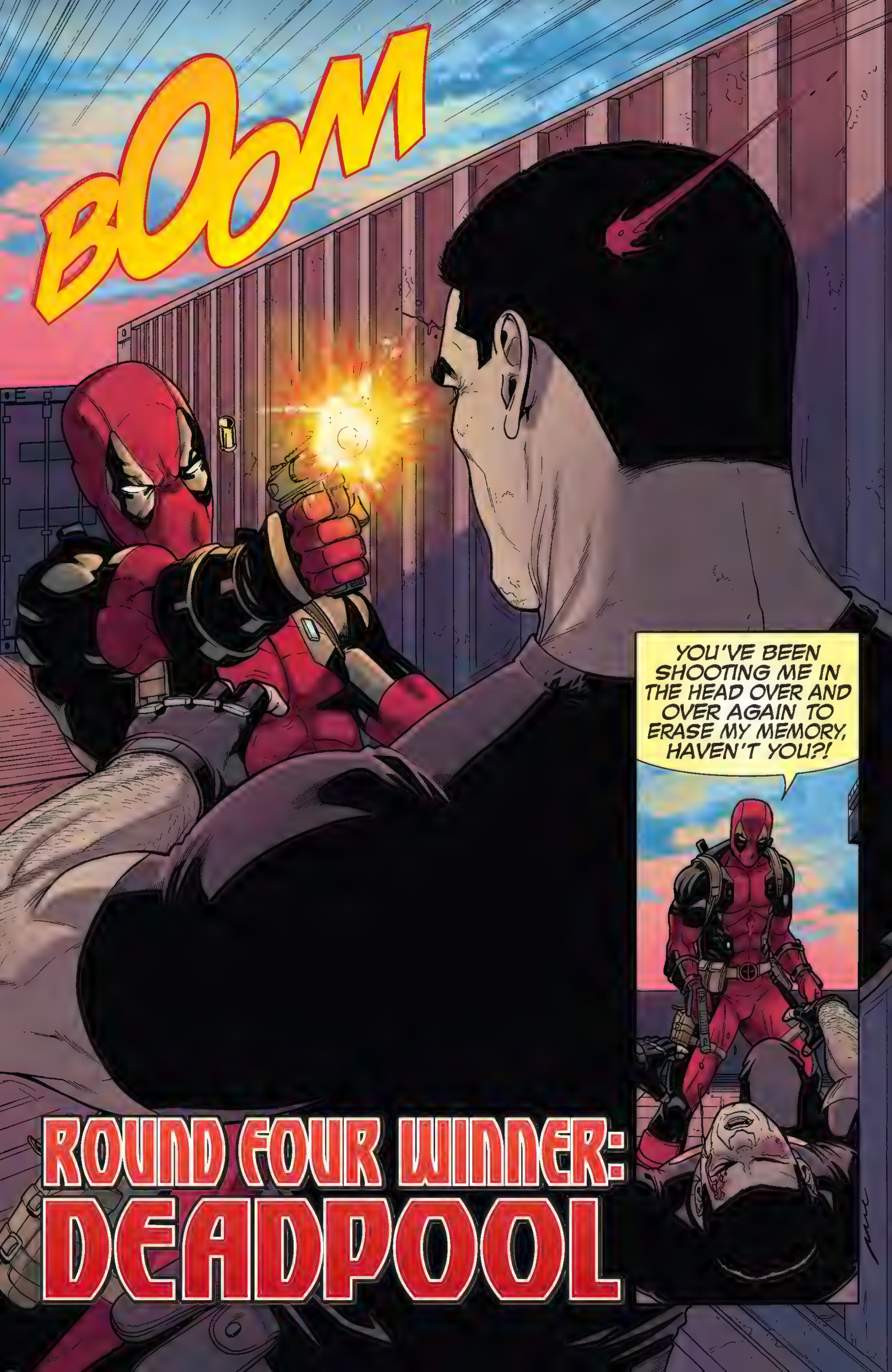



HA.
HA.
HA.

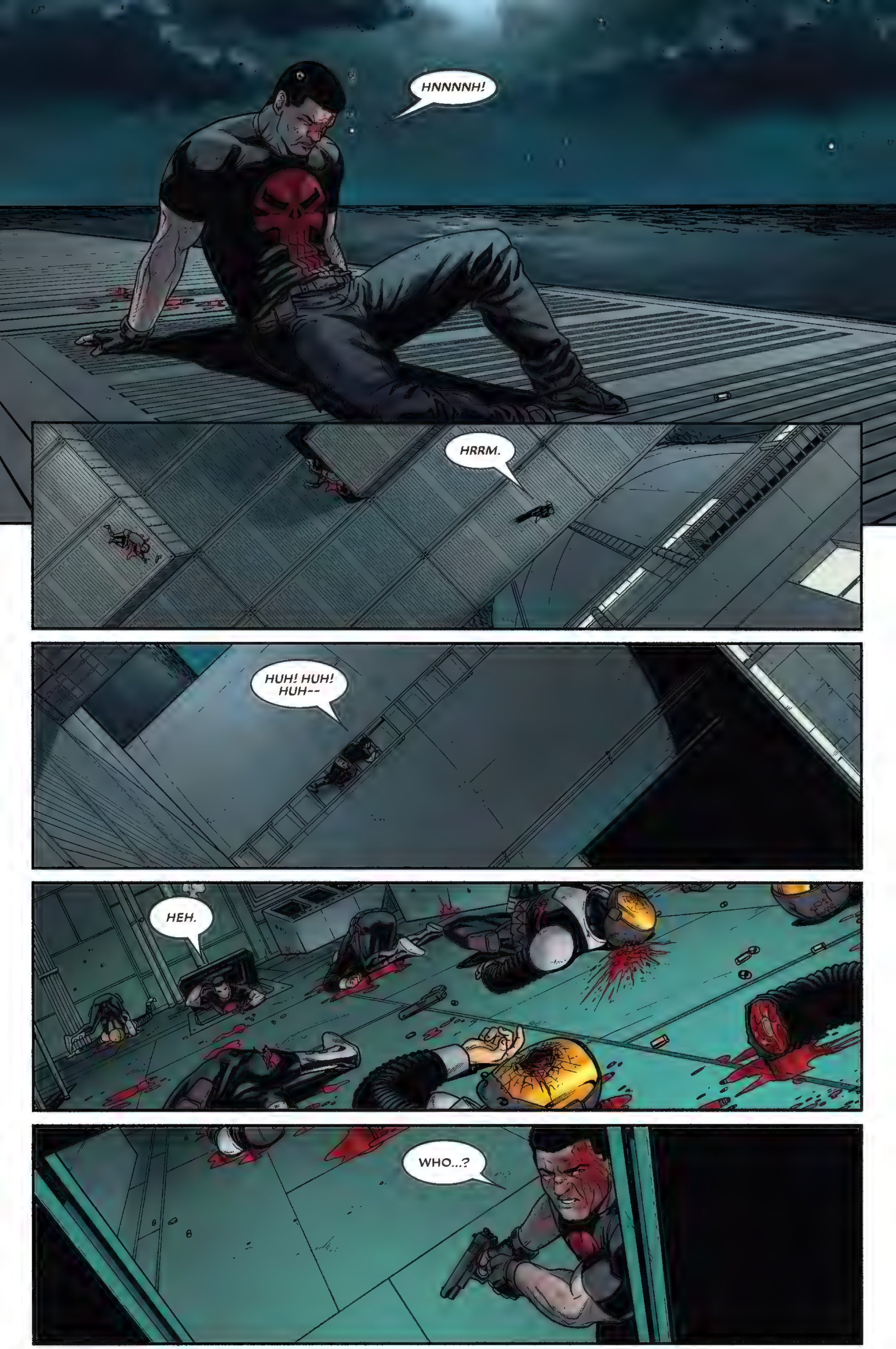

OOOF!
AN IMPRESSIVE--AND UNCHARACTERISTIC--BIT OF *TEAMWORK,* THAT.
THANK YOU FOR TEACHING ME HOW TO *BEAT* YOU.
HUDSON--
CAREFUL WITH THAT--
DON'T--
HUDSON!
THWACK
WELL-PLAYED, KID.
WELL-PLAYED.

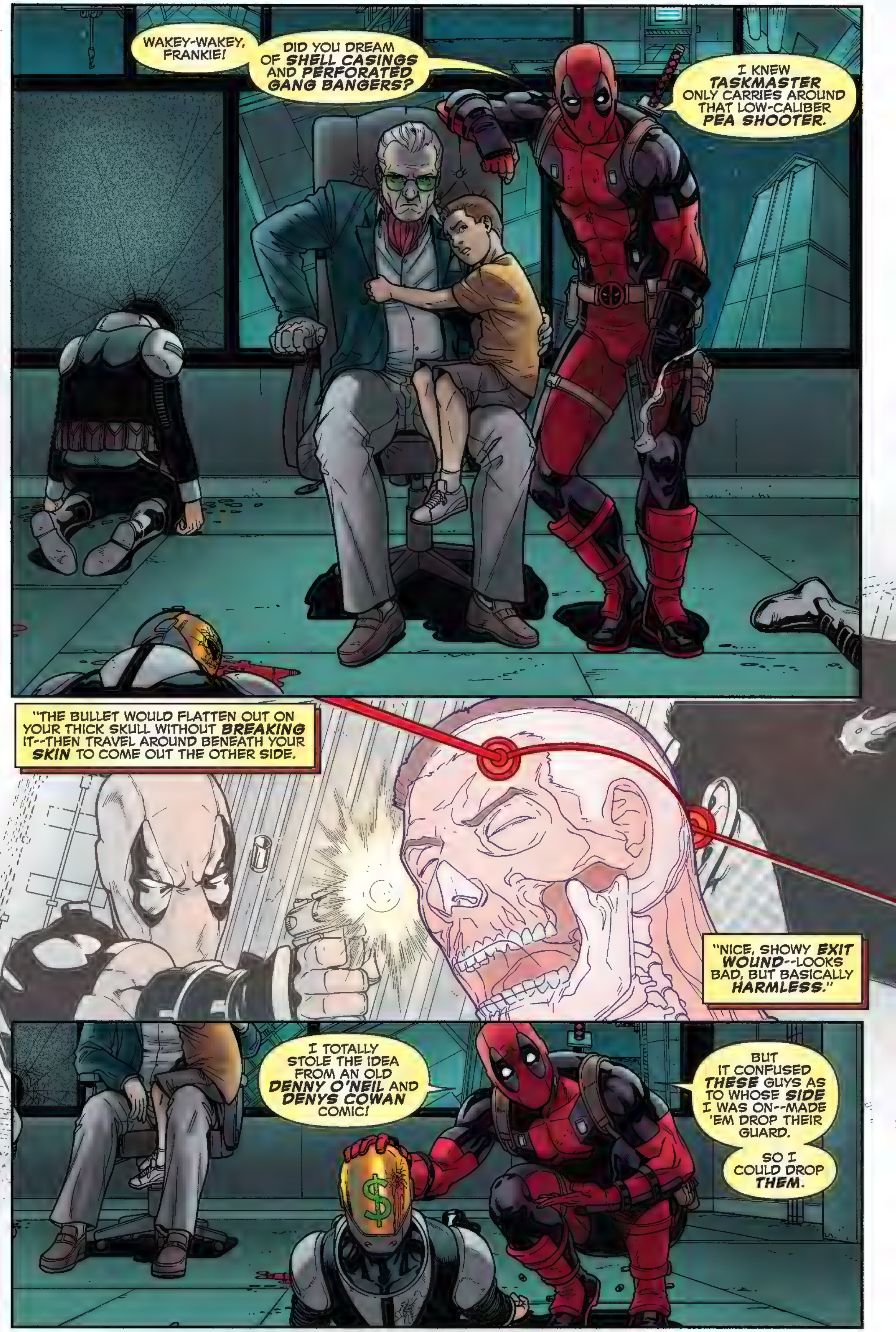

THAT WAS SO **AWESOME!**
I BET PEOPLE ARE GONNA ***SHIP*** US AFTER THAT DISPLAY!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS.
"***SHIPPING***" IS INTERNET NOMENCLATURE FOR WHEN YOU TAKE TWO--
THAT DOESN'T MEAN I ***WANT*** TO KNOW WHAT IT MEANS.
PUNPOOL!
DEADISHER!
ISHERPUN?
POOL... ***DEAD?***
FEEL FREE TO STOP ANY TIME.
WE'RE APPROACHING ***OFFSHORE*** NOW.
WE'VE GOT TO FIGURE OUT WHAT OUR ***PLAY*** IS-- BANKS' PEOPLE ARE GOING TO SEE US COMING FROM A MILE AWAY.
PLAY? SHOOT ANYTHING THAT MOVES AND LET ***ODIN*** SORT IT OUT. THAT'S ALWAYS WORKED FOR ***ME.***
I JUST FEEL LIKE... I'M ***MISSING*** SOMETHING HERE... SOMETHING'S JUST ***OFF.***
LIKE...I KEEP WAKING UP FROM THE SAME ***DREAM...***

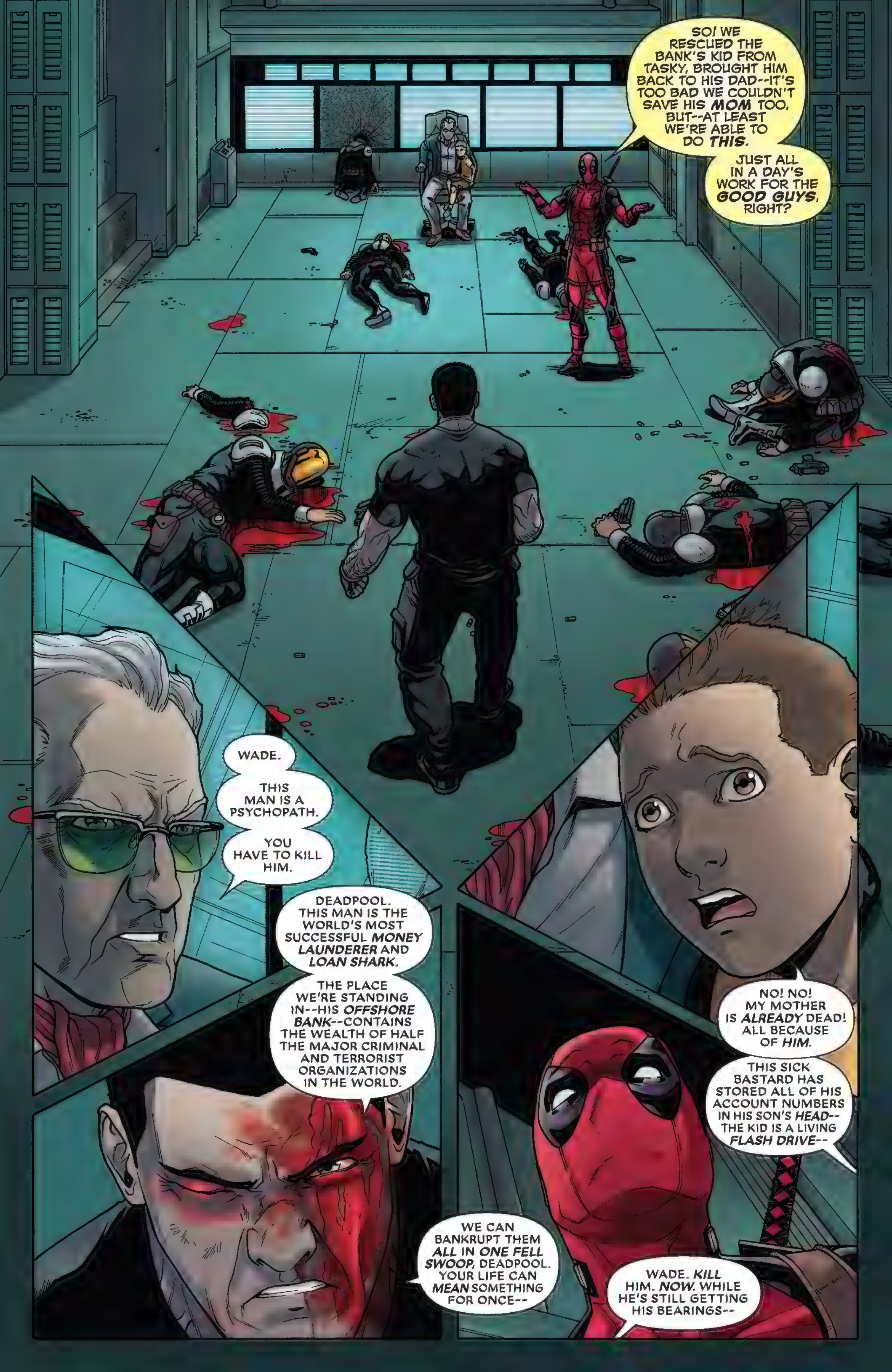

I'M AT ME AND MY **DAUGHTER'S** HOUSE, WITH OUR TWO **ROOMMATES**.
WE'RE JUST CLEANING UP AFTER THIS DINNER PARTY WE THREW...
...AND ***EMMA JANE*** KEPT SPITTING UP ON EVERYONE AS SHE TALKED...
...YEAH, SHE'S A REAL ***PIG***, I HEAR.
HEY... FRANK?
YEAH?

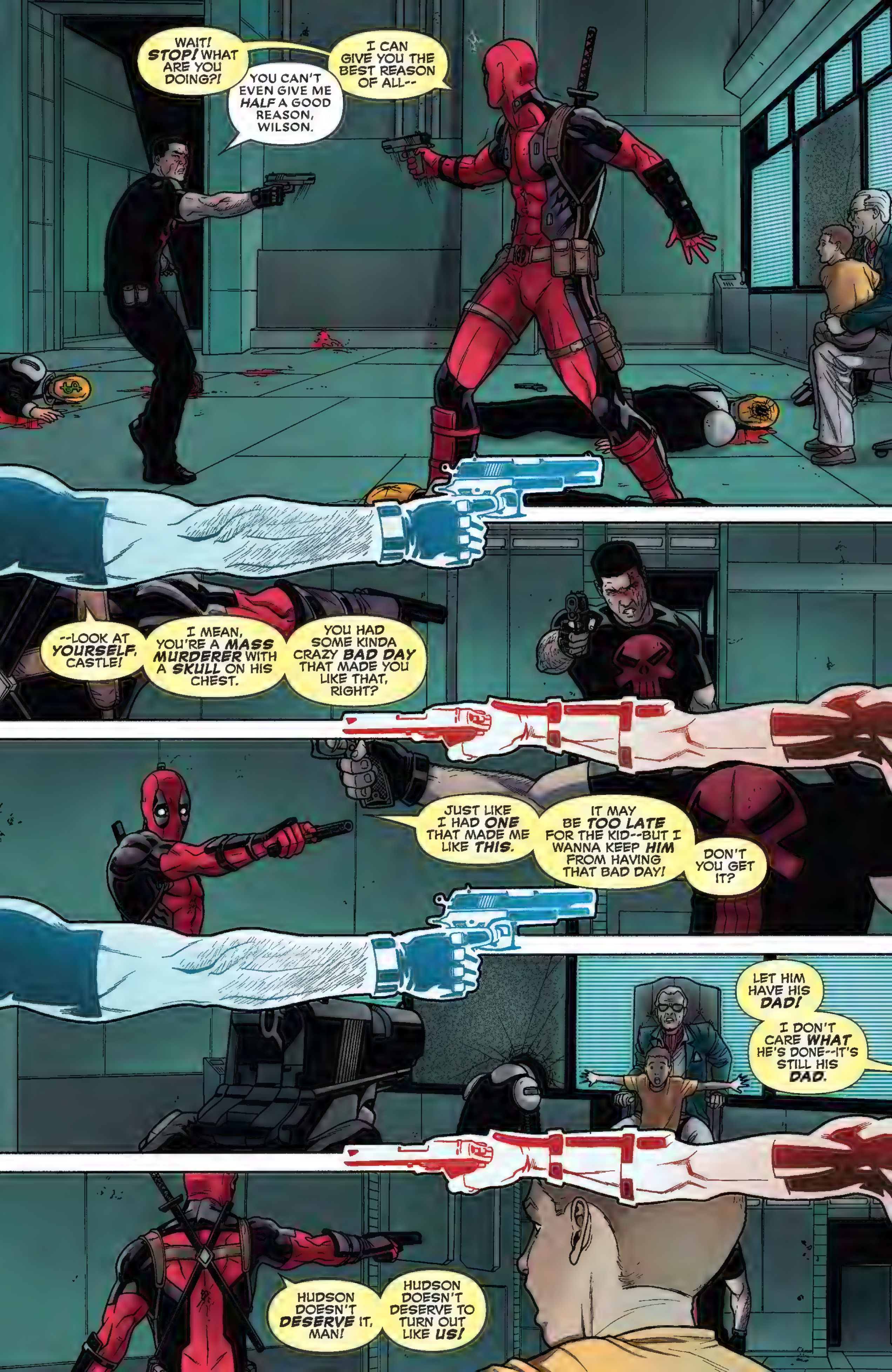

BOOM
YOU'VE BEEN SHOOTING ME IN THE HEAD OVER AND OVER AGAIN TO ERASE MY MEMORY, HAVEN'T YOU?!
ROUND FOUR WINNER:
DEADPOOL

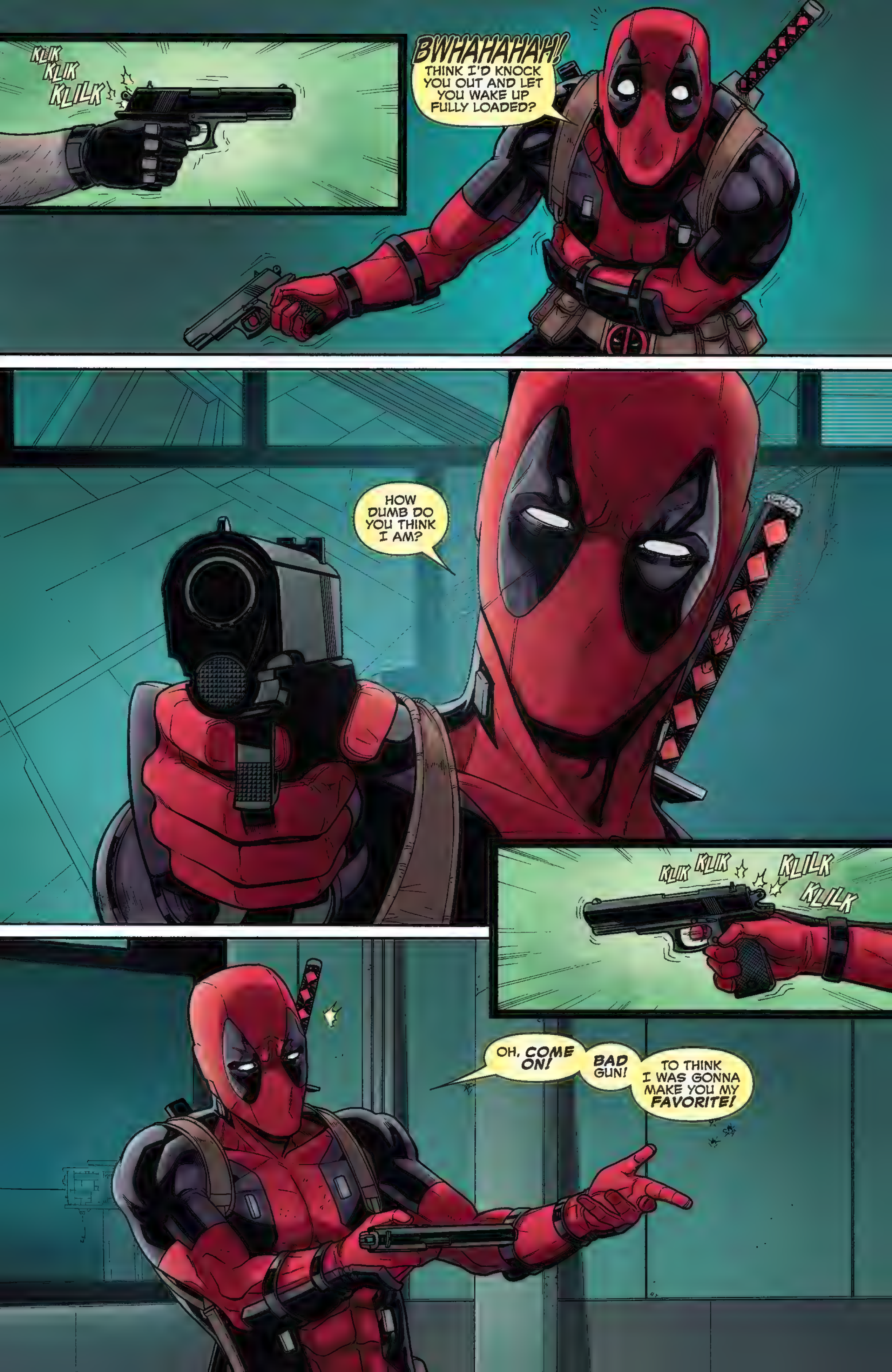
DEADPOOL VERSUS THE PUNISHER #5

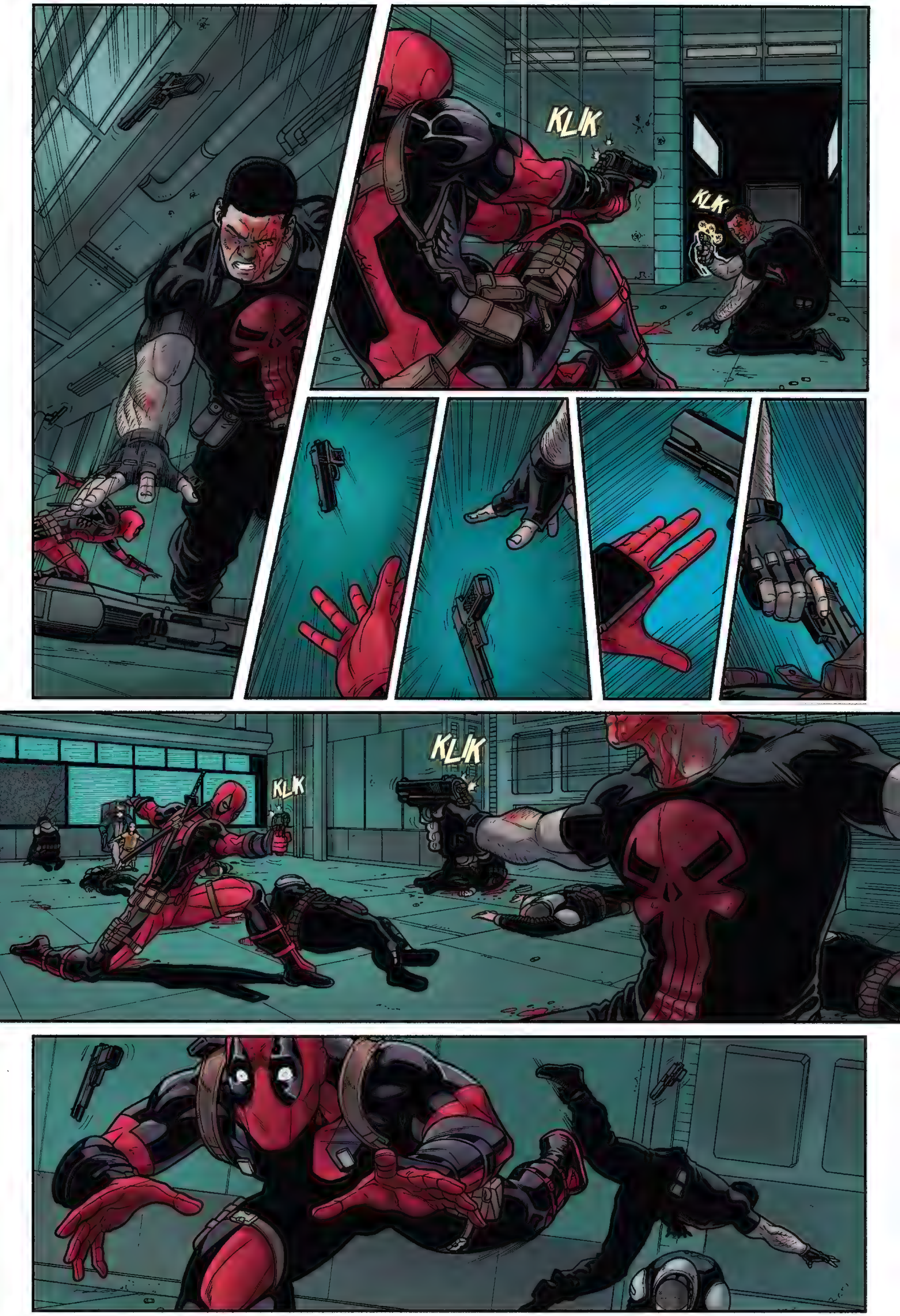

HNNNNH!
HRRM.
HUH! HUH! HUH--
HEH.
WHO...?

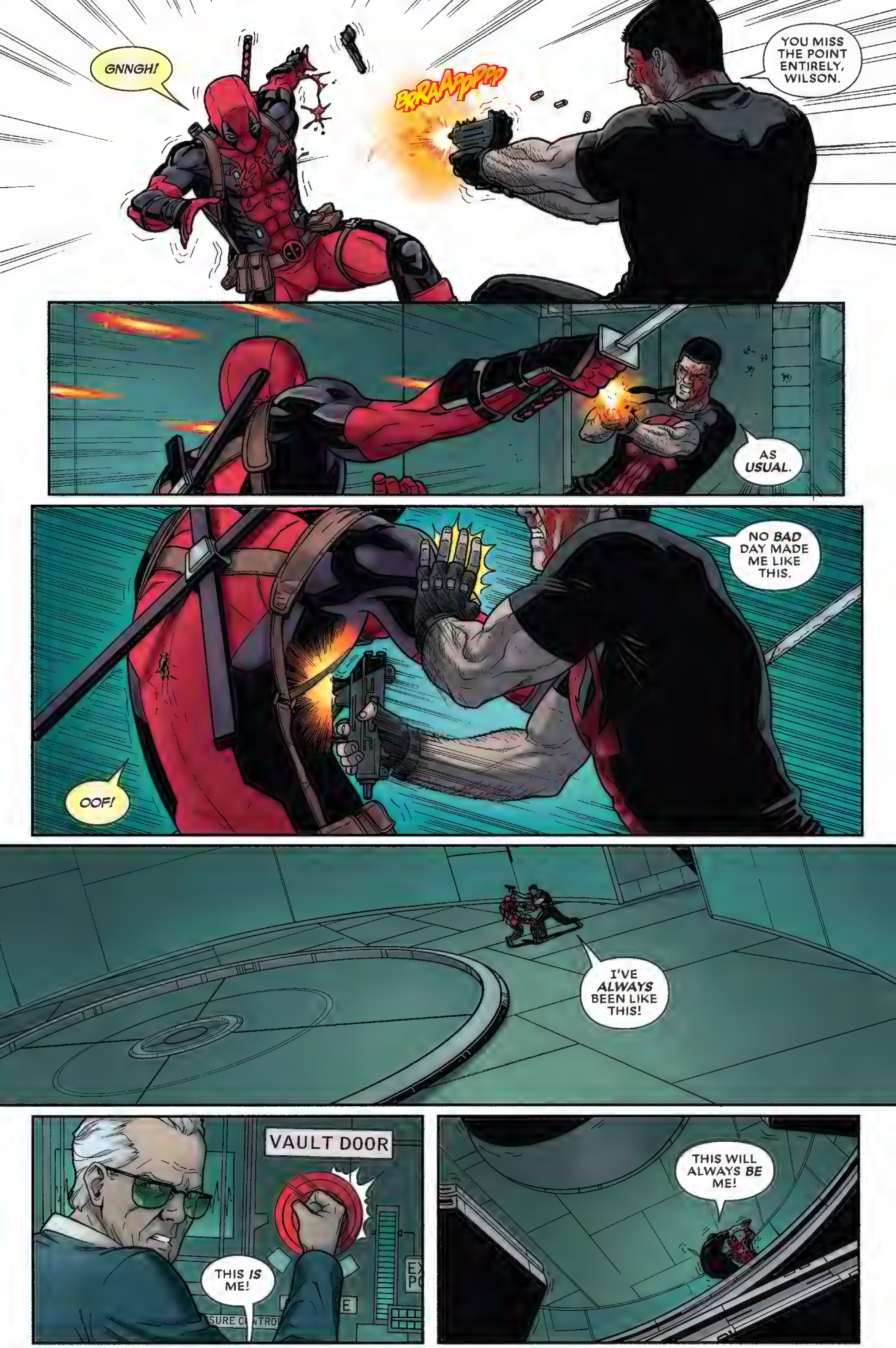

WAKEY-WAKEY, FRANKIE!
DID YOU DREAM OF **SHELL CASINGS** AND **PERFORATED GANG BANGERS?**
I KNEW **TASKMASTER** ONLY CARRIES AROUND THAT LOW-CALIBER **PEA SHOOTER.**
"THE BULLET WOULD FLATTEN OUT ON YOUR THICK SKULL WITHOUT **BREAKING** IT--THEN TRAVEL AROUND BENEATH YOUR **SKIN** TO COME OUT THE OTHER SIDE.
"NICE, SHOWY **EXIT WOUND**--LOOKS BAD, BUT BASICALLY **HARMLESS.**"
I TOTALLY STOLE THE IDEA FROM AN OLD **DENNY O'NEIL** AND **DENYS COWAN** COMIC!
BUT IT CONFUSED **THESE** GUYS AS TO WHOSE **SIDE** I WAS ON--MADE 'EM DROP THEIR GUARD.
SO I COULD DROP **THEM.**

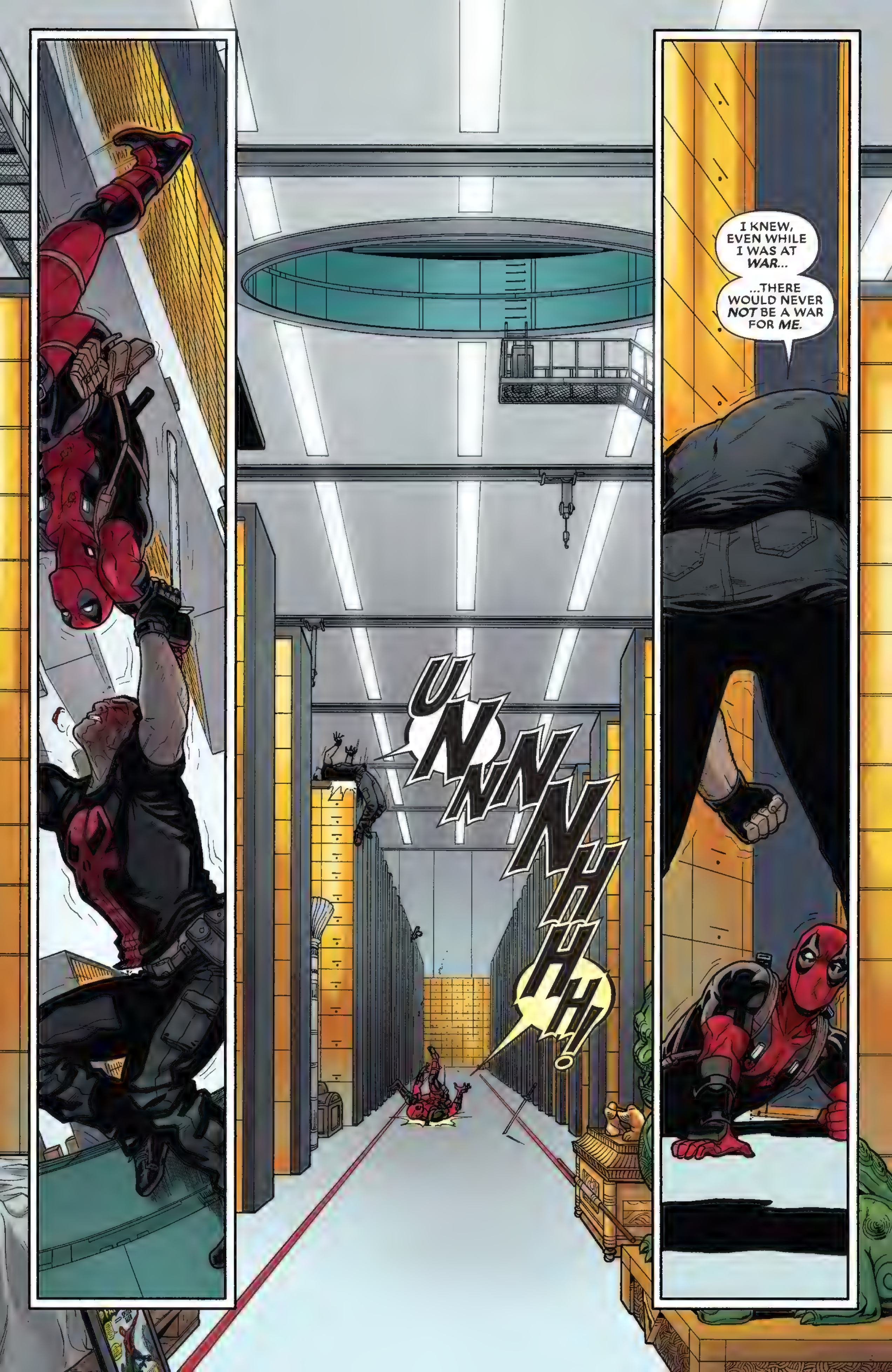

SO! WE RESCUED THE BANK'S KID FROM TASKY, BROUGHT HIM BACK TO HIS DAD--IT'S TOO BAD WE COULDN'T SAVE HIS MOM TOO, BUT--AT LEAST WE'RE ABLE TO DO THIS.
JUST ALL IN A DAY'S WORK FOR THE GOOD GUYS, RIGHT?
WADE.
THIS MAN IS A PSYCHOPATH.
YOU HAVE TO KILL HIM.
DEADPOOL. THIS MAN IS THE WORLD'S MOST SUCCESSFUL MONEY LAUNDERER AND LOAN SHARK.
THE PLACE WE'RE STANDING IN--HIS OFFSHORE BANK--CONTAINS THE WEALTH OF HALF THE MAJOR CRIMINAL AND TERRORIST ORGANIZATIONS IN THE WORLD.
NO! NO! MY MOTHER IS ALREADY DEAD! ALL BECAUSE OF HIM.
THIS SICK BASTARD HAS STORED ALL OF HIS ACCOUNT NUMBERS IN HIS SON'S HEAD--THE KID IS A LIVING FLASH DRIVE--
WE CAN BANKRUPT THEM ALL IN ONE FELL SWOOP, DEADPOOL. YOUR LIFE CAN MEAN SOMETHING FOR ONCE--
WADE. KILL HIM. NOW. WHILE HE'S STILL GETTING HIS BEARINGS--

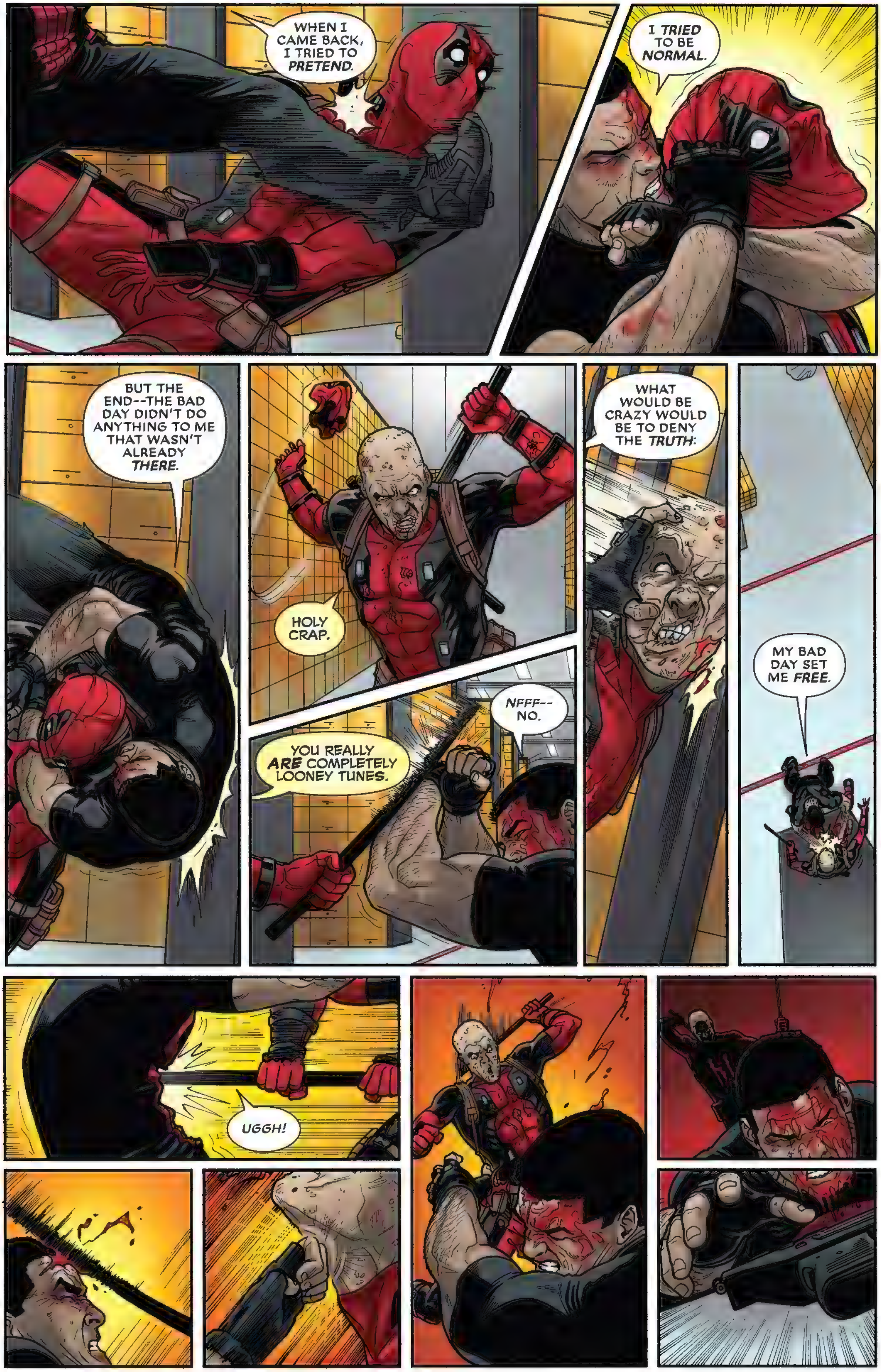

WAIT! **STOP!** WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!
YOU CAN'T EVEN GIVE ME **HALF** A GOOD REASON, WILSON.
I CAN GIVE YOU THE BEST REASON OF ALL--
--LOOK AT **YOURSELF**, CASTLE!
I MEAN, YOU'RE A **MASS MURDERER** WITH A **SKULL** ON HIS CHEST.
YOU HAD SOME KINDA CRAZY **BAD DAY** THAT MADE YOU LIKE THAT, RIGHT?
JUST LIKE I HAD **ONE** THAT MADE ME LIKE **THIS**.
IT MAY BE **TOO LATE** FOR THE KID--BUT I WANNA KEEP **HIM** FROM HAVING THAT BAD DAY!
DON'T YOU GET IT?
LET HIM HAVE HIS **DAD!**
I DON'T CARE **WHAT** HE'S DONE--IT'S STILL HIS **DAD**.
HUDSON DOESN'T **DESERVE** IT, MAN!
HUDSON DOESN'T DESERVE TO TURN OUT LIKE **US!**

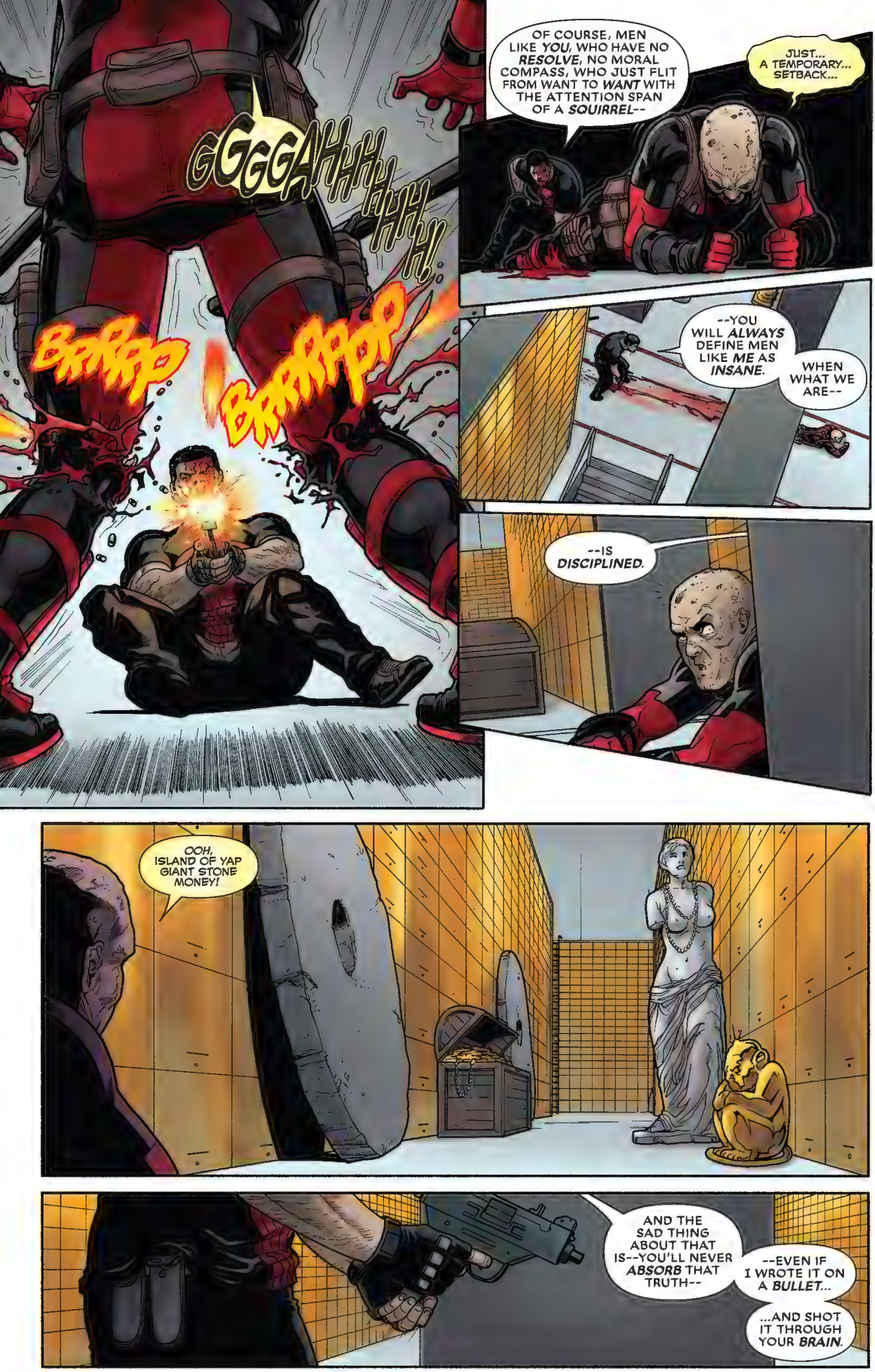

KLIK KLIK KLILK
BWHAHAHAH!
THINK I'D KNOCK YOU OUT AND LET YOU WAKE UP FULLY LOADED?
HOW DUMB DO YOU THINK I AM?
KLIK KLIK KLILK KLILK
OH, COME ON!
BAD GUN!
TO THINK I WAS GONNA MAKE YOU MY FAVORITE!

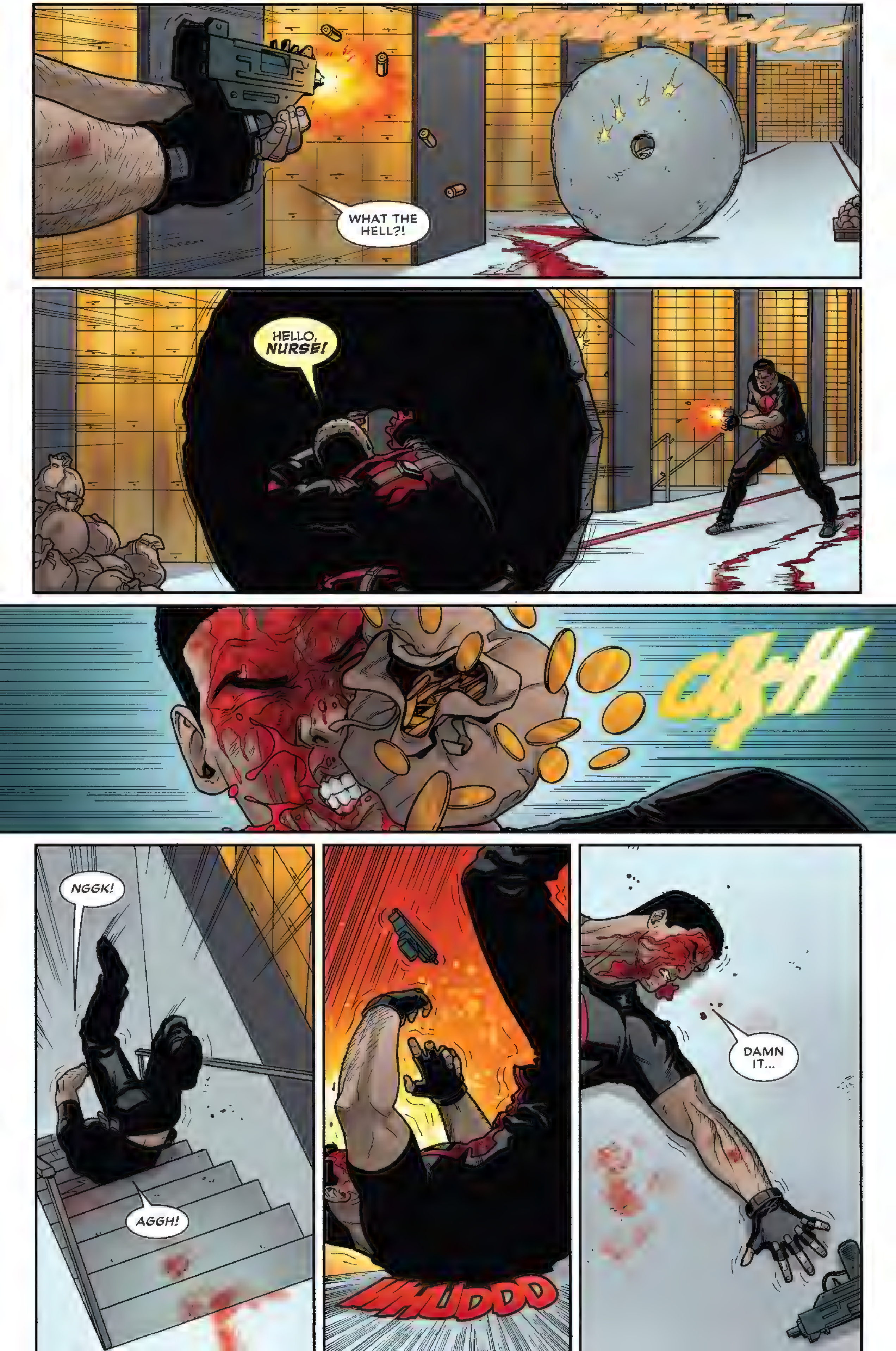

KLIK
KLIK
KLIK
KLIK

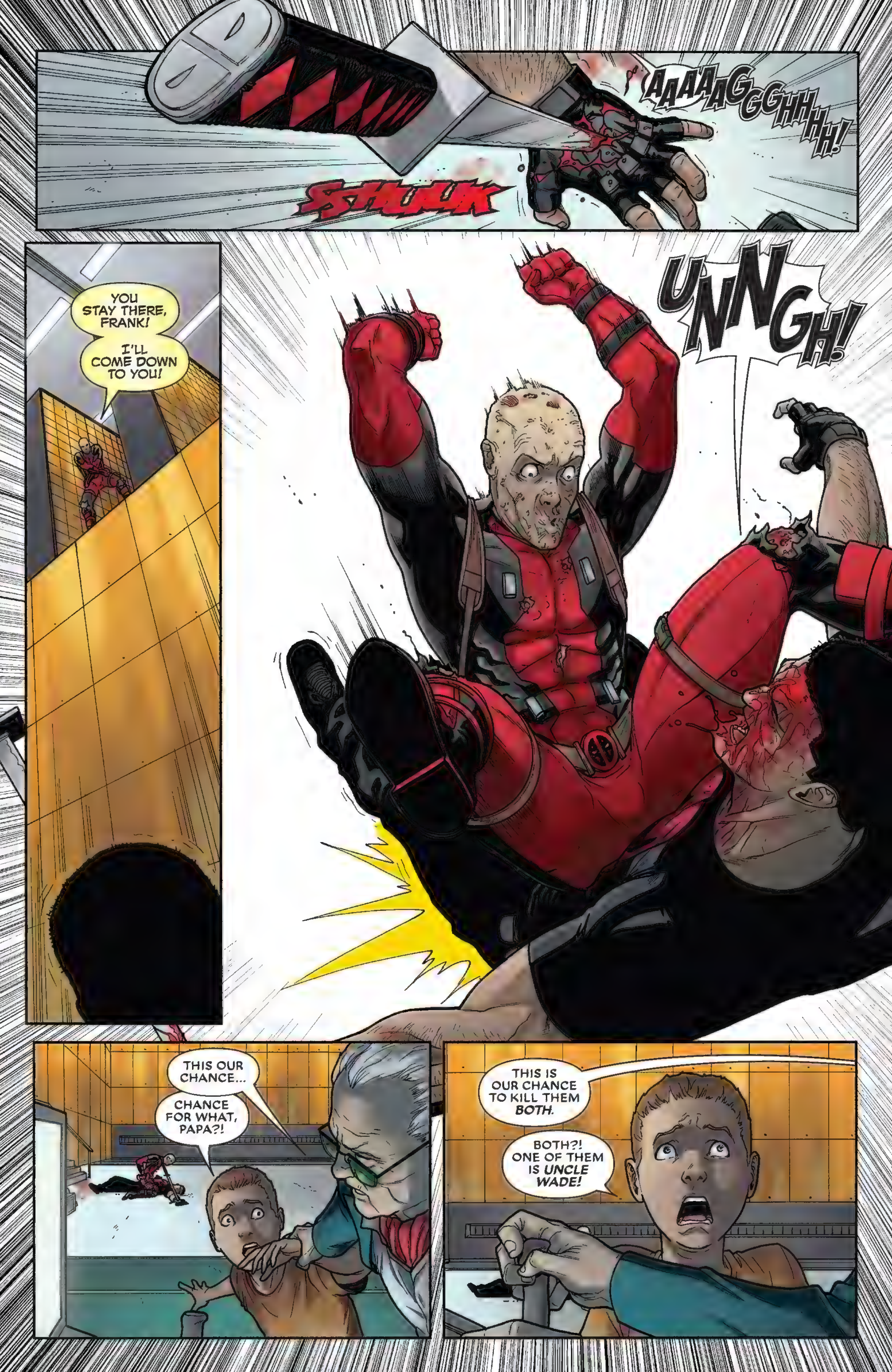

GNNGH!
BRRAAPPPPP
YOU MISS THE POINT ENTIRELY, WILSON.
AS *USUAL.*
NO *BAD* DAY MADE ME LIKE THIS.
OOF!
I'VE *ALWAYS* BEEN LIKE THIS!
VAULT DOOR
THIS *IS* ME!
THIS WILL ALWAYS *BE* ME!

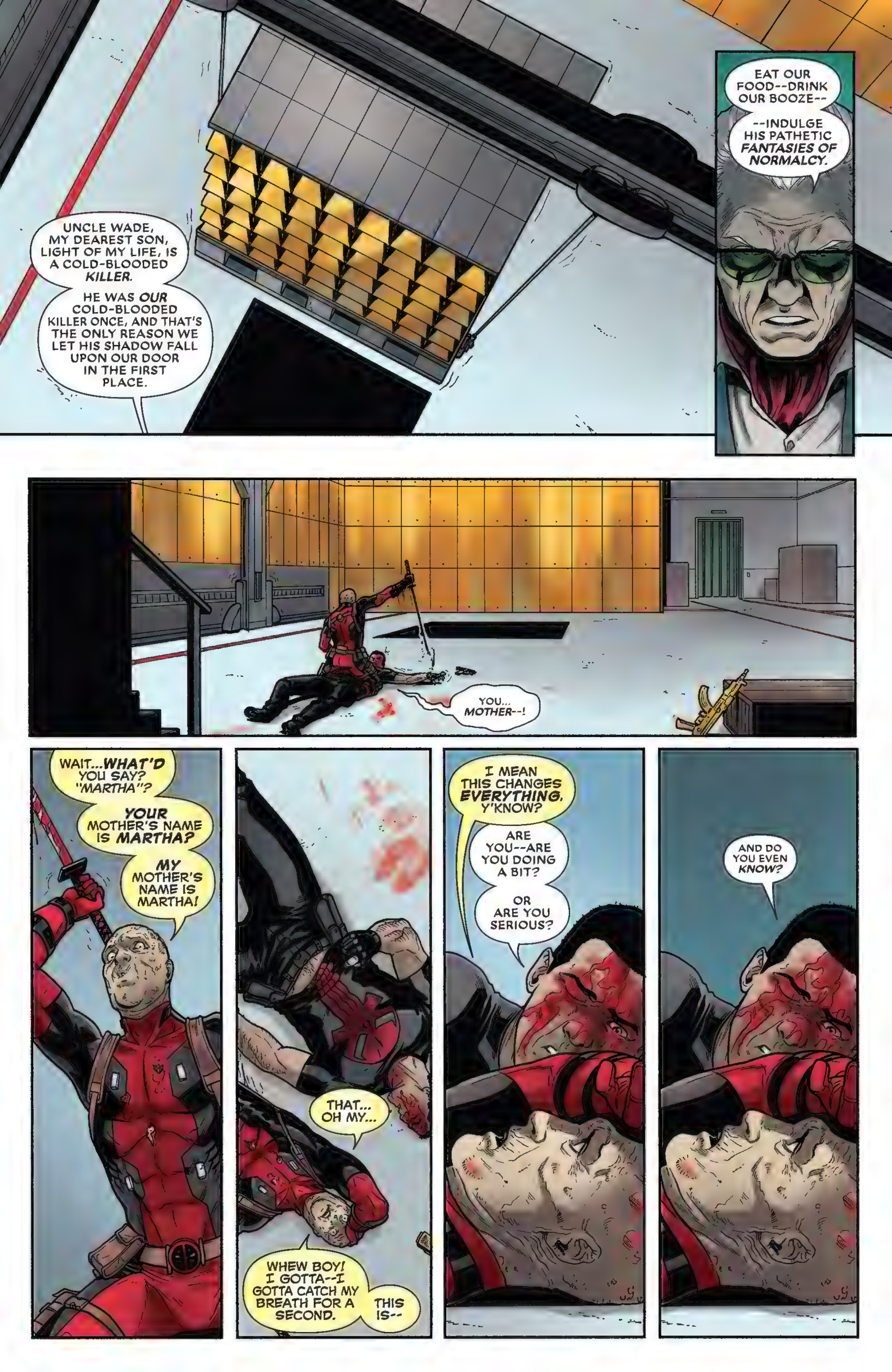

UNNNNHHH!
I KNEW, EVEN WHILE I WAS AT *WAR*...
...THERE WOULD NEVER *NOT* BE A WAR FOR *ME*.

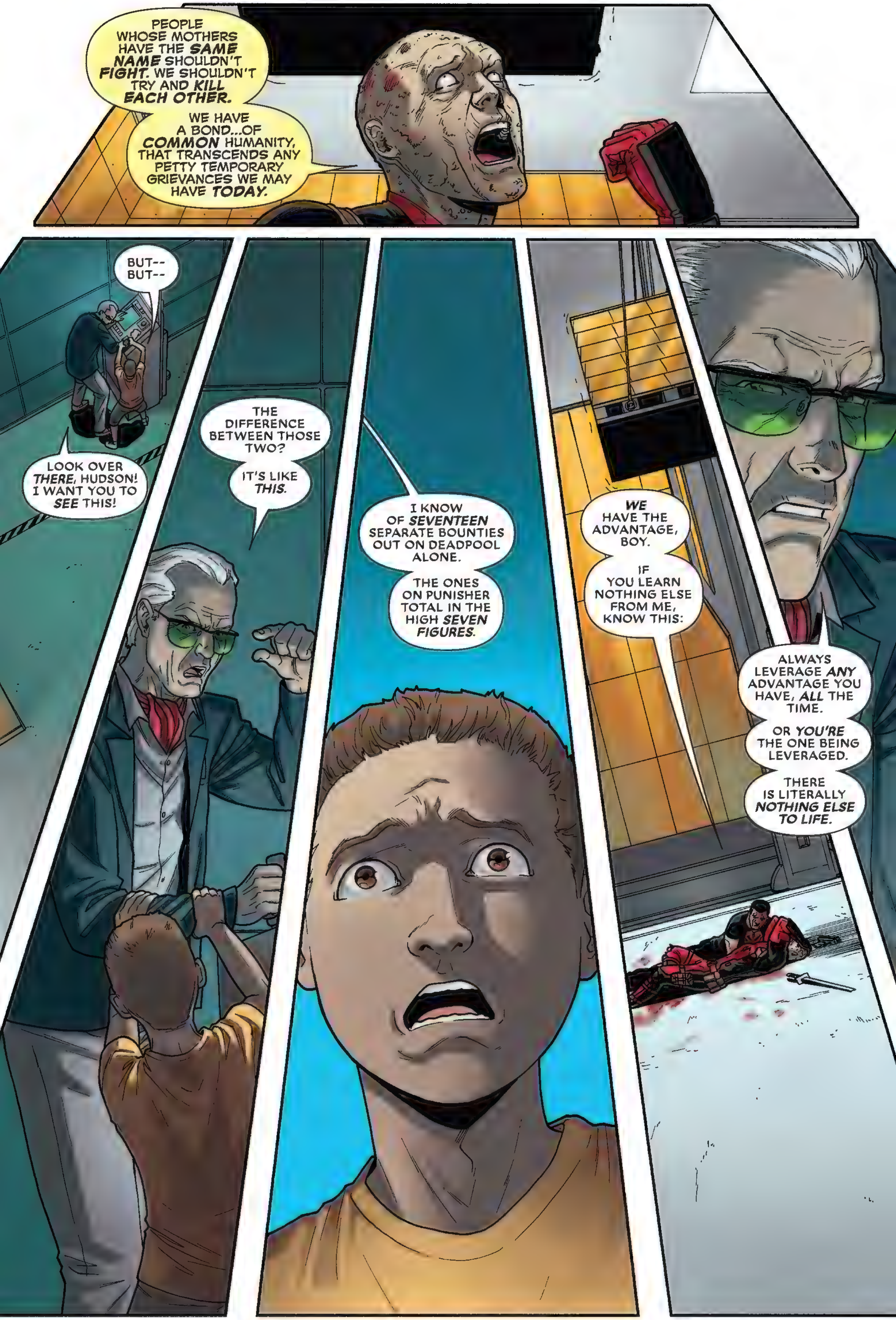

WHEN I CAME BACK, I TRIED TO *PRETEND.*
I *TRIED* TO BE *NORMAL.*
BUT THE END--THE BAD DAY DIDN'T DO ANYTHING TO ME THAT WASN'T ALREADY *THERE.*
HOLY CRAP.
YOU REALLY ***ARE*** COMPLETELY LOONEY TUNES.
NFFF-- NO.
WHAT WOULD BE CRAZY WOULD BE TO DENY THE *TRUTH:*
MY BAD DAY SET ME *FREE.*
UGGH!

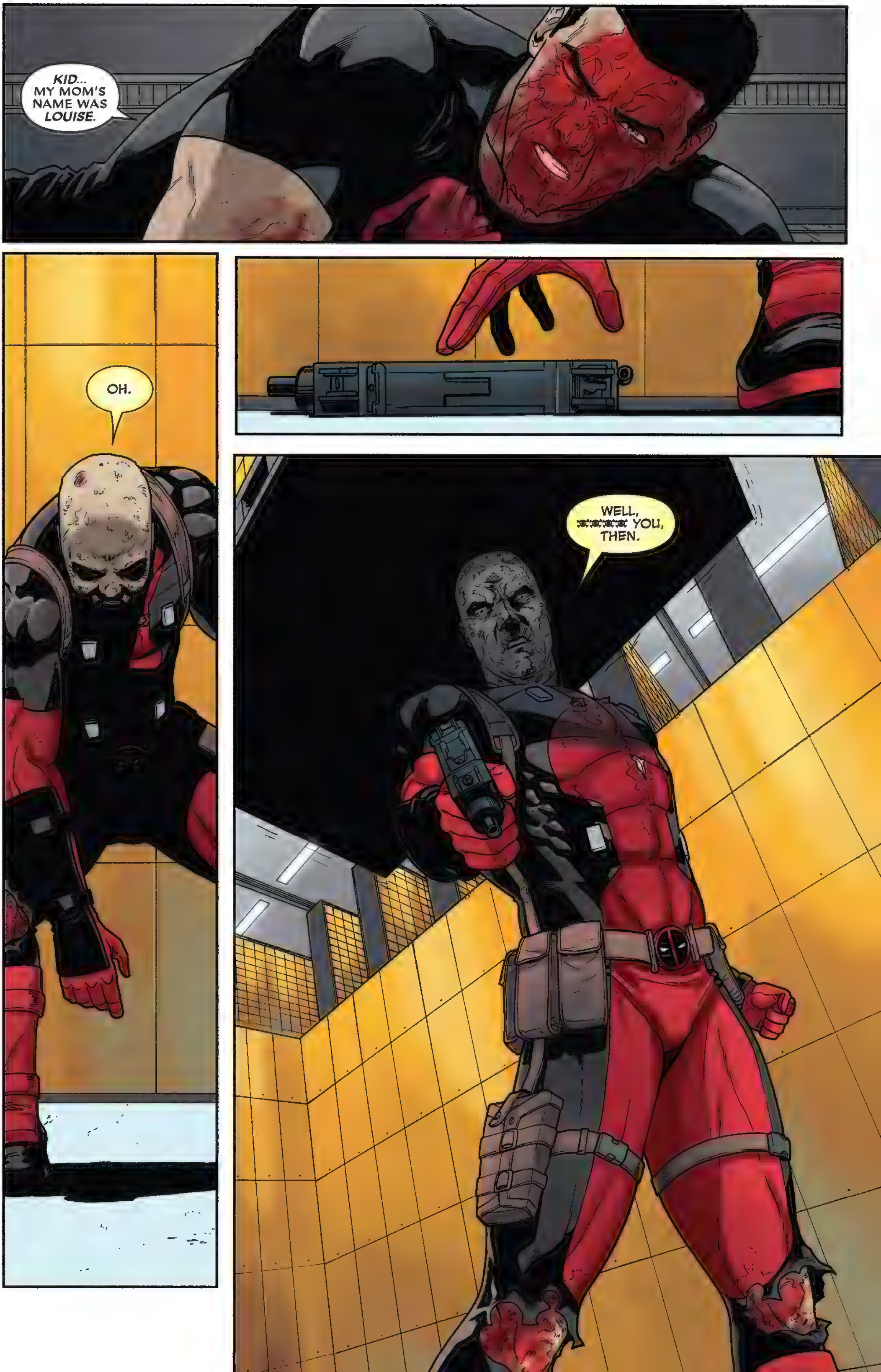

GGGGAHHHHHHHH!
BRRRAP
BRRRAPP
OF COURSE, MEN LIKE *YOU*, WHO HAVE NO *RESOLVE*, NO MORAL COMPASS, WHO JUST FLIT FROM WANT TO *WANT* WITH THE ATTENTION SPAN OF A *SQUIRREL*--
JUST... A TEMPORARY... SETBACK...
--YOU WILL *ALWAYS* DEFINE MEN LIKE *ME* AS *INSANE*.
WHEN WHAT WE ARE--
--IS *DISCIPLINED*.
OOH, ISLAND OF YAP GIANT STONE MONEY!
AND THE SAD THING ABOUT THAT IS--YOU'LL NEVER *ABSORB* THAT TRUTH--
--EVEN IF I WROTE IT ON A *BULLET*...
...AND SHOT IT THROUGH YOUR *BRAIN*.

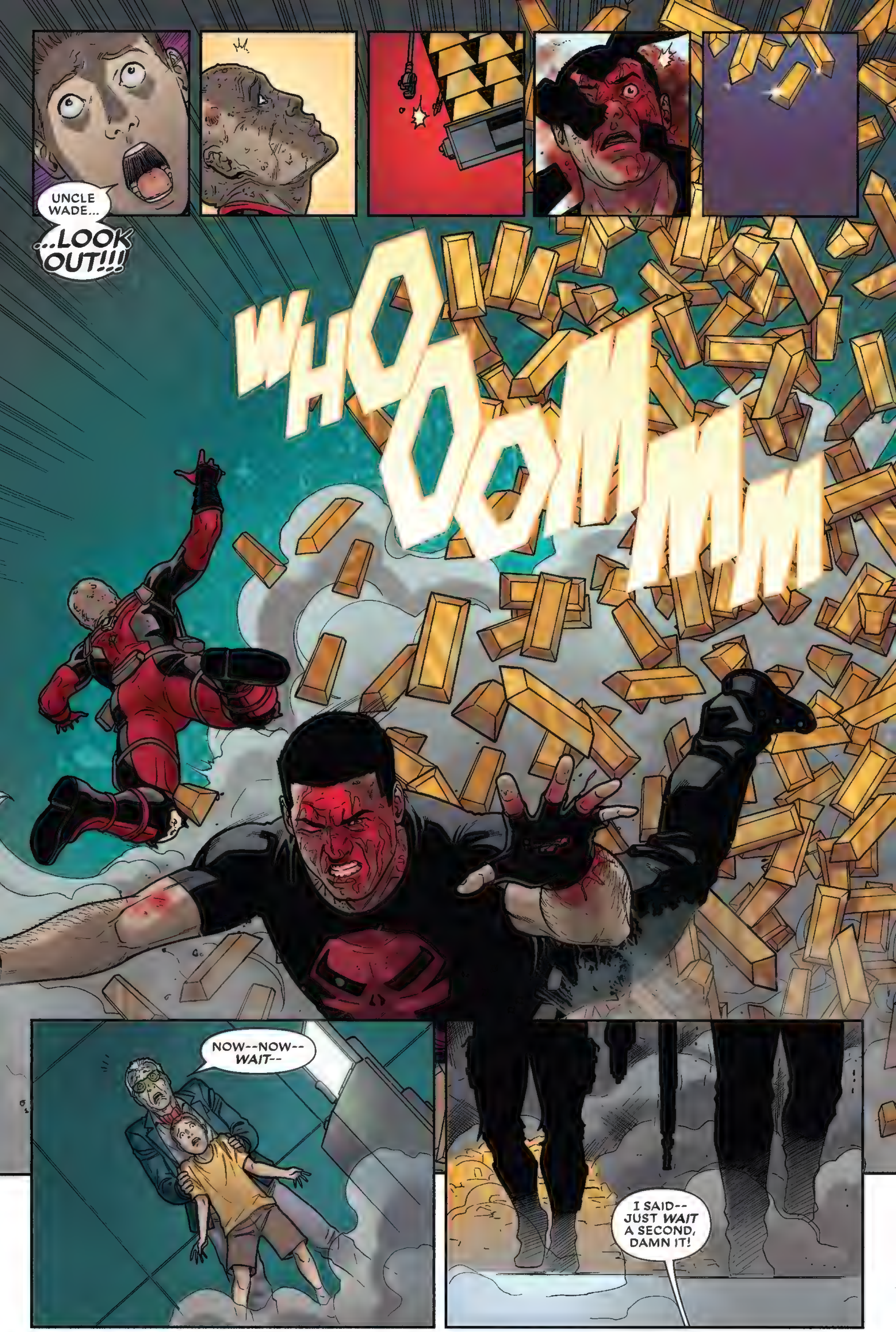

WHAT THE HELL?!
HELLO, NURSE!
NGGK!
AGGH!
WHUDDD
DAMN IT...

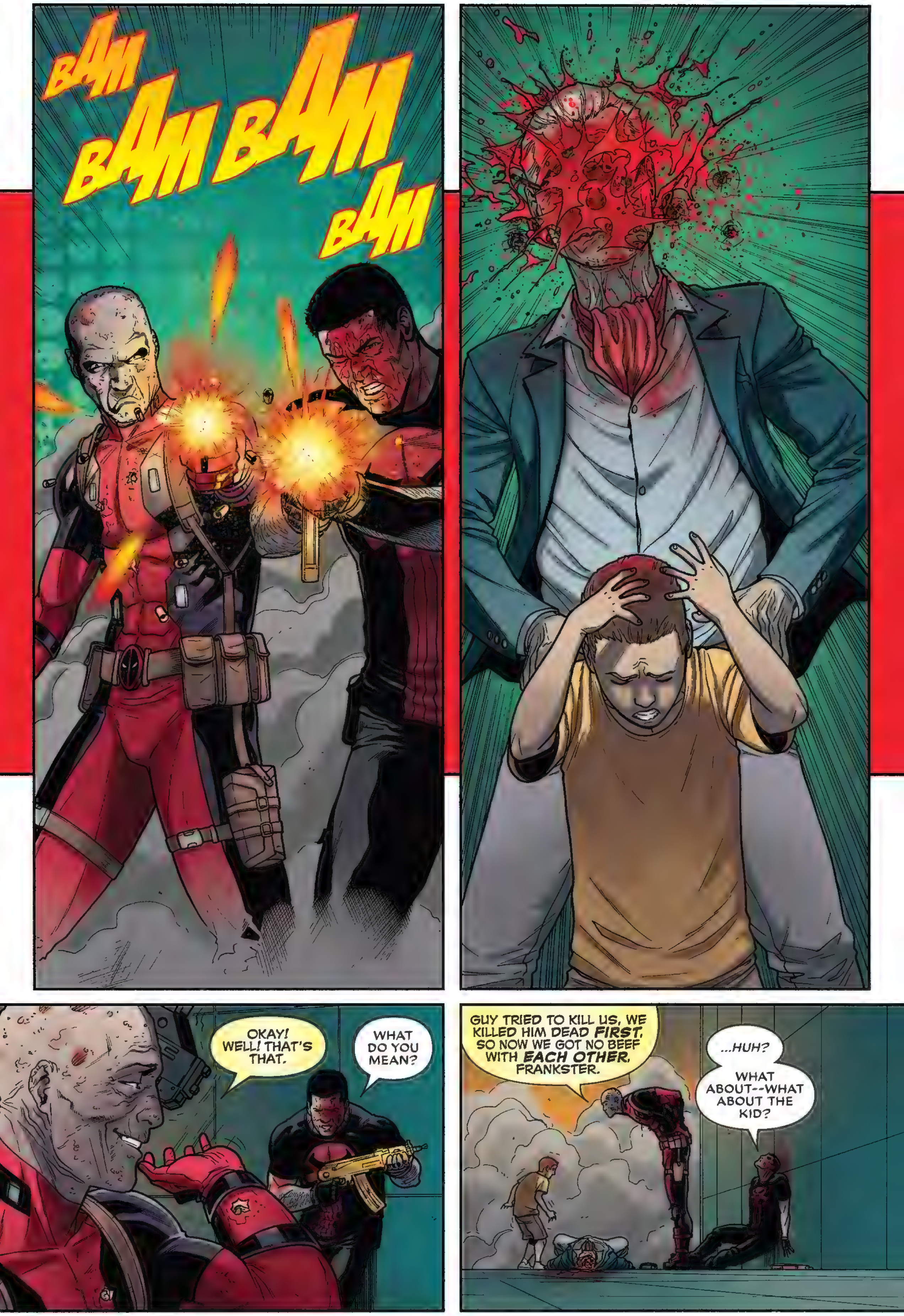

AAAAAGGGHHHHH!
SHUK
YOU STAY THERE, FRANK!
I'LL COME DOWN TO YOU!
UNNGH!
THIS OUR CHANCE...
CHANCE FOR WHAT, PAPA?!
THIS IS OUR CHANCE TO KILL THEM BOTH.
BOTH?! ONE OF THEM IS UNCLE WADE!

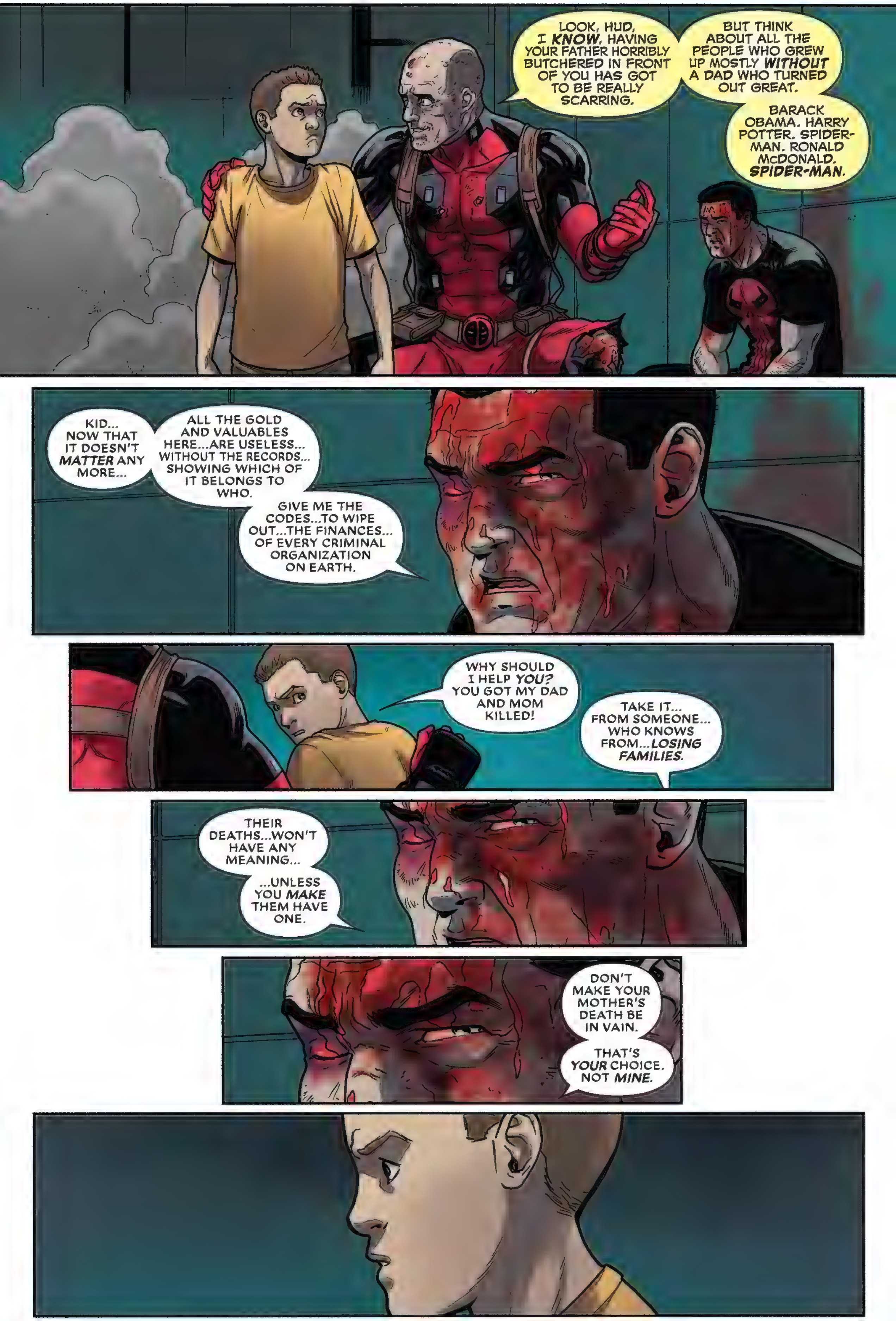

UNCLE WADE, MY DEAREST SON, LIGHT OF MY LIFE, IS A COLD-BLOODED *KILLER.*
HE WAS *OUR* COLD-BLOODED KILLER ONCE, AND THAT'S THE ONLY REASON WE LET HIS SHADOW FALL UPON OUR DOOR IN THE FIRST PLACE.
EAT OUR FOOD--DRINK OUR BOOZE--
--INDULGE HIS PATHETIC *FANTASIES OF NORMALCY.*
YOU... *MOTHER*--!
WAIT... *WHAT'D* YOU SAY? "MARTHA"?
YOUR MOTHER'S NAME IS *MARTHA?*
MY MOTHER'S NAME IS MARTHA!
THAT... OH MY...
WHEW BOY! I GOTTA--I GOTTA CATCH MY BREATH FOR A SECOND.
THIS IS--
I MEAN THIS CHANGES *EVERYTHING,* Y'KNOW?
ARE YOU--ARE YOU DOING A BIT?
OR ARE YOU SERIOUS?
AND DO YOU EVEN *KNOW?*

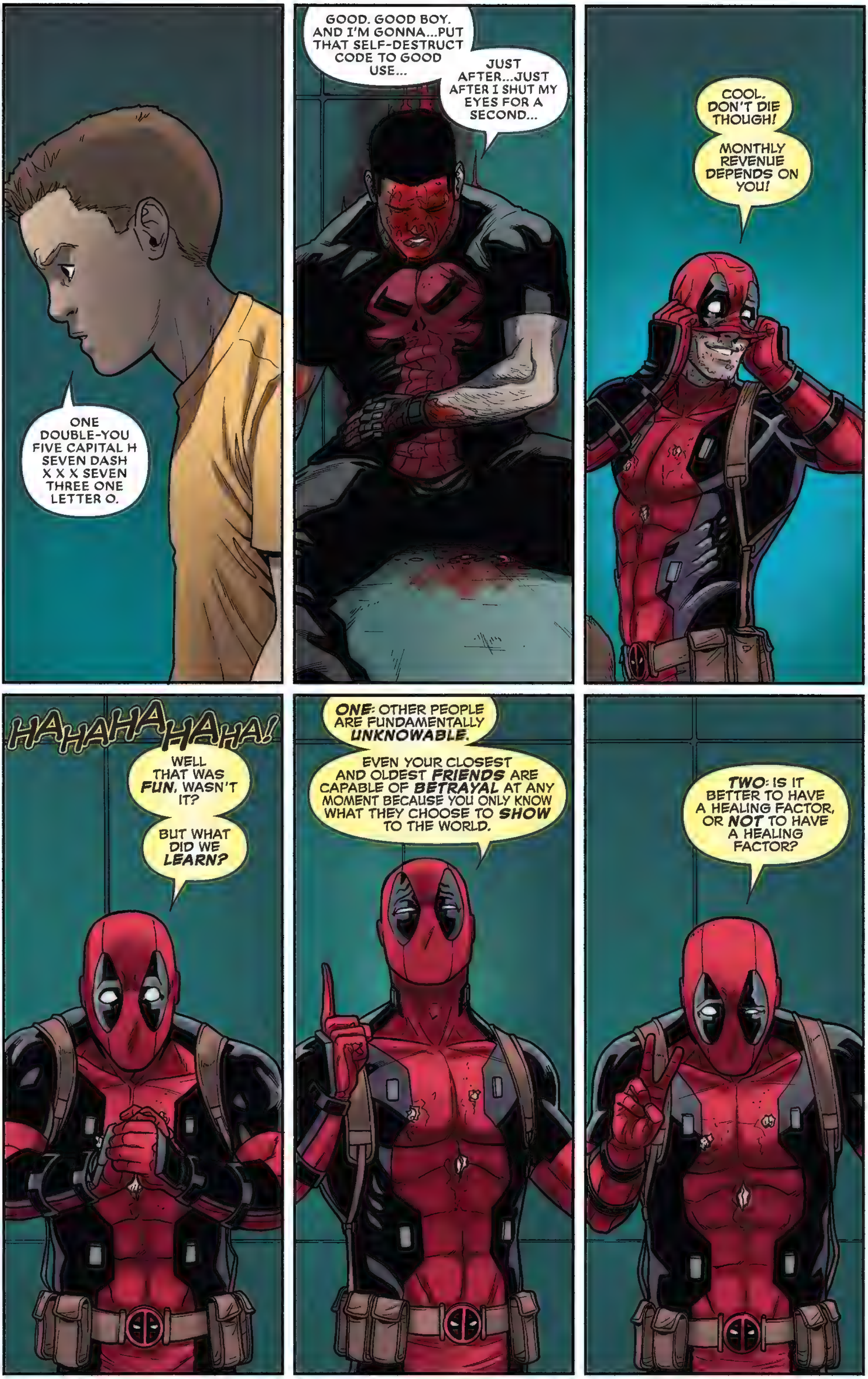

PEOPLE WHOSE MOTHERS HAVE THE *SAME NAME* SHOULDN'T *FIGHT.* WE SHOULDN'T TRY AND *KILL EACH OTHER.*
WE HAVE A BOND...OF *COMMON* HUMANITY, THAT TRANSCENDS ANY PETTY TEMPORARY GRIEVANCES WE MAY HAVE *TODAY.*
BUT-- BUT--
LOOK OVER *THERE,* HUDSON! I WANT YOU TO *SEE* THIS!
THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THOSE TWO?
IT'S LIKE *THIS.*
I KNOW OF *SEVENTEEN* SEPARATE BOUNTIES OUT ON DEADPOOL ALONE.
THE ONES ON PUNISHER TOTAL IN THE HIGH *SEVEN FIGURES.*
WE HAVE THE ADVANTAGE, BOY.
IF YOU LEARN NOTHING ELSE FROM ME, KNOW THIS:
ALWAYS LEVERAGE *ANY* ADVANTAGE YOU HAVE, *ALL* THE TIME.
OR *YOU'RE* THE ONE BEING LEVERAGED.
THERE IS LITERALLY *NOTHING ELSE TO LIFE.*

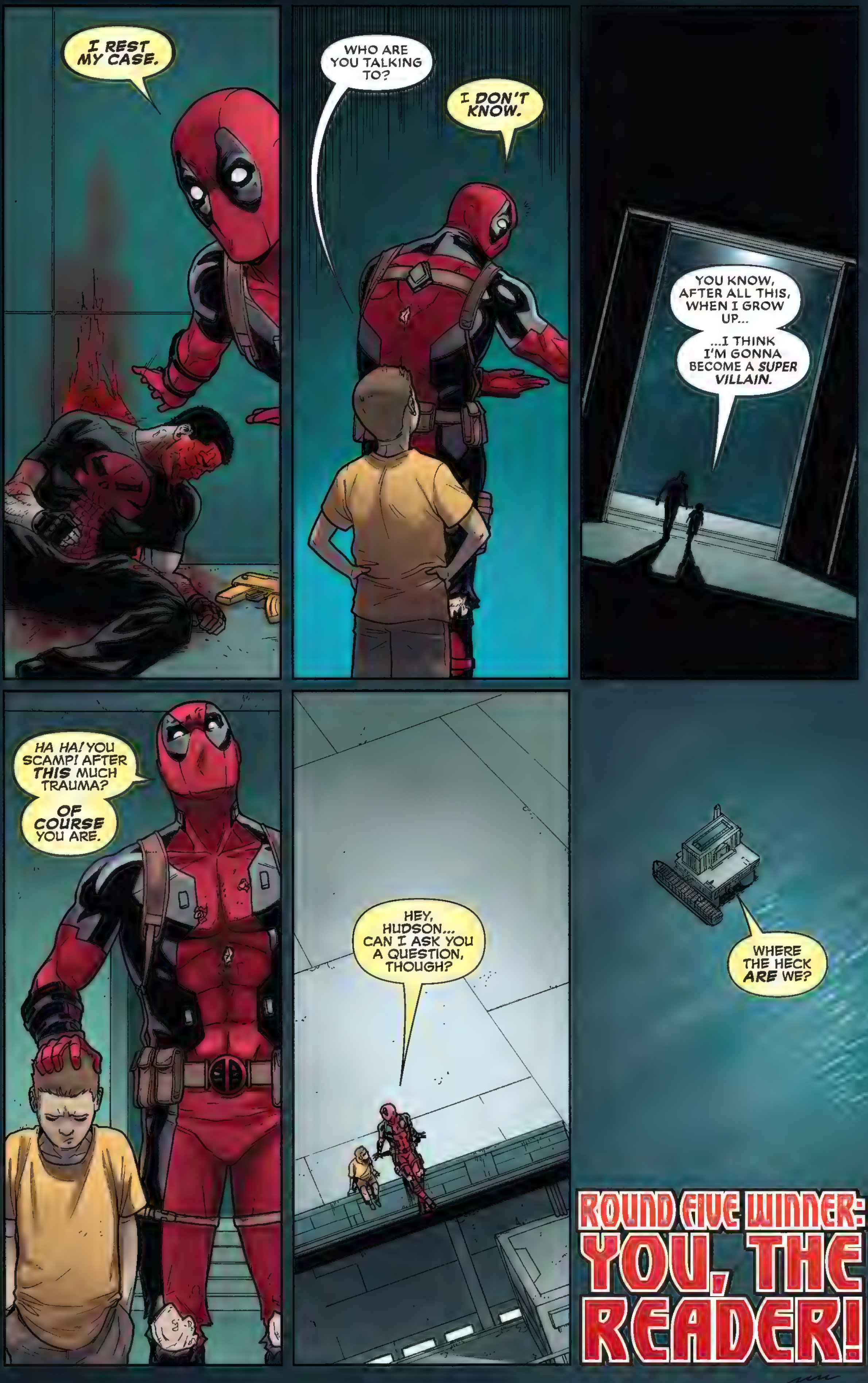

KID... MY MOM'S NAME WAS *LOUISE.*
OH.
WELL, ☠☠☠☠ YOU, THEN.


UNCLE WADE...
..LOOK OUT!!!
WHOOOMMMM
NOW--NOW--WAIT--
I SAID--JUST WAIT A SECOND, DAMN IT!

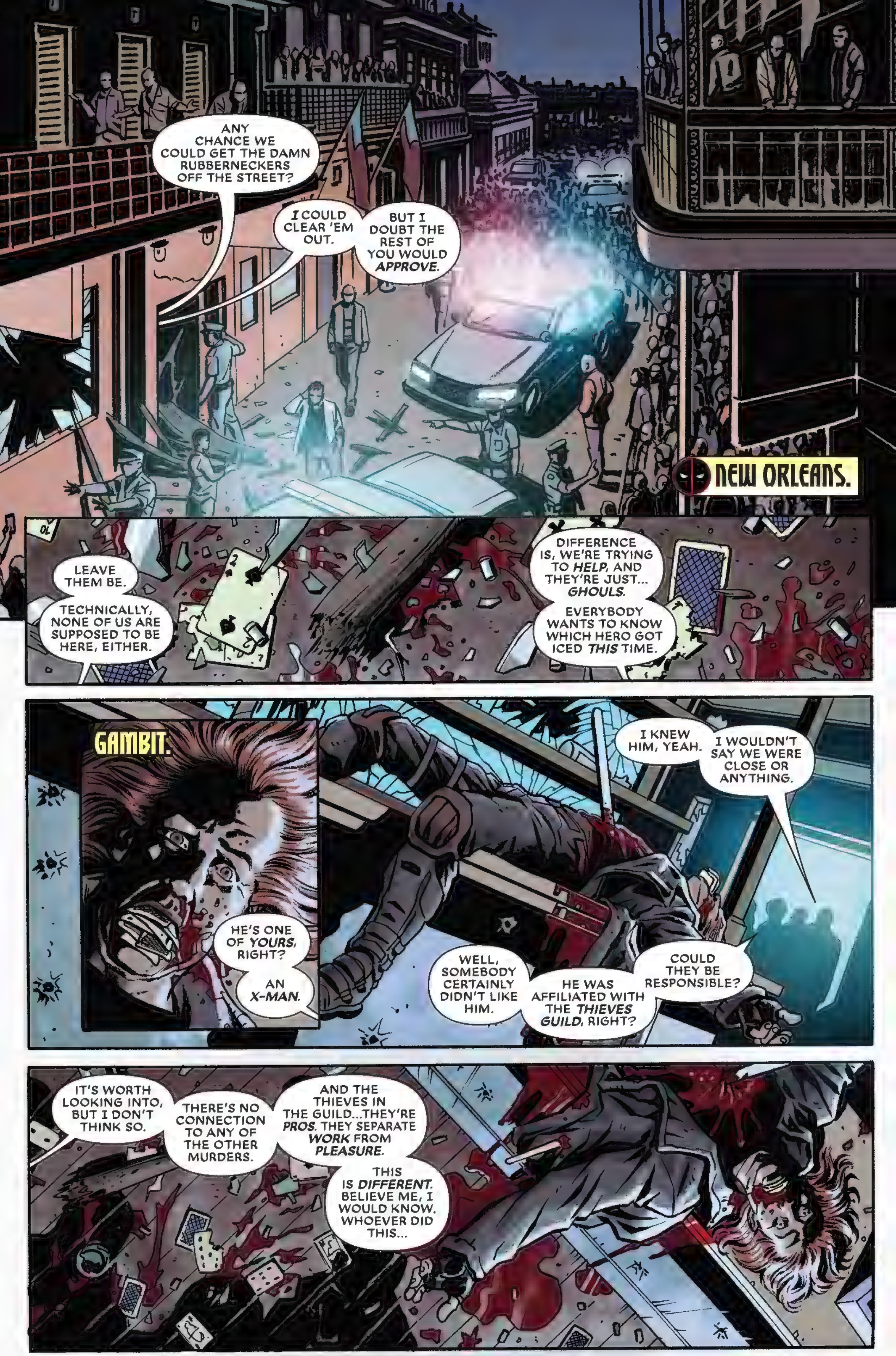

BAM
BAM BAM BAM
BAM
OKAY! WELL! THAT'S THAT.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
GUY TRIED TO KILL US, WE KILLED HIM DEAD *FIRST*, SO NOW WE GOT NO BEEF WITH *EACH OTHER*, FRANKSTER.
...HUH?
WHAT ABOUT--WHAT ABOUT THE KID?

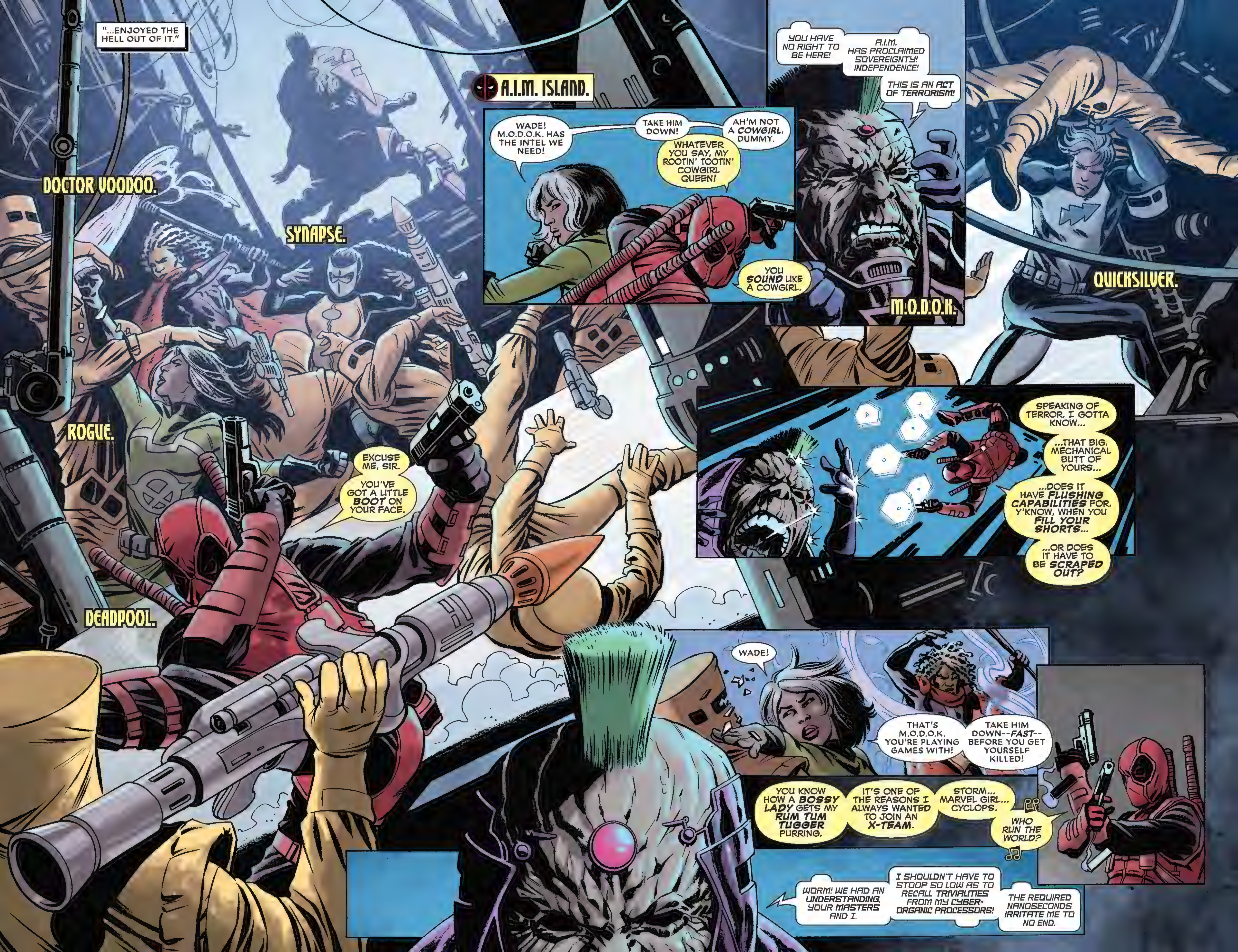

LOOK, HUD, I *KNOW*, HAVING YOUR FATHER HORRIBLY BUTCHERED IN FRONT OF YOU HAS GOT TO BE REALLY SCARRING.
BUT THINK ABOUT ALL THE PEOPLE WHO GREW UP MOSTLY *WITHOUT* A DAD WHO TURNED OUT GREAT.
BARACK OBAMA. HARRY POTTER. SPIDER-MAN. RONALD McDONALD. ***SPIDER-MAN.***
KID... NOW THAT IT DOESN'T *MATTER* ANY MORE...
ALL THE GOLD AND VALUABLES HERE...ARE USELESS... WITHOUT THE RECORDS... SHOWING WHICH OF IT BELONGS TO WHO.
GIVE ME THE CODES...TO WIPE OUT...THE FINANCES... OF EVERY CRIMINAL ORGANIZATION ON EARTH.
WHY SHOULD I HELP *YOU?* YOU GOT MY DAD AND MOM KILLED!
TAKE IT... FROM SOMEONE... WHO KNOWS FROM...*LOSING FAMILIES.*
THEIR DEATHS...WON'T HAVE ANY MEANING...
...UNLESS YOU *MAKE* THEM HAVE ONE.
DON'T MAKE YOUR MOTHER'S DEATH BE IN VAIN.
THAT'S *YOUR* CHOICE. NOT *MINE.*

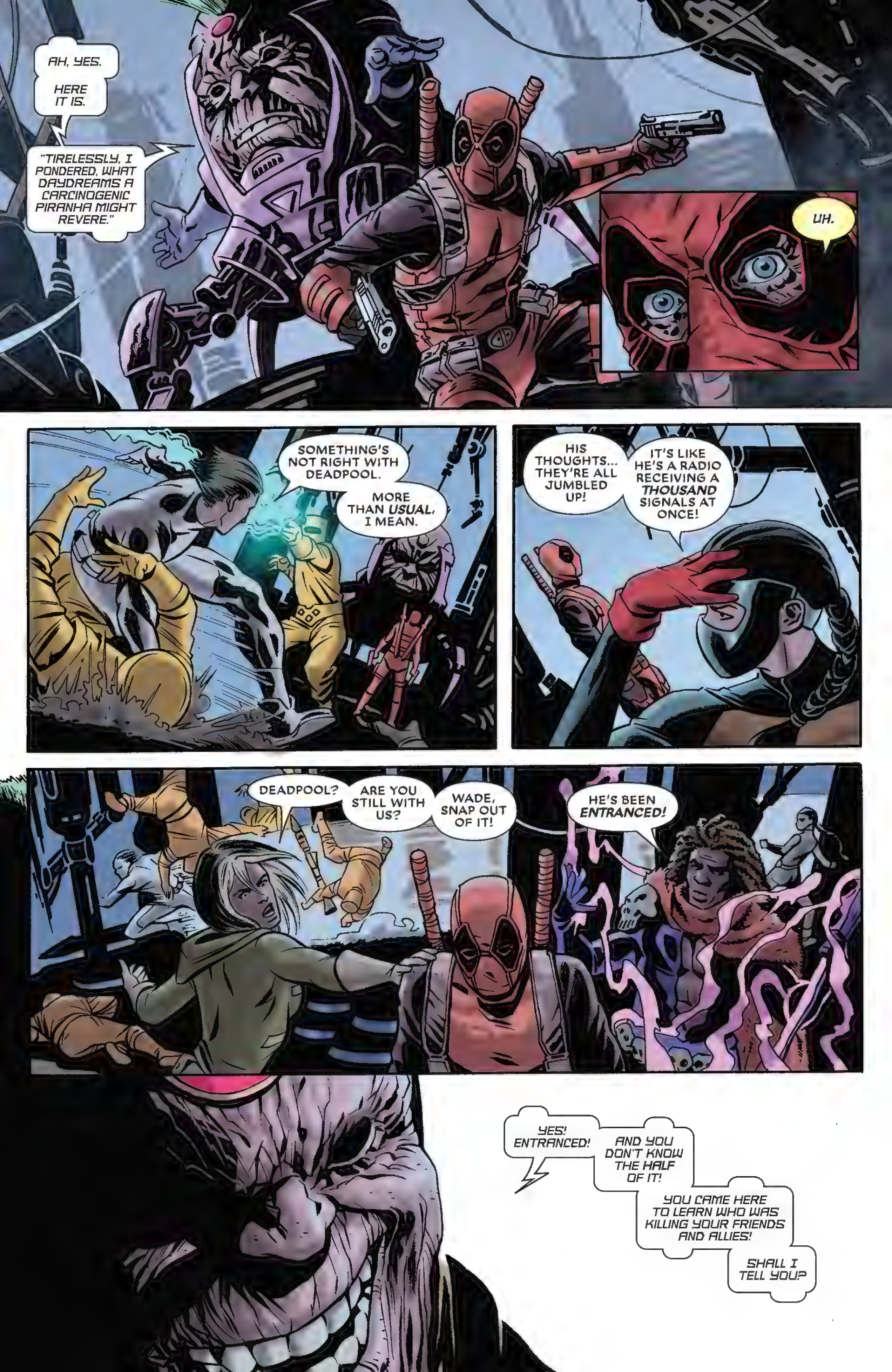

ONE DOUBLE-YOU FIVE CAPITAL H SEVEN DASH X X X SEVEN THREE ONE LETTER O.
GOOD. GOOD BOY. AND I'M GONNA...PUT THAT SELF-DESTRUCT CODE TO GOOD USE...
JUST AFTER...JUST AFTER I SHUT MY EYES FOR A SECOND...
COOL. DON'T DIE THOUGH!
MONTHLY REVENUE DEPENDS ON YOU!
HAHAHAHAHAHA!
WELL THAT WAS FUN, WASN'T IT?
BUT WHAT DID WE LEARN?
ONE: OTHER PEOPLE ARE FUNDAMENTALLY UNKNOWABLE.
EVEN YOUR CLOSEST AND OLDEST FRIENDS ARE CAPABLE OF BETRAYAL AT ANY MOMENT BECAUSE YOU ONLY KNOW WHAT THEY CHOOSE TO SHOW TO THE WORLD.
TWO: IS IT BETTER TO HAVE A HEALING FACTOR, OR NOT TO HAVE A HEALING FACTOR?

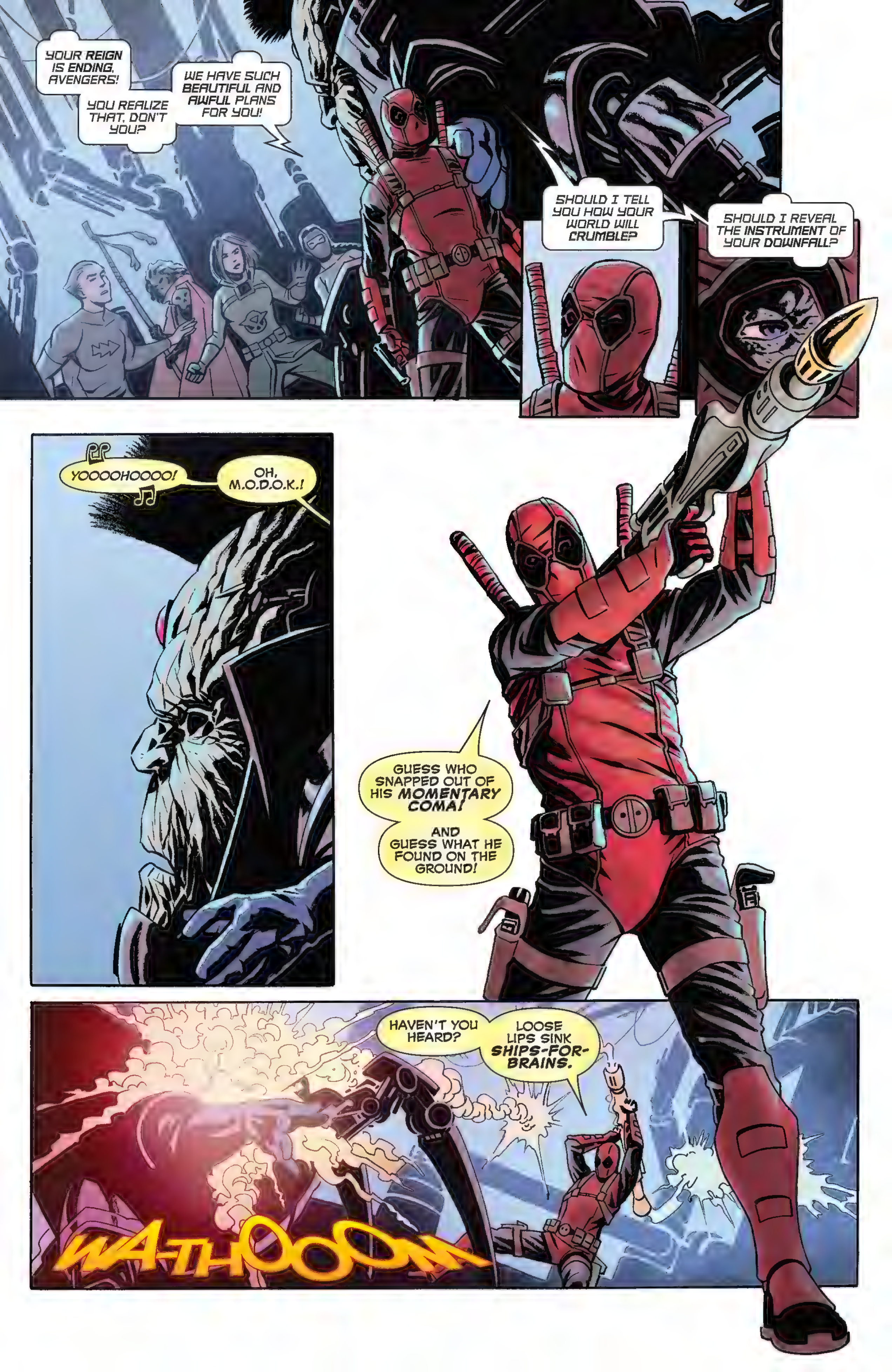

I REST MY CASE.
WHO ARE YOU TALKING TO?
I DON'T KNOW.
YOU KNOW, AFTER ALL THIS, WHEN I GROW UP...
...I THINK I'M GONNA BECOME A SUPER VILLAIN.
HA HA! YOU SCAMP! AFTER THIS MUCH TRAUMA?
OF COURSE YOU ARE.
HEY, HUDSON... CAN I ASK YOU A QUESTION, THOUGH?
WHERE THE HECK ARE WE?
ROUND FIVE WINNER:
YOU, THE READER!

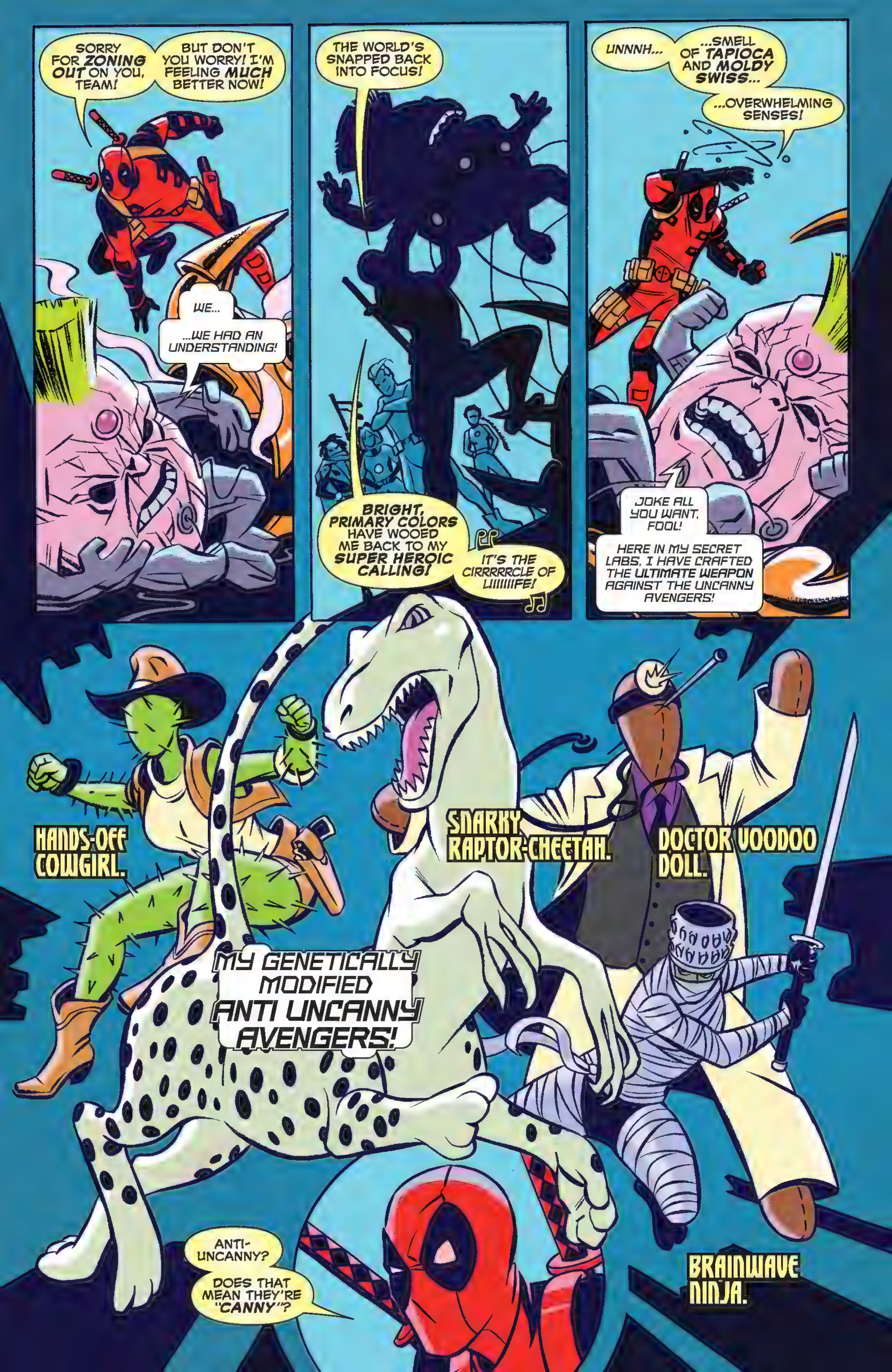
DEADPOOL KILLS THE MARVEL UNIVERSE AGAIN #1

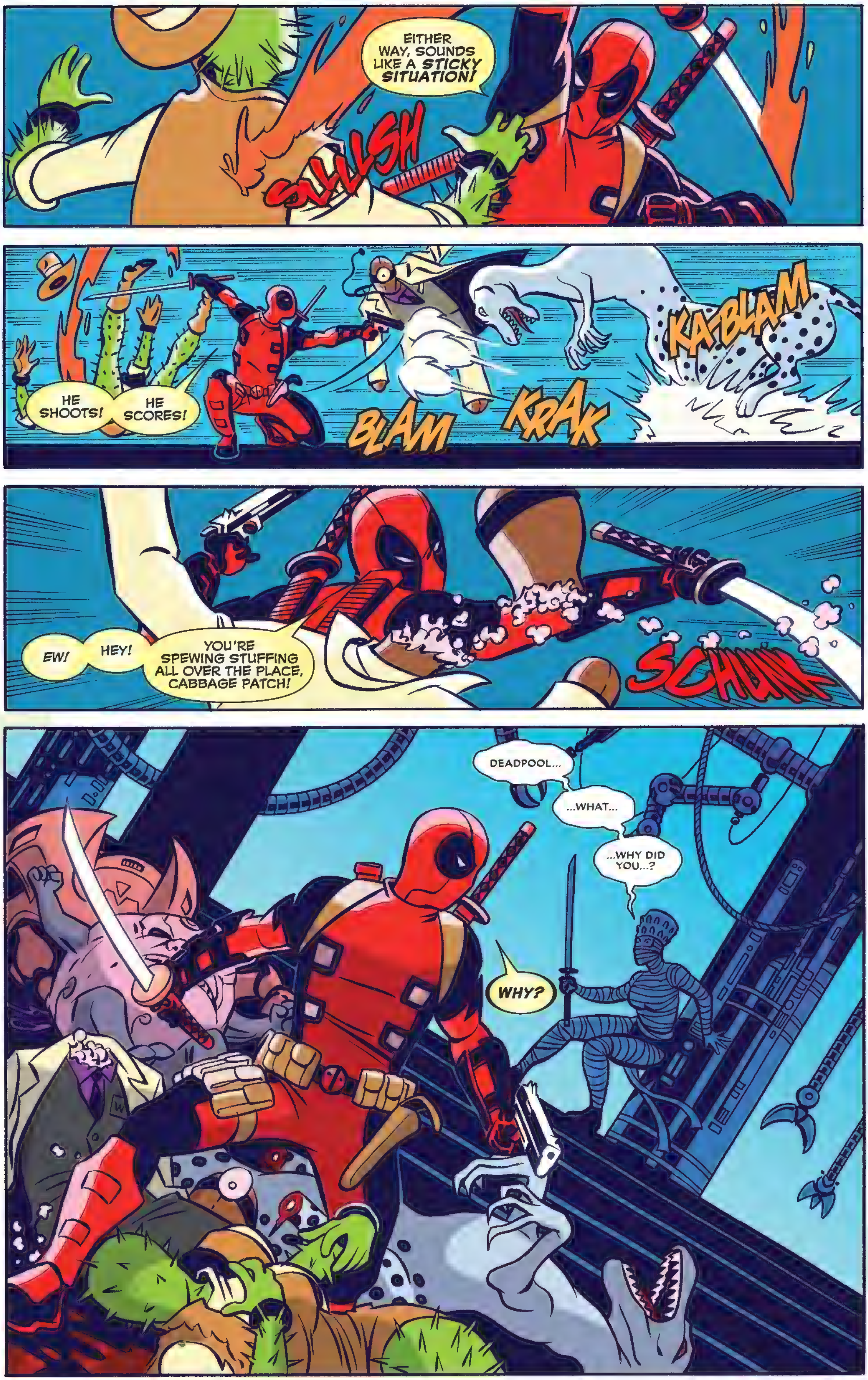

ANY CHANCE WE COULD GET THE DAMN RUBBERNECKERS OFF THE STREET?
I COULD CLEAR 'EM OUT.
BUT I DOUBT THE REST OF YOU WOULD *APPROVE.*
NEW ORLEANS.
LEAVE THEM BE.
TECHNICALLY, NONE OF US ARE SUPPOSED TO BE HERE, EITHER.
DIFFERENCE IS, WE'RE TRYING TO *HELP*, AND THEY'RE JUST... *GHOULS.*
EVERYBODY WANTS TO KNOW WHICH HERO GOT ICED *THIS* TIME.
GAMBIT.
HE'S ONE OF *YOURS*, RIGHT?
AN *X-MAN.*
I KNEW HIM, YEAH.
I WOULDN'T SAY WE WERE CLOSE OR ANYTHING.
WELL, SOMEBODY CERTAINLY DIDN'T LIKE HIM.
HE WAS AFFILIATED WITH THE *THIEVES GUILD*, RIGHT?
COULD THEY BE RESPONSIBLE?
IT'S WORTH LOOKING INTO, BUT I DON'T THINK SO.
THERE'S NO CONNECTION TO ANY OF THE OTHER MURDERS.
AND THE THIEVES IN THE GUILD...THEY'RE *PROS.* THEY SEPARATE *WORK* FROM *PLEASURE.*
THIS IS *DIFFERENT.* BELIEVE ME, I WOULD KNOW. WHOEVER DID THIS...

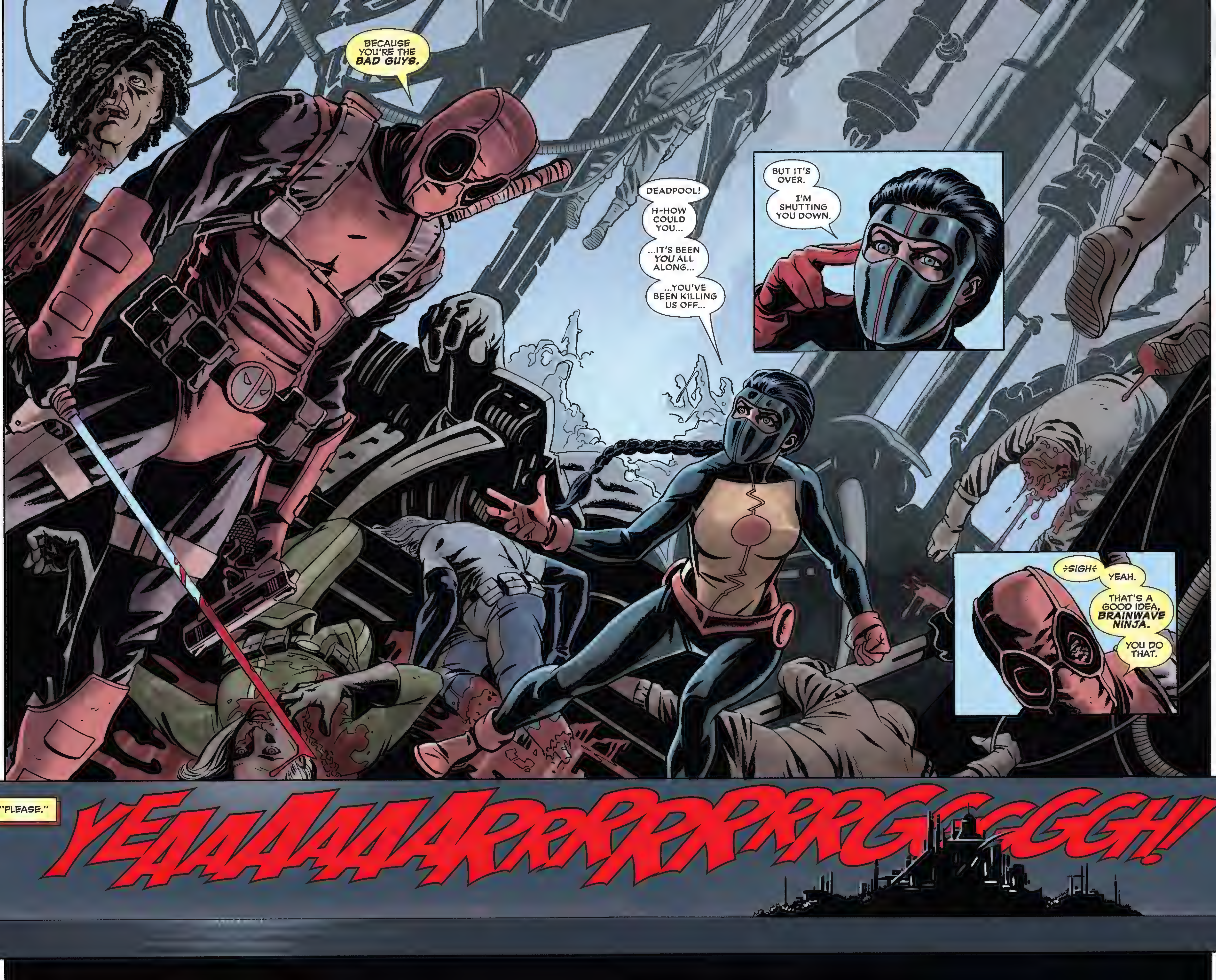

"...ENJOYED THE HELL OUT OF IT."
A.I.M. ISLAND.
DOCTOR VOODOO.
SYNAPSE.
ROGUE.
DEADPOOL.
EXCUSE ME, SIR.
YOU'VE GOT A LITTLE BOOT ON YOUR FACE.
WADE! M.O.D.O.K. HAS THE INTEL WE NEED!
TAKE HIM DOWN!
WHATEVER YOU SAY, MY ROOTIN' TOOTIN' COWGIRL QUEEN!
AH'M NOT A COWGIRL, DUMMY.
YOU SOUND LIKE A COWGIRL.
YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO BE HERE!
A.I.M. HAS PROCLAIMED SOVEREIGNTY! INDEPENDENCE!
THIS IS AN ACT OF TERRORISM!
M.O.D.O.K.
QUICKSILVER.
SPEAKING OF TERROR, I GOTTA KNOW...
...THAT BIG, MECHANICAL BUTT OF YOURS...
...DOES IT HAVE FLUSHING CAPABILITIES FOR, Y'KNOW, WHEN YOU FILL YOUR SHORTS...
...OR DOES IT HAVE TO BE SCRAPED OUT?
WADE!
THAT'S M.O.D.O.K. YOU'RE PLAYING GAMES WITH!
TAKE HIM DOWN--FAST--BEFORE YOU GET YOURSELF KILLED!
YOU KNOW HOW A BOSSY LADY GETS MY RUM TUM TUGGER PURRING.
IT'S ONE OF THE REASONS I ALWAYS WANTED TO JOIN AN X-TEAM.
STORM... MARVEL GIRL... CYCLOPS.
♫ WHO RUN THE WORLD? ♫
WORM! WE HAD AN UNDERSTANDING, YOUR MASTERS AND I.
I SHOULDN'T HAVE TO STOOP SO LOW AS TO RECALL TRIVIALITIES FROM MY CYBER-ORGANIC PROCESSORS!
THE REQUIRED NANOSECONDS IRRITATE ME TO NO END.

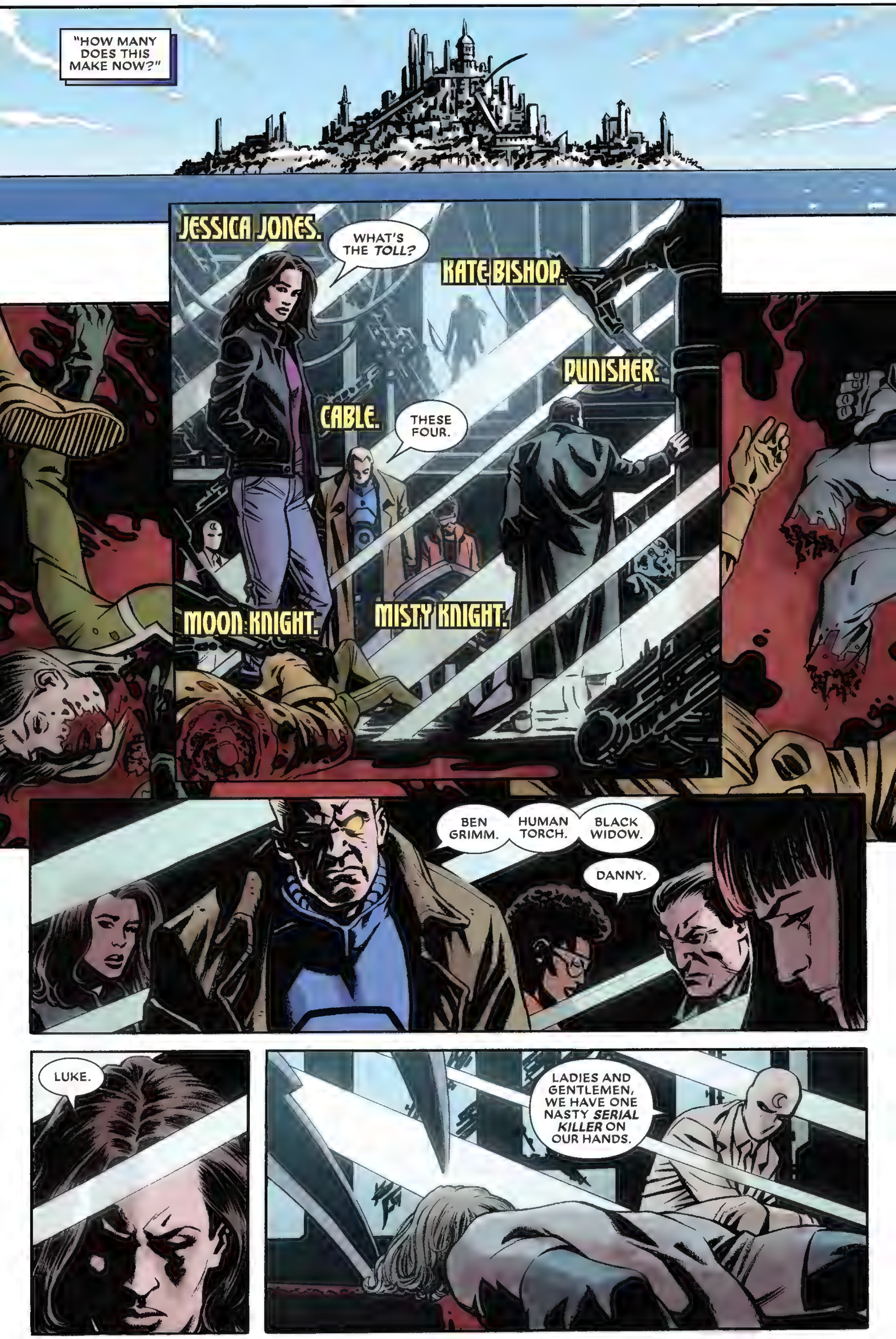

AH, YES.
HERE IT IS.
"TIRELESSLY, I PONDERED, WHAT DAYDREAMS A CARCINOGENIC PIRANHA MIGHT REVERE."
UH.
SOMETHING'S NOT RIGHT WITH DEADPOOL.
MORE THAN *USUAL*, I MEAN.
HIS THOUGHTS... THEY'RE ALL JUMBLED UP!
IT'S LIKE HE'S A RADIO RECEIVING A *THOUSAND* SIGNALS AT ONCE!
DEADPOOL?
ARE YOU STILL WITH US?
WADE, SNAP OUT OF IT!
HE'S BEEN *ENTRANCED!*
YES! ENTRANCED!
AND YOU DON'T KNOW THE HALF OF IT!
YOU CAME HERE TO LEARN WHO WAS KILLING YOUR FRIENDS AND ALLIES!
SHALL I TELL YOU?

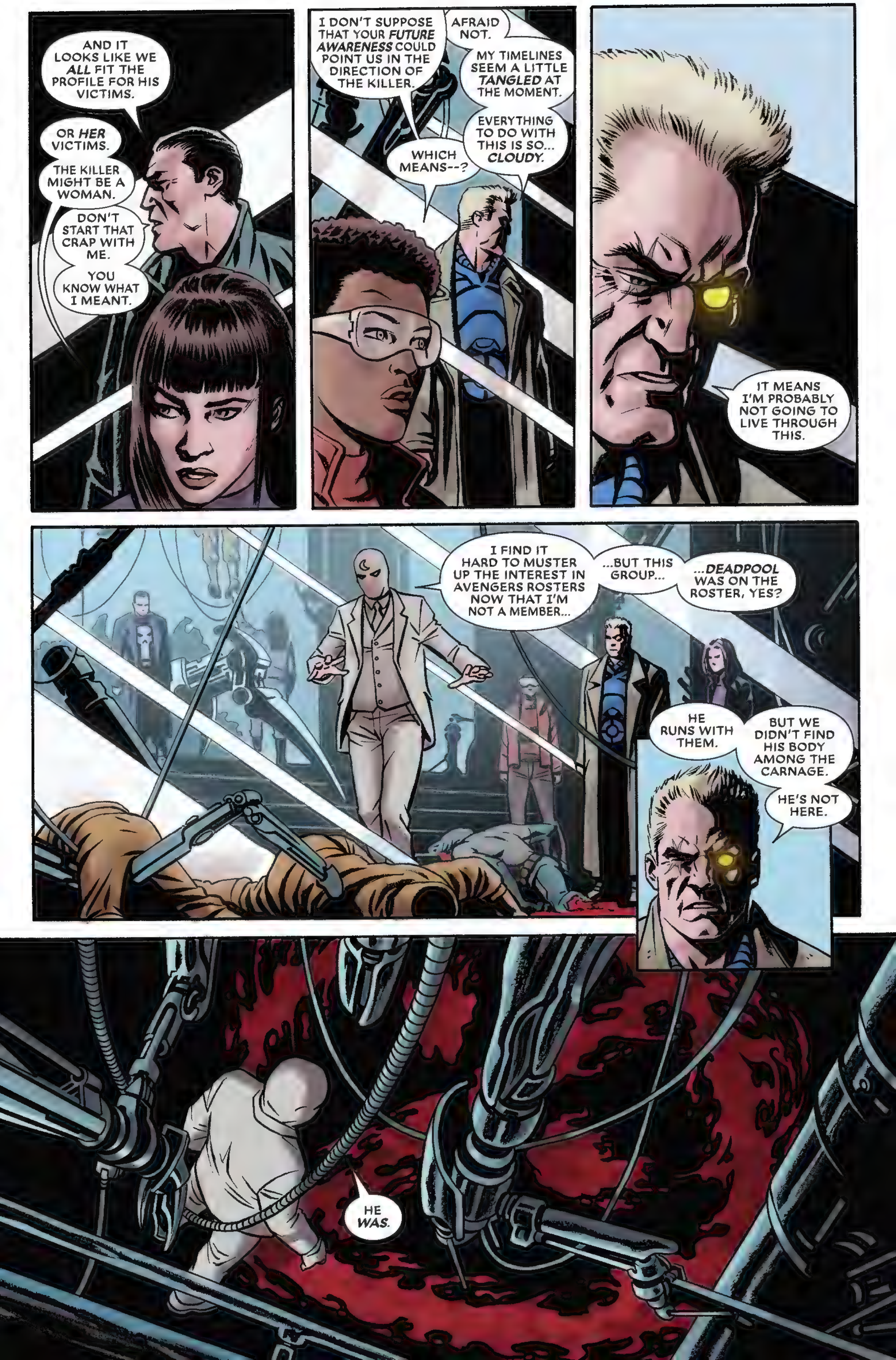

YOUR REIGN IS ENDING, AVENGERS!
YOU REALIZE THAT, DON'T YOU?
WE HAVE SUCH BEAUTIFUL AND AWFUL PLANS FOR YOU!
SHOULD I TELL YOU HOW YOUR WORLD WILL CRUMBLE?
SHOULD I REVEAL THE INSTRUMENT OF YOUR DOWNFALL?
YOOOOHOOOO!
OH, M.O.D.O.K.!
GUESS WHO SNAPPED OUT OF HIS MOMENTARY COMA!
AND GUESS WHAT HE FOUND ON THE GROUND!
HAVEN'T YOU HEARD?
LOOSE LIPS SINK SHIPS-FOR-BRAINS.
WA-THOOOOM

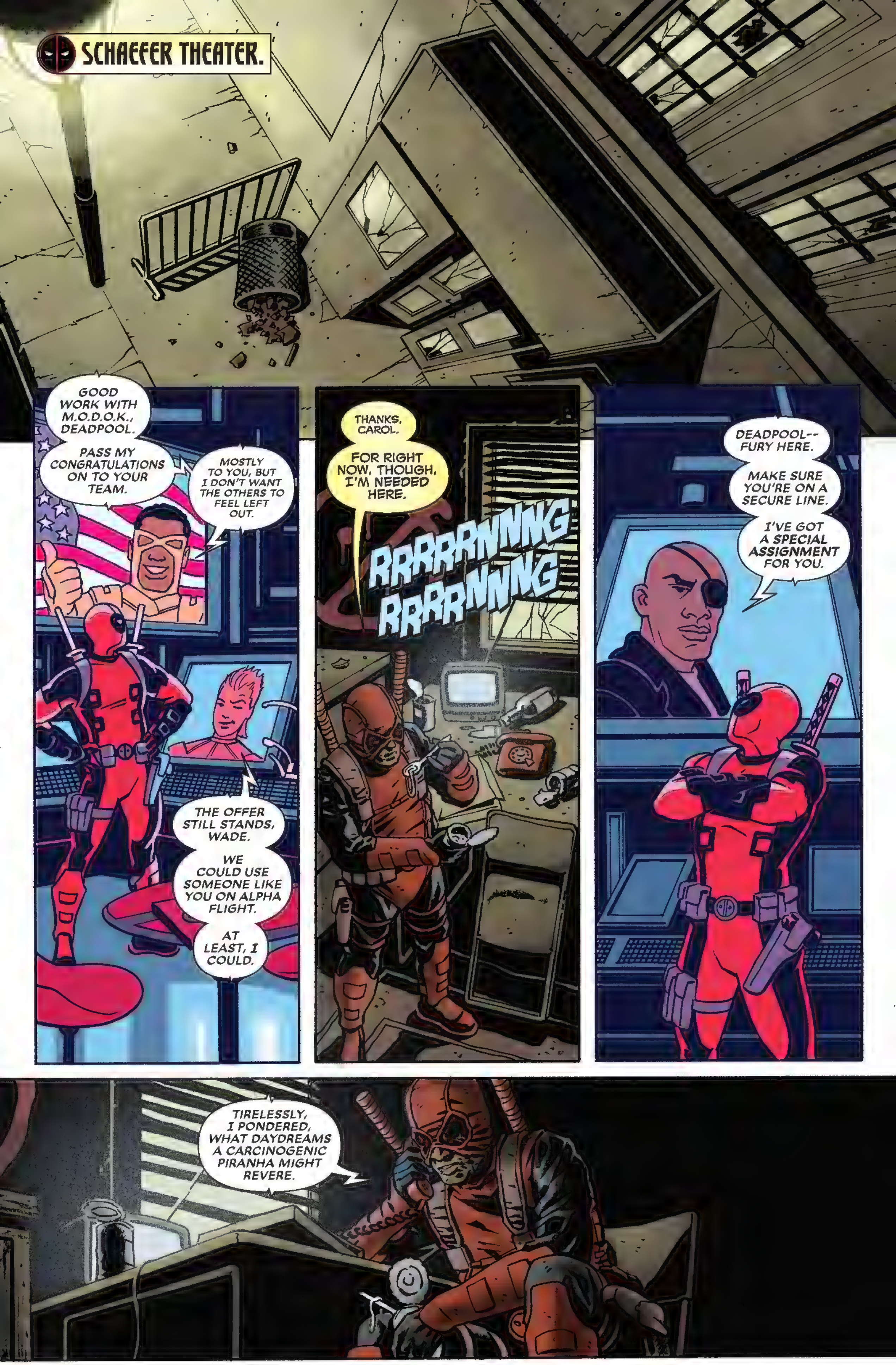

SORRY FOR ZONING OUT ON YOU, TEAM!
BUT DON'T YOU WORRY! I'M FEELING MUCH BETTER NOW!
WE...
...WE HAD AN UNDERSTANDING!
THE WORLD'S SNAPPED BACK INTO FOCUS!
BRIGHT, PRIMARY COLORS HAVE WOOED ME BACK TO MY SUPER HEROIC CALLING!
IT'S THE CIRRRRRCLE OF LIIIIIIFE!
UNNNH...
...SMELL OF TAPIOCA AND MOLDY SWISS...
...OVERWHELMING SENSES!
JOKE ALL YOU WANT, FOOL!
HERE IN MY SECRET LABS, I HAVE CRAFTED THE ULTIMATE WEAPON AGAINST THE UNCANNY AVENGERS!
HANDS-OFF COWGIRL.
SNARKY RAPTOR-CHEETAH.
DOCTOR VOODOO DOLL.
MY GENETICALLY MODIFIED ANTI UNCANNY AVENGERS!
BRAINWAVE NINJA.
ANTI-UNCANNY?
DOES THAT MEAN THEY'RE "CANNY"?

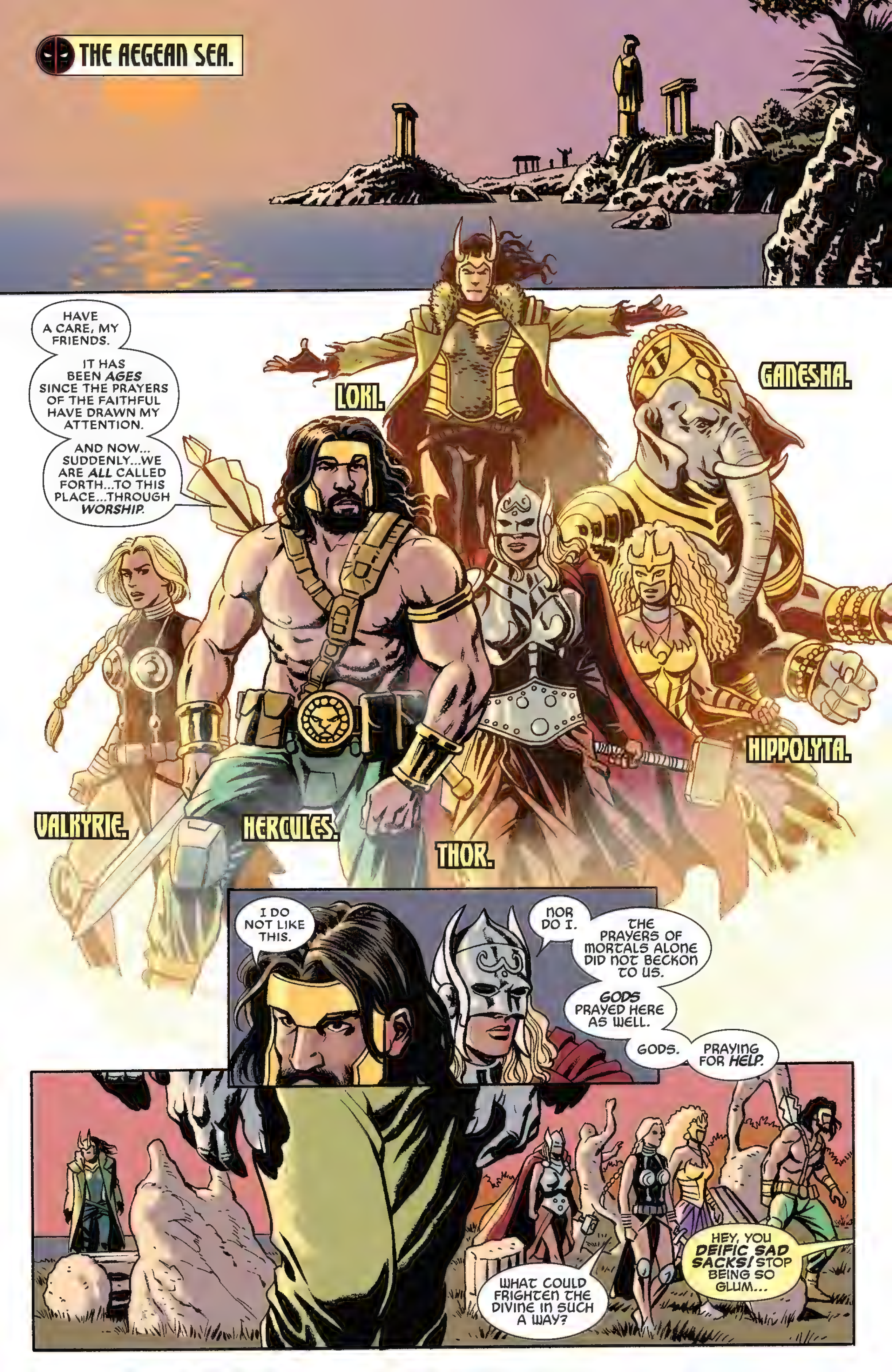

EITHER WAY, SOUNDS LIKE A *STICKY SITUATION!*
SLLLSH
HE SHOOTS!
HE SCORES!
BLAM
KRAK
KA-BLAM
EW!
HEY!
YOU'RE SPEWING STUFFING ALL OVER THE PLACE, CABBAGE PATCH!
SCHUNK
DEADPOOL...
...WHAT...
...WHY DID YOU...?
WHY?

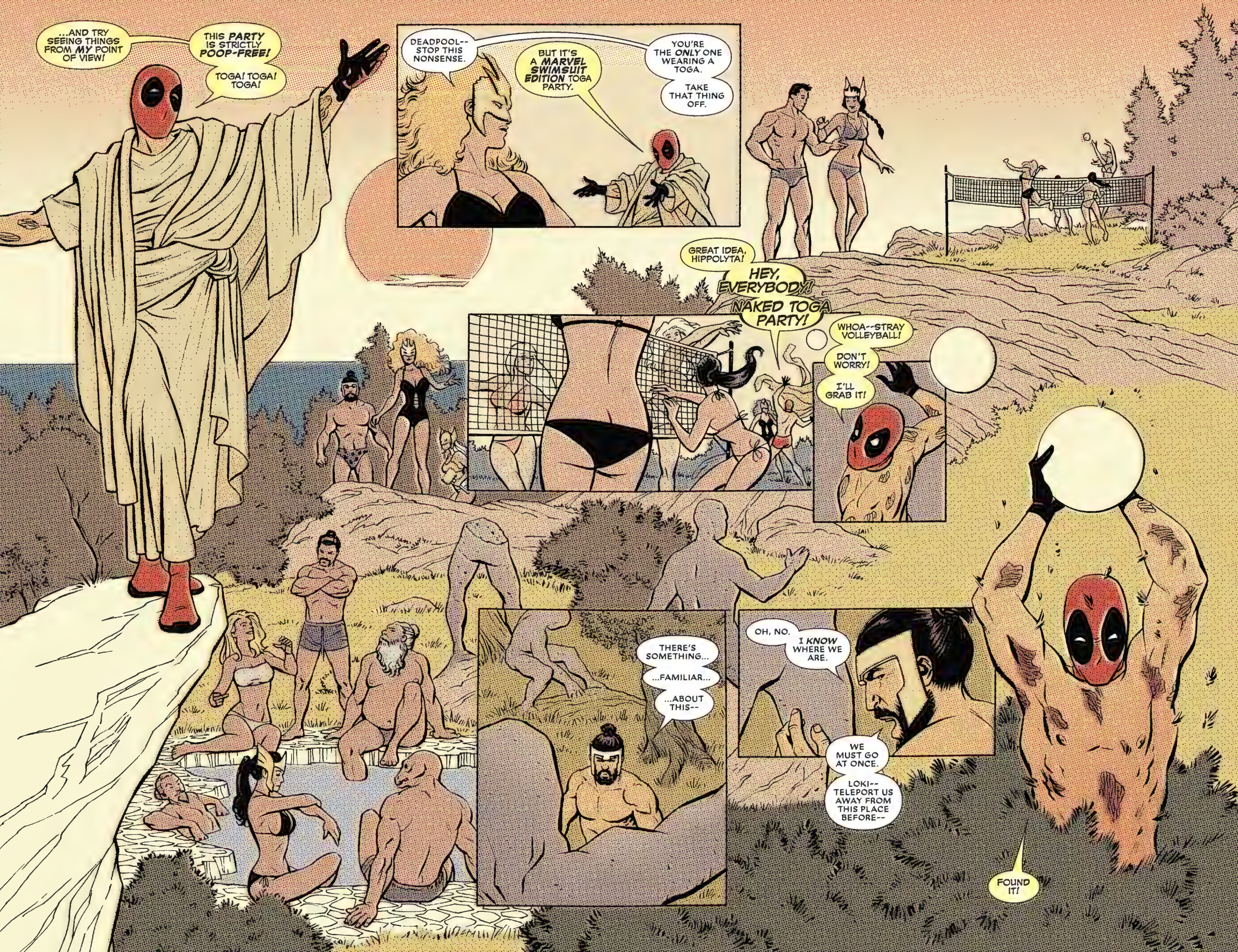

BECAUSE YOU'RE THE **BAD GUYS.**
DEADPOOL!
H-HOW COULD YOU...
...IT'S BEEN *YOU* ALL ALONG...
...YOU'VE BEEN KILLING US OFF...
BUT IT'S OVER.
I'M SHUTTING YOU DOWN.
⊹SIGH⊹
YEAH.
THAT'S A GOOD IDEA, **BRAINWAVE NINJA.**
YOU DO THAT.
"PLEASE."
YEAAAAAARRRRRRRRGGGGH!

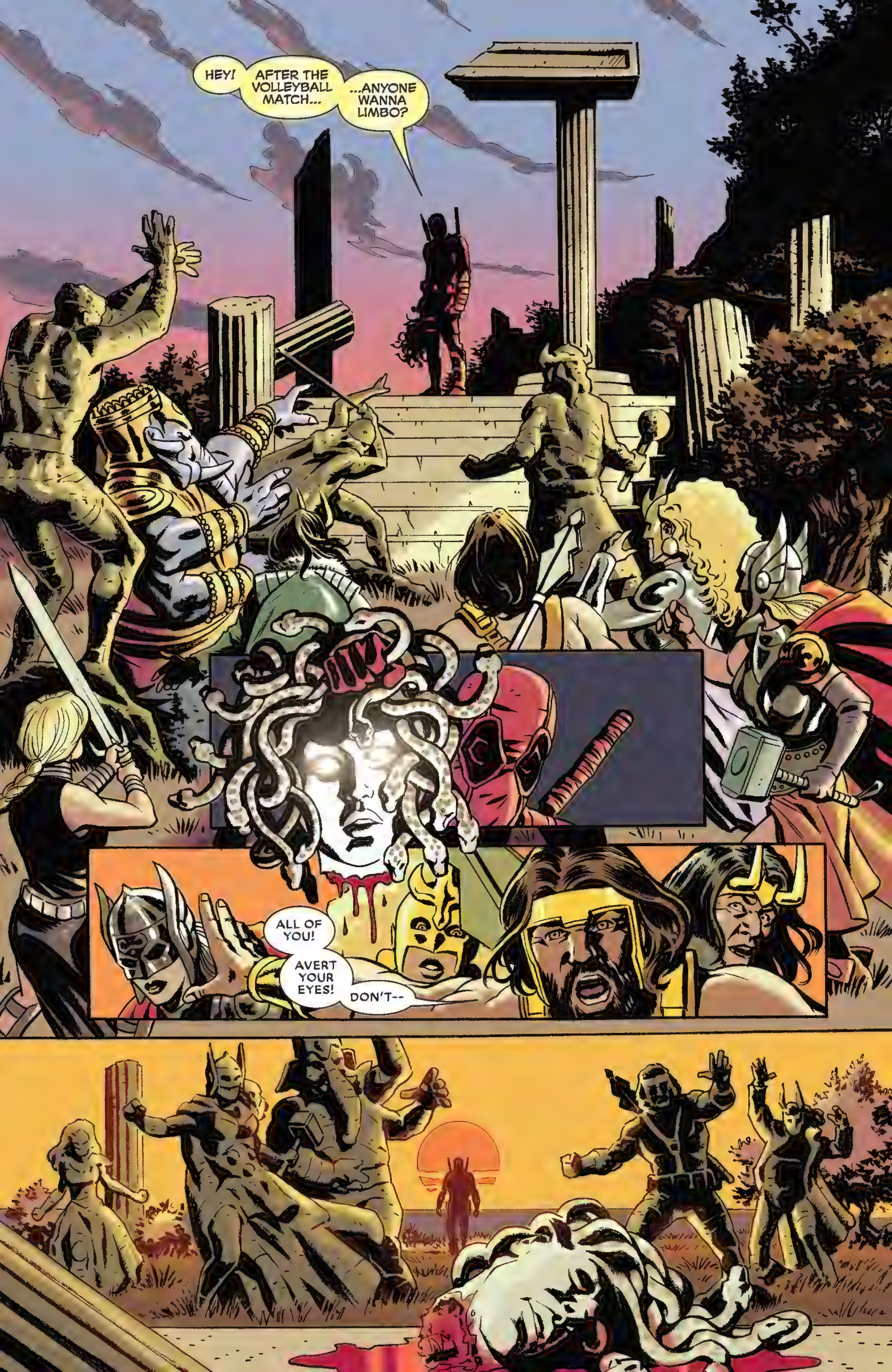

"HOW MANY DOES THIS MAKE NOW?"
JESSICA JONES.
WHAT'S THE *TOLL?*
KATE BISHOP.
PUNISHER.
CABLE.
THESE FOUR.
MOON KNIGHT.
MISTY KNIGHT.
BEN GRIMM.
HUMAN TORCH.
BLACK WIDOW.
DANNY.
LUKE.
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE HAVE ONE NASTY *SERIAL KILLER* ON OUR HANDS.

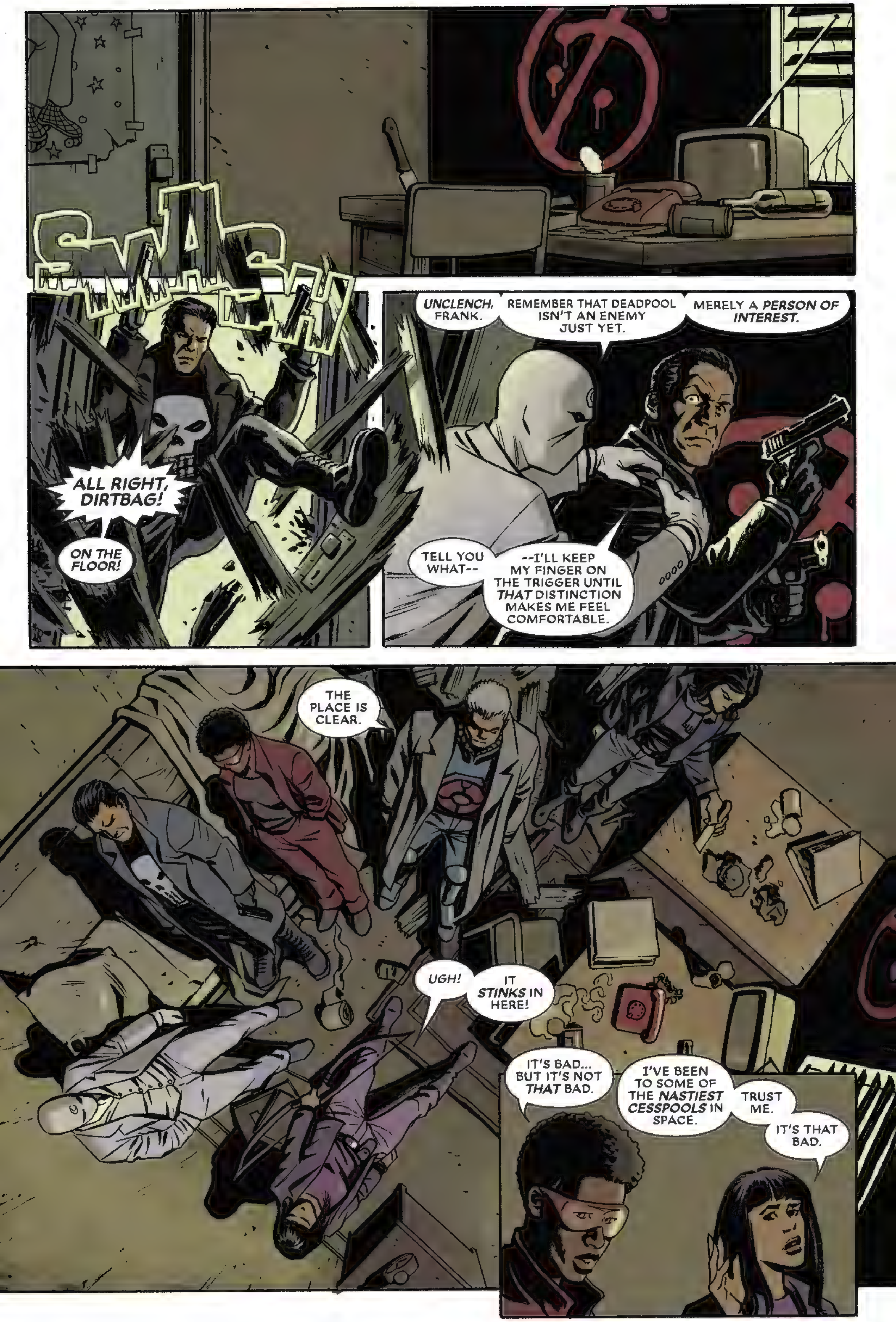

AND IT LOOKS LIKE WE *ALL* FIT THE PROFILE FOR HIS VICTIMS.
OR *HER* VICTIMS.
THE KILLER MIGHT BE A WOMAN.
DON'T START THAT CRAP WITH ME.
YOU KNOW WHAT I MEANT.
I DON'T SUPPOSE THAT YOUR *FUTURE AWARENESS* COULD POINT US IN THE DIRECTION OF THE KILLER.
AFRAID NOT.
MY TIMELINES SEEM A LITTLE *TANGLED* AT THE MOMENT.
EVERYTHING TO DO WITH THIS IS SO... *CLOUDY.*
WHICH MEANS--?
IT MEANS I'M PROBABLY NOT GOING TO LIVE THROUGH THIS.
I FIND IT HARD TO MUSTER UP THE INTEREST IN AVENGERS ROSTERS NOW THAT I'M NOT A MEMBER...
...BUT THIS GROUP...
...*DEADPOOL* WAS ON THE ROSTER, YES?
HE RUNS WITH THEM.
BUT WE DIDN'T FIND HIS BODY AMONG THE CARNAGE.
HE'S NOT HERE.
HE *WAS.*

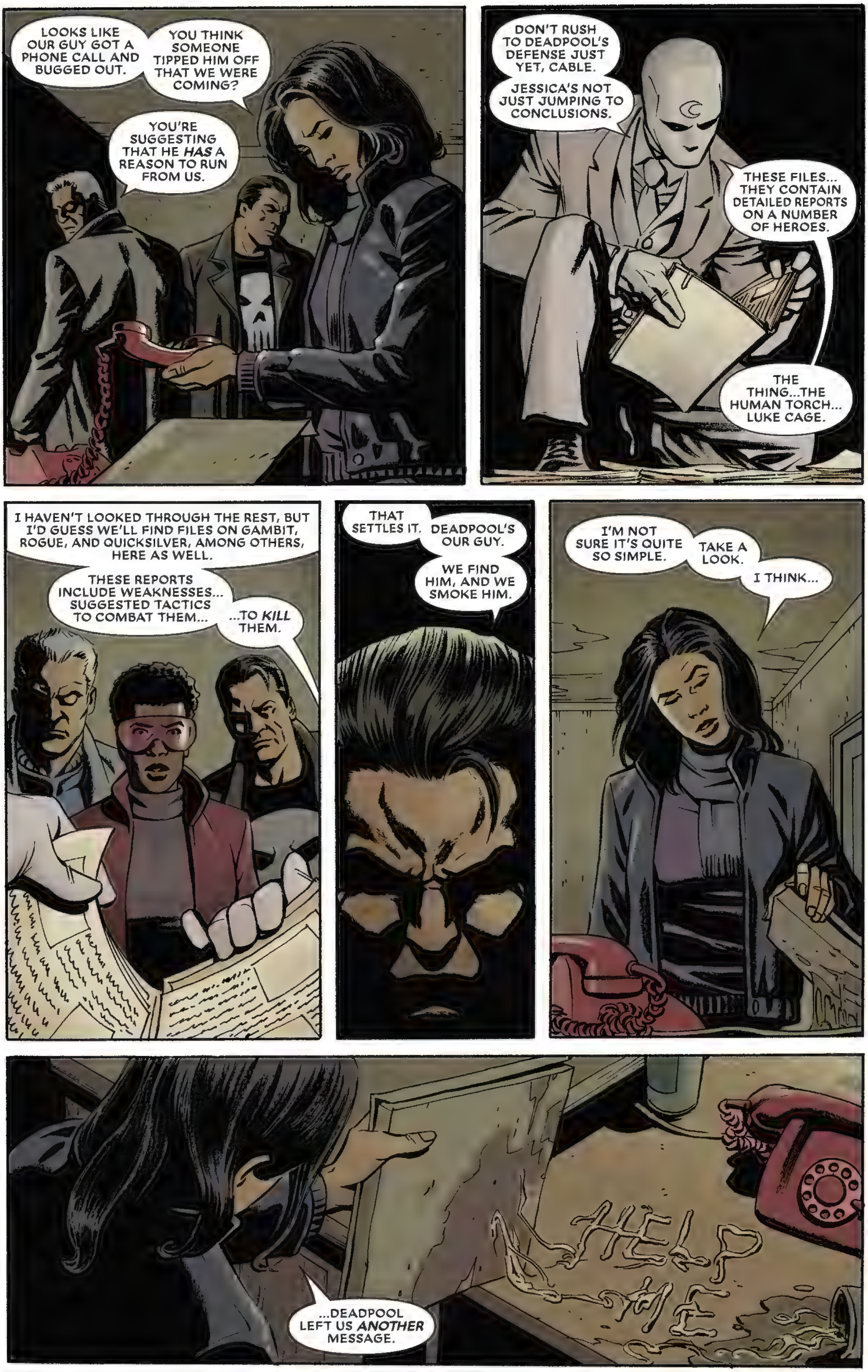

SCHAEFER THEATER.
GOOD WORK WITH M.O.D.O.K., DEADPOOL.
PASS MY CONGRATULATIONS ON TO YOUR TEAM.
MOSTLY TO YOU, BUT I DON'T WANT THE OTHERS TO FEEL LEFT OUT.
THE OFFER STILL STANDS, WADE.
WE COULD USE SOMEONE LIKE YOU ON ALPHA FLIGHT.
AT LEAST, I COULD.
THANKS, CAROL.
FOR RIGHT NOW, THOUGH, I'M NEEDED HERE.
RRRRNNNG
RRRRNNNG
DEADPOOL-- FURY HERE.
MAKE SURE YOU'RE ON A SECURE LINE.
I'VE GOT A SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT FOR YOU.
TIRELESSLY, I PONDERED, WHAT DAYDREAMS A CARCINOGENIC PIRANHA MIGHT REVERE.

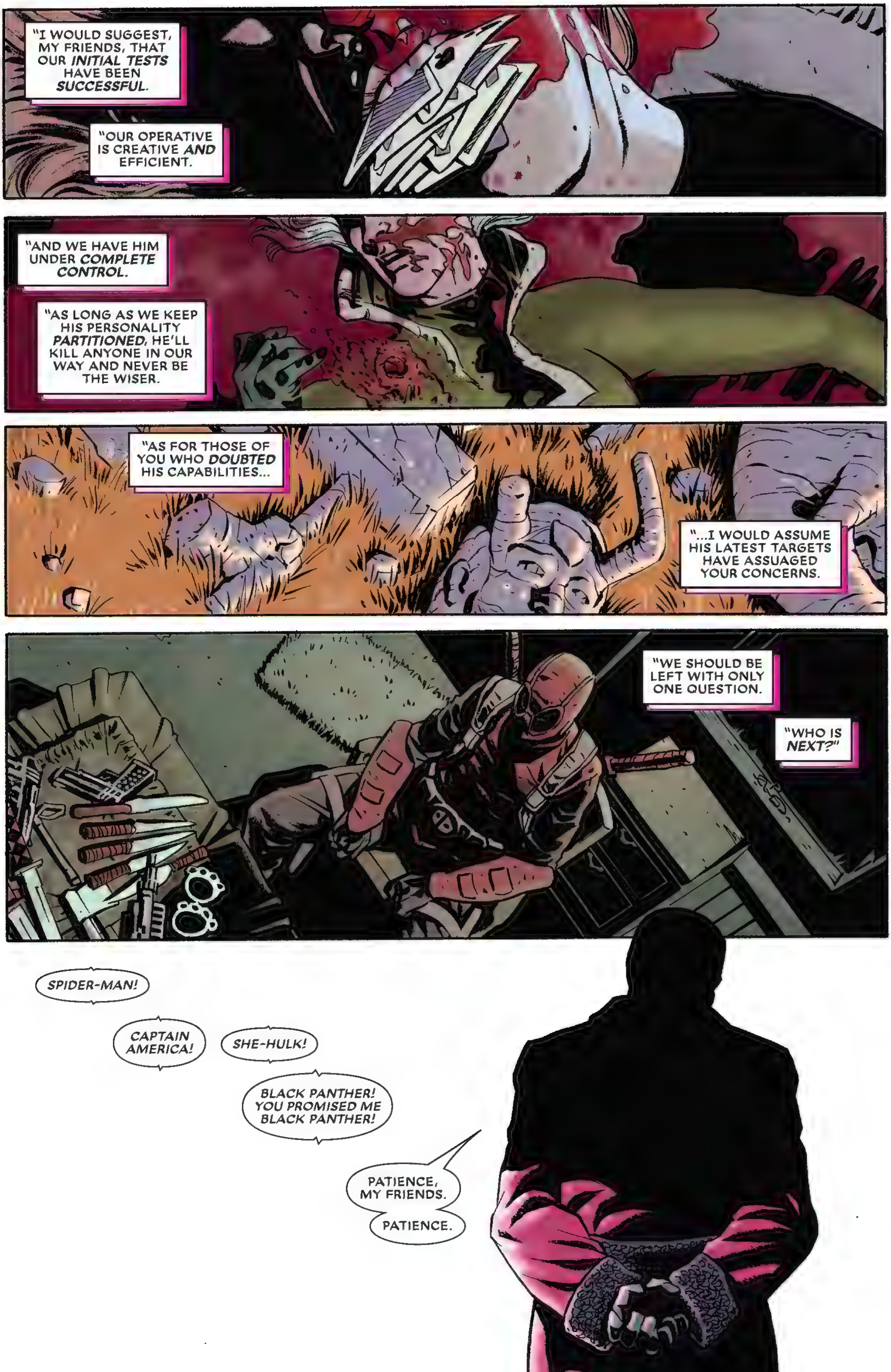

THE AEGEAN SEA.
HAVE A CARE, MY FRIENDS.
IT HAS BEEN *AGES* SINCE THE PRAYERS OF THE FAITHFUL HAVE DRAWN MY ATTENTION.
AND NOW... SUDDENLY...WE ARE *ALL* CALLED FORTH...TO THIS PLACE...THROUGH *WORSHIP*.
LOKI.
GANESHA.
HIPPOLYTA.
VALKYRIE.
HERCULES.
THOR.
I DO NOT LIKE THIS.
NOR DO I.
THE PRAYERS OF MORTALS ALONE DID NOT BECKON TO US.
GODS PRAYED HERE AS WELL.
GODS.
PRAYING FOR *HELP*.
WHAT COULD FRIGHTEN THE DIVINE IN SUCH A WAY?
HEY, YOU *DEIFIC SAD SACKS!* STOP BEING SO GLUM...

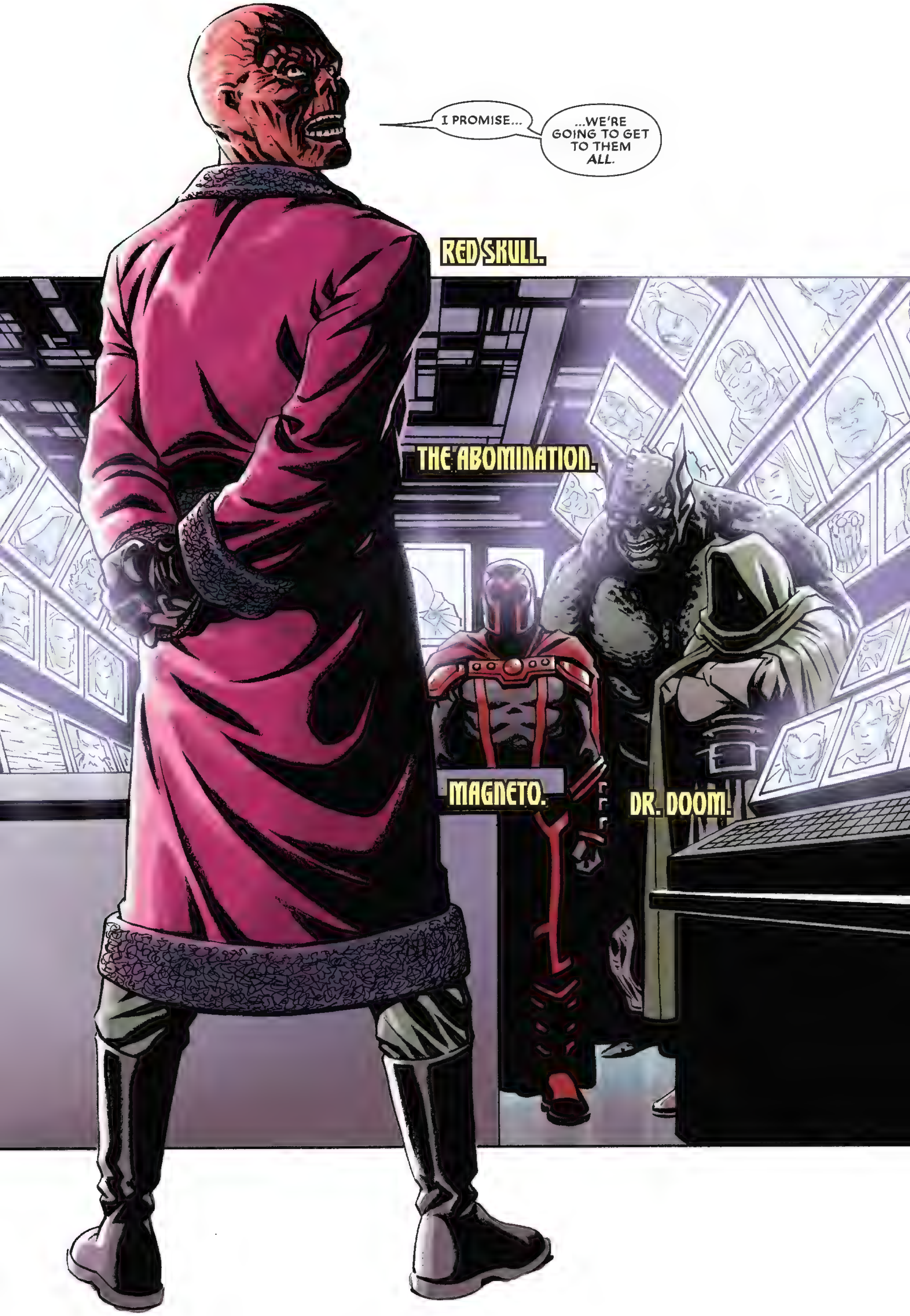

...AND TRY SEEING THINGS FROM *MY* POINT OF VIEW!
THIS *PARTY* IS STRICTLY ***POOP-FREE!***
TOGA! TOGA! TOGA!
DEADPOOL-- STOP THIS NONSENSE.
BUT IT'S A ***MARVEL SWIMSUIT EDITION*** TOGA PARTY.
YOU'RE THE *ONLY* ONE WEARING A TOGA.
TAKE THAT THING OFF.
GREAT IDEA, HIPPOLYTA!
HEY, EVERYBODY! NAKED TOGA PARTY!
WHOA--STRAY VOLLEYBALL!
DON'T WORRY!
I'LL GRAB IT!
THERE'S SOMETHING...
...FAMILIAR...
...ABOUT THIS--
OH, NO. I *KNOW* WHERE WE ARE.
WE MUST GO AT ONCE.
LOKI-- TELEPORT US AWAY FROM THIS PLACE BEFORE--
FOUND IT!


HEY!
AFTER THE VOLLEYBALL MATCH...
...ANYONE WANNA LIMBO?
ALL OF YOU!
AVERT YOUR EYES!
DON'T--

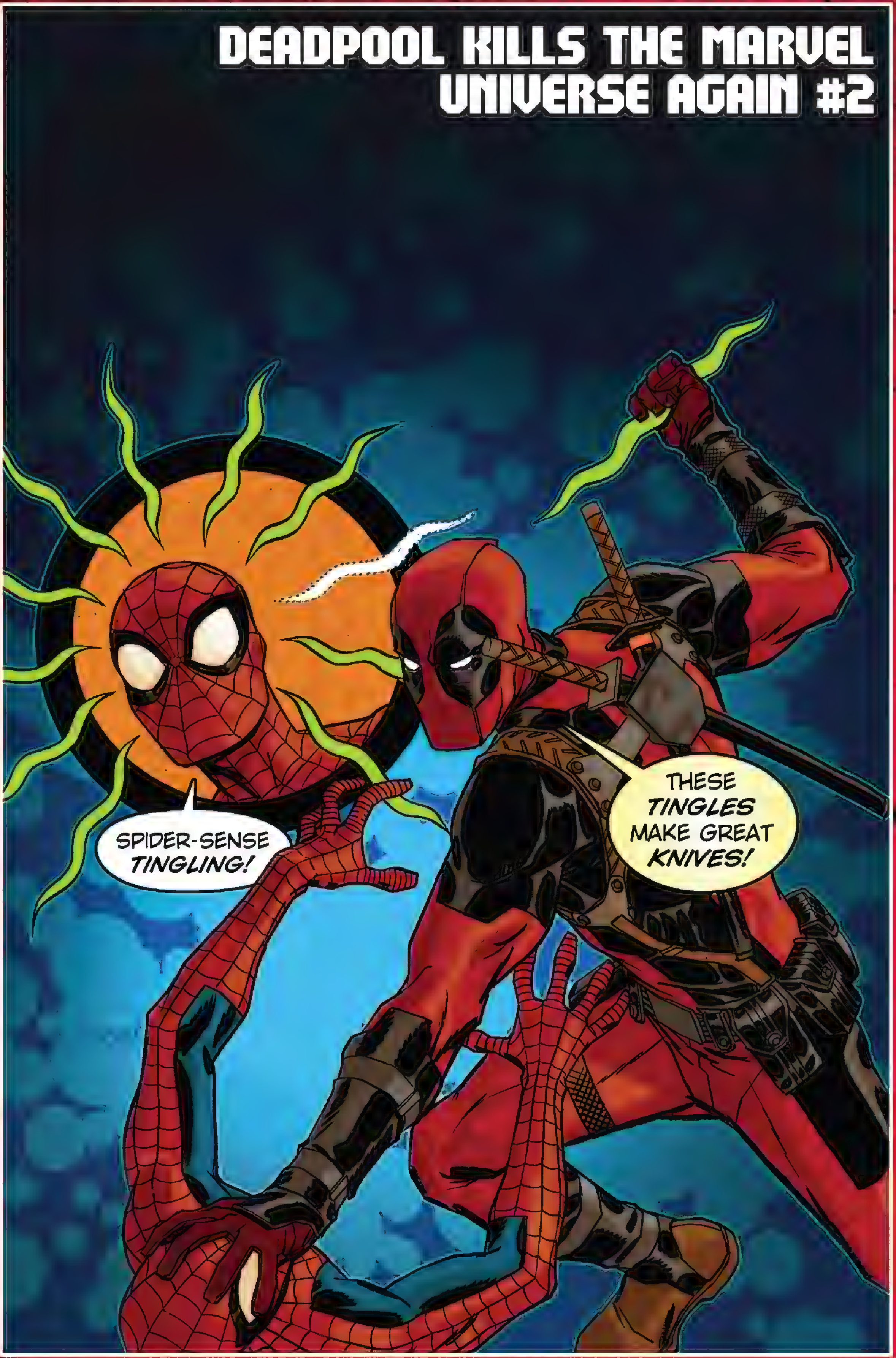

SMASH
ALL RIGHT, DIRTBAG!
ON THE FLOOR!
UNCLENCH, FRANK.
REMEMBER THAT DEADPOOL ISN'T AN ENEMY JUST YET.
MERELY A PERSON OF INTEREST.
TELL YOU WHAT--
--I'LL KEEP MY FINGER ON THE TRIGGER UNTIL THAT DISTINCTION MAKES ME FEEL COMFORTABLE.
THE PLACE IS CLEAR.
UGH!
IT STINKS IN HERE!
IT'S BAD... BUT IT'S NOT THAT BAD.
I'VE BEEN TO SOME OF THE NASTIEST CESSPOOLS IN SPACE.
TRUST ME.
IT'S THAT BAD.

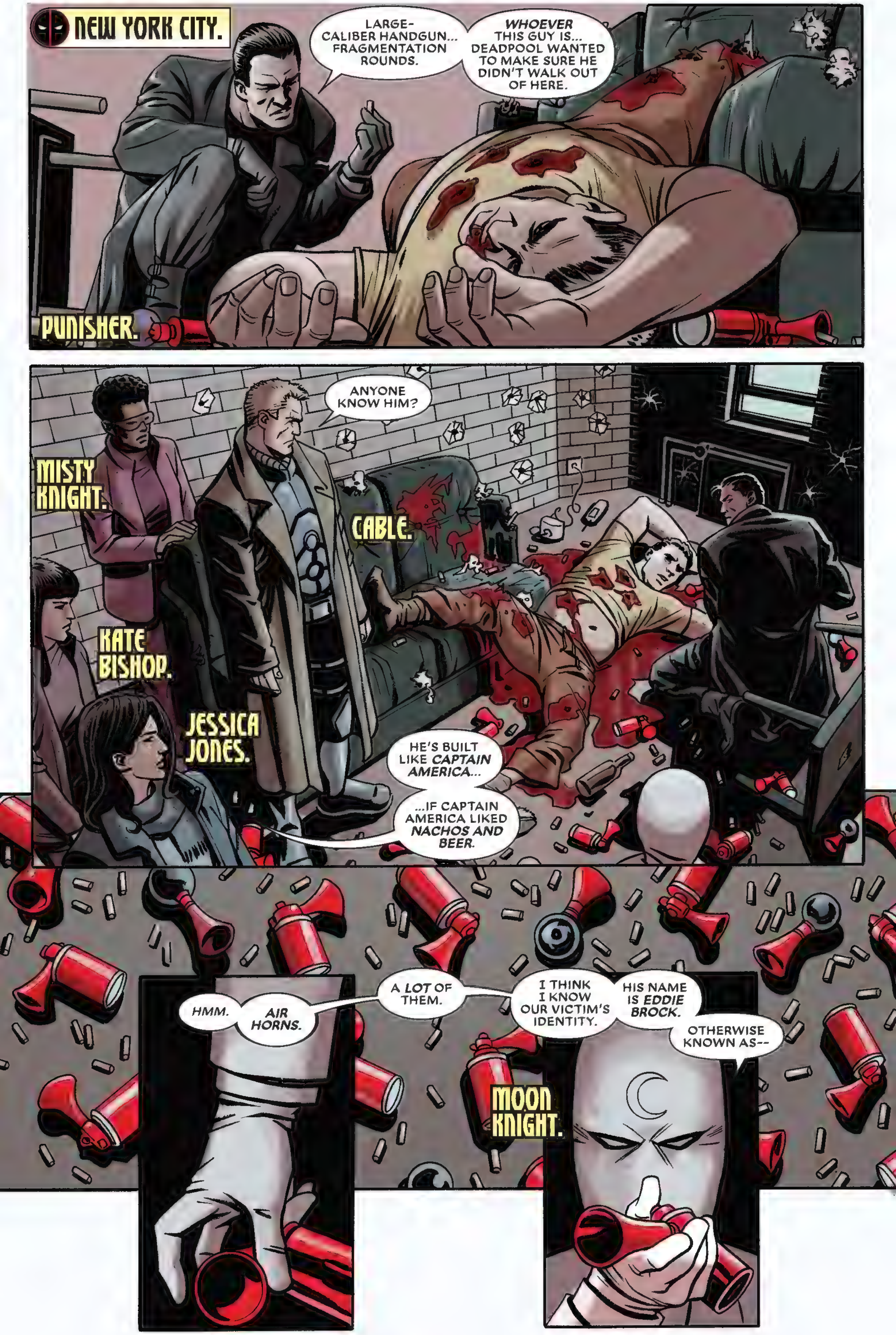

LOOKS LIKE OUR GUY GOT A PHONE CALL AND BUGGED OUT.
YOU THINK SOMEONE TIPPED HIM OFF THAT WE WERE COMING?
YOU'RE SUGGESTING THAT HE *HAS* A REASON TO RUN FROM US.
DON'T RUSH TO DEADPOOL'S DEFENSE JUST YET, CABLE.
JESSICA'S NOT JUST JUMPING TO CONCLUSIONS.
THESE FILES... THEY CONTAIN DETAILED REPORTS ON A NUMBER OF HEROES.
THE THING...THE HUMAN TORCH... LUKE CAGE.
I HAVEN'T LOOKED THROUGH THE REST, BUT I'D GUESS WE'LL FIND FILES ON GAMBIT, ROGUE, AND QUICKSILVER, AMONG OTHERS, HERE AS WELL.
THESE REPORTS INCLUDE WEAKNESSES... SUGGESTED TACTICS TO COMBAT THEM...
...TO *KILL* THEM.
THAT SETTLES IT.
DEADPOOL'S OUR GUY.
WE FIND HIM, AND WE SMOKE HIM.
I'M NOT SURE IT'S QUITE SO SIMPLE.
TAKE A LOOK.
I THINK...
HELP ME
...DEADPOOL LEFT US *ANOTHER* MESSAGE.

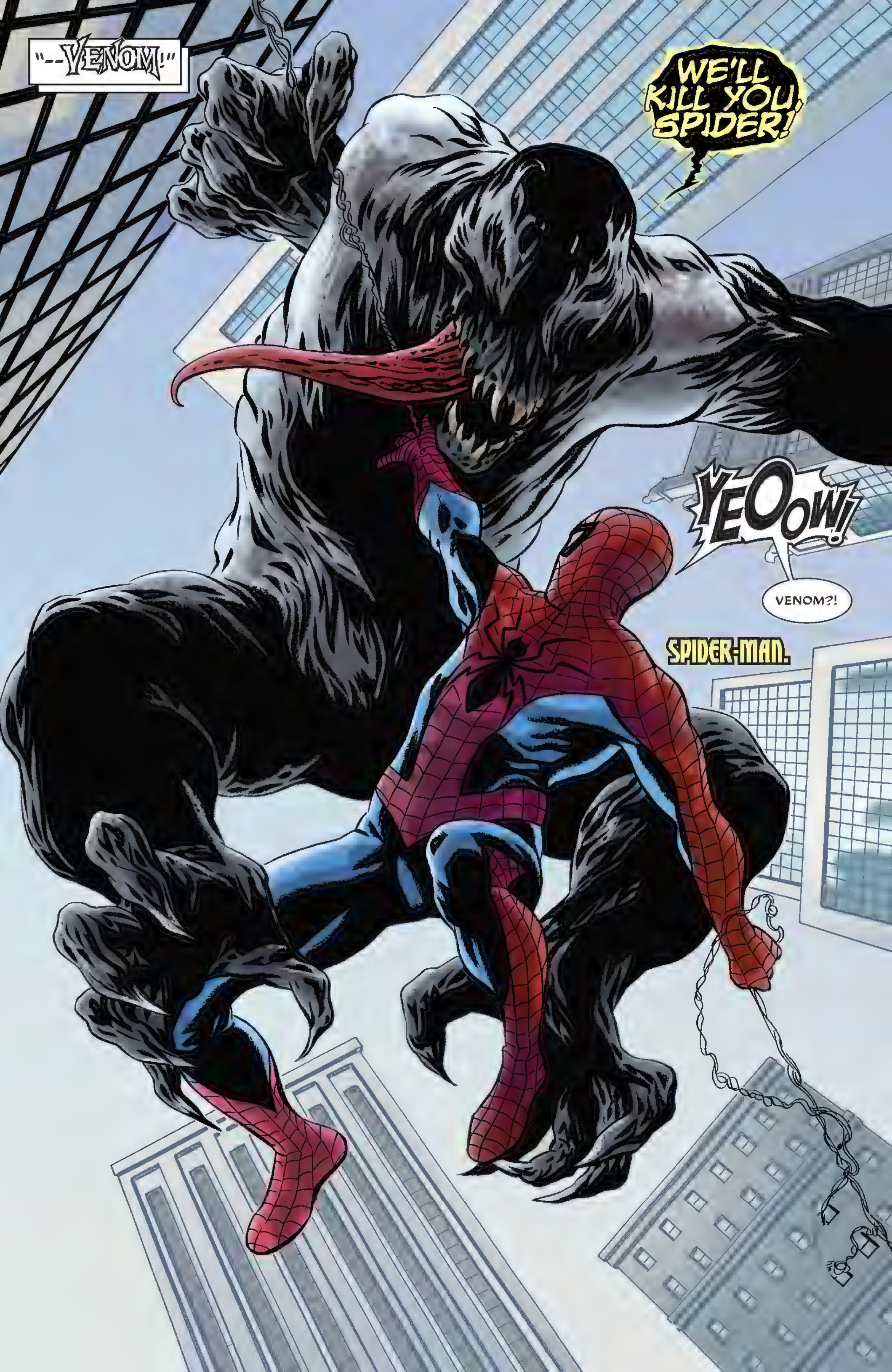

"I WOULD SUGGEST, MY FRIENDS, THAT OUR *INITIAL TESTS* HAVE BEEN *SUCCESSFUL*.
"OUR OPERATIVE IS CREATIVE *AND* EFFICIENT.
"AND WE HAVE HIM UNDER *COMPLETE CONTROL*.
"AS LONG AS WE KEEP HIS PERSONALITY *PARTITIONED*, HE'LL KILL ANYONE IN OUR WAY AND NEVER BE THE WISER.
"AS FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO *DOUBTED* HIS CAPABILITIES...
"...I WOULD ASSUME HIS LATEST TARGETS HAVE ASSUAGED YOUR CONCERNS.
"WE SHOULD BE LEFT WITH ONLY ONE QUESTION.
"WHO IS *NEXT?*"
SPIDER-MAN!
CAPTAIN AMERICA!
SHE-HULK!
BLACK PANTHER! YOU PROMISED ME BLACK PANTHER!
PATIENCE, MY FRIENDS.
PATIENCE.

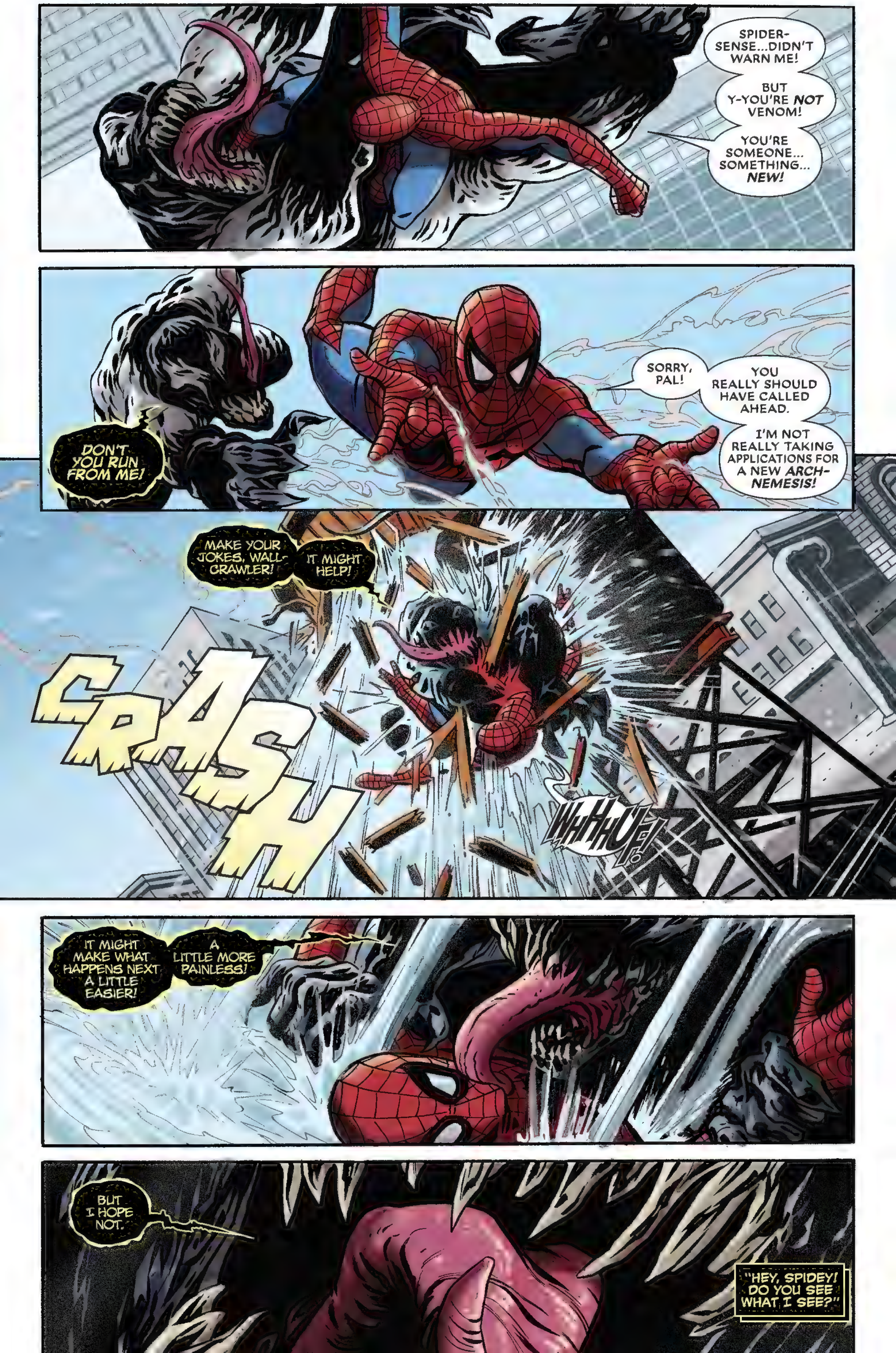

I PROMISE...
...WE'RE GOING TO GET TO THEM *ALL*.
RED SKULL.
THE ABOMINATION.
MAGNETO.
DR. DOOM.

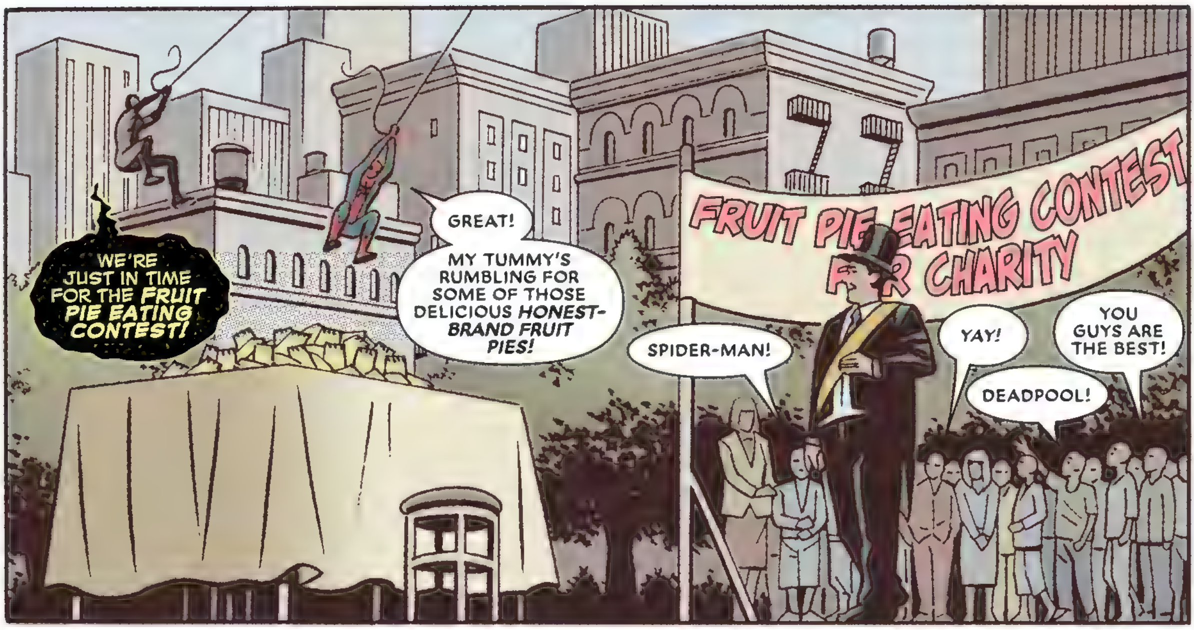
DEADPOOL KILLS THE MARVEL UNIVERSE AGAIN #2

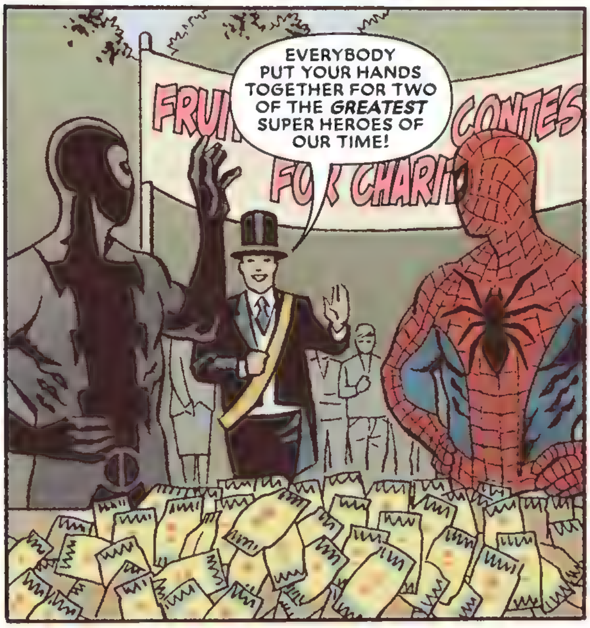

SPIDER-SENSE *TINGLING!*
THESE *TINGLES* MAKE GREAT *KNIVES!*

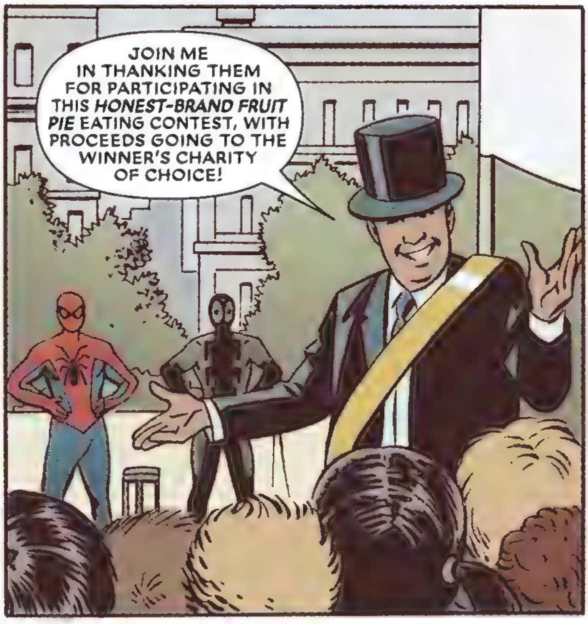

NEW YORK CITY.
PUNISHER.
LARGE-CALIBER HANDGUN... FRAGMENTATION ROUNDS.
WHOEVER THIS GUY IS... DEADPOOL WANTED TO MAKE SURE HE DIDN'T WALK OUT OF HERE.
MISTY KNIGHT.
KATE BISHOP.
JESSICA JONES.
CABLE.
ANYONE KNOW HIM?
HE'S BUILT LIKE *CAPTAIN AMERICA*...
...IF CAPTAIN AMERICA LIKED *NACHOS AND BEER.*
HMM.
AIR HORNS.
A *LOT* OF THEM.
MOON KNIGHT.
I THINK I KNOW OUR VICTIM'S IDENTITY.
HIS NAME IS *EDDIE BROCK.*
OTHERWISE KNOWN AS--

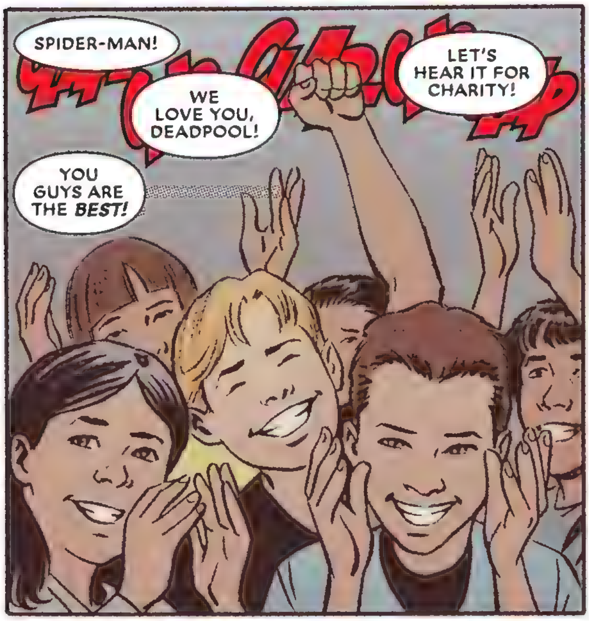

"--VENOM!"
WE'LL KILL YOU, SPIDER!
YEOOW!
VENOM?!
SPIDER-MAN.

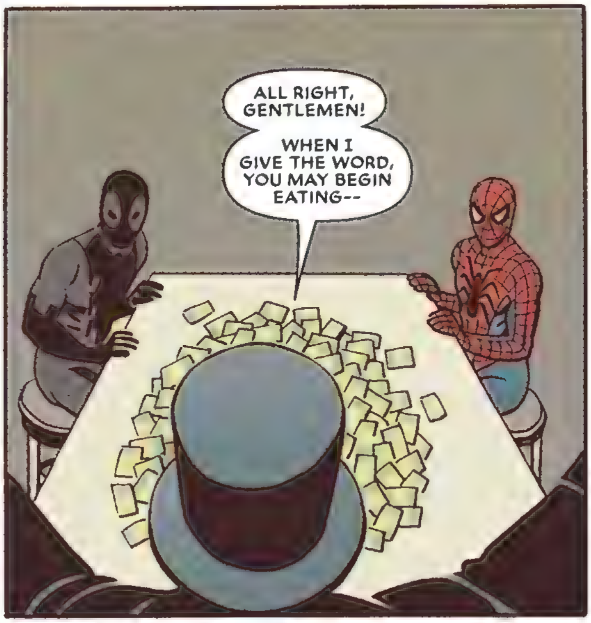

SPIDER-SENSE...DIDN'T WARN ME!
BUT Y-YOU'RE *NOT* VENOM!
YOU'RE SOMEONE... SOMETHING... *NEW!*
DON'T YOU RUN FROM ME!
SORRY, PAL!
YOU REALLY SHOULD HAVE CALLED AHEAD.
I'M NOT REALLY TAKING APPLICATIONS FOR A NEW *ARCH-NEMESIS!*
MAKE YOUR JOKES, WALL-CRAWLER!
IT MIGHT HELP!
CRASH
WHHUF!
IT MIGHT MAKE WHAT HAPPENS NEXT A LITTLE EASIER!
A LITTLE MORE PAINLESS!
BUT I HOPE NOT.
"HEY, SPIDEY! DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?"

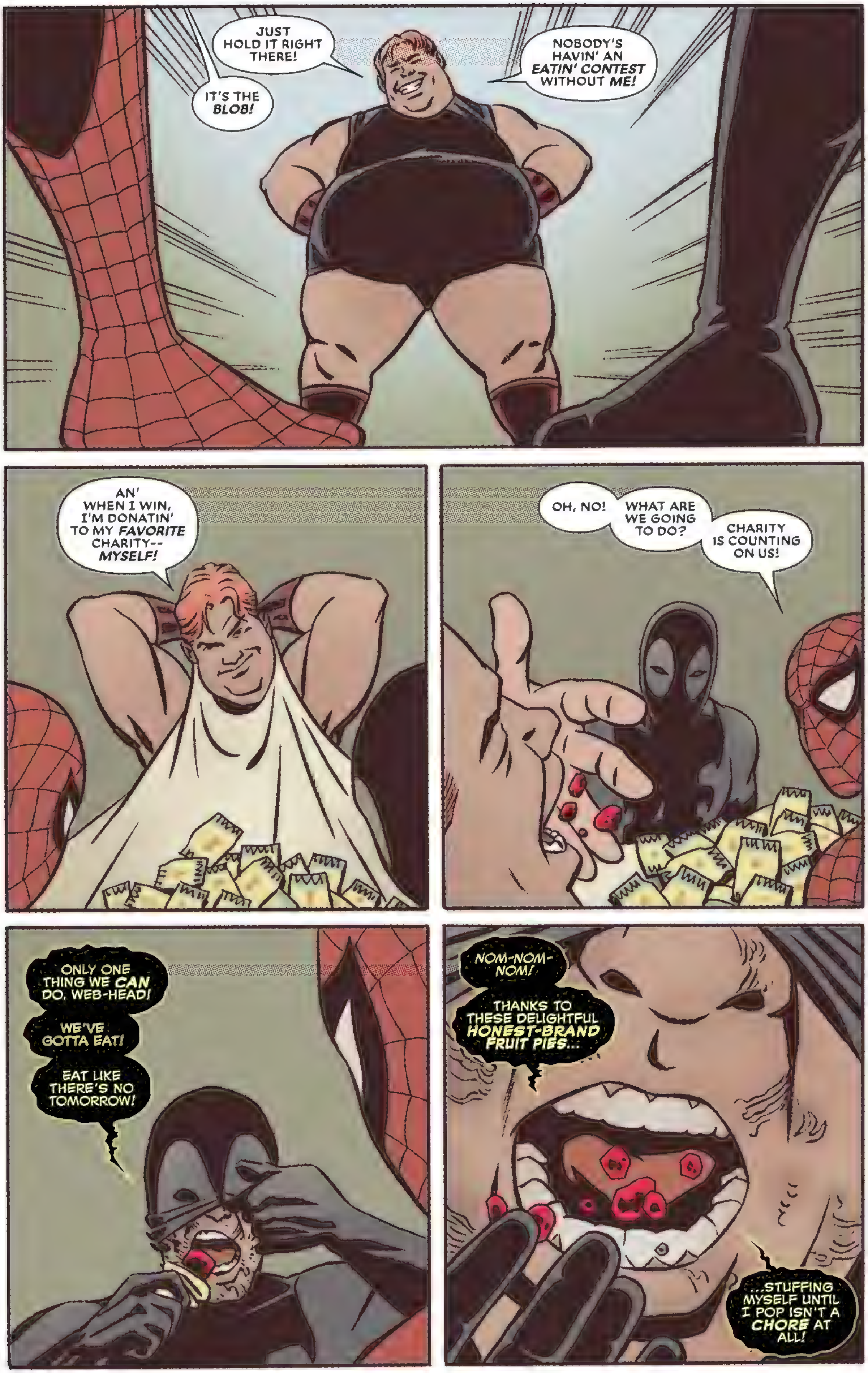

WE'RE JUST IN TIME FOR THE *FRUIT PIE EATING CONTEST!*
GREAT!
MY TUMMY'S RUMBLING FOR SOME OF THOSE DELICIOUS *HONEST-BRAND FRUIT PIES!*
FRUIT PIE EATING CONTEST FOR CHARITY
SPIDER-MAN!
YAY!
YOU GUYS ARE THE BEST!
DEADPOOL!

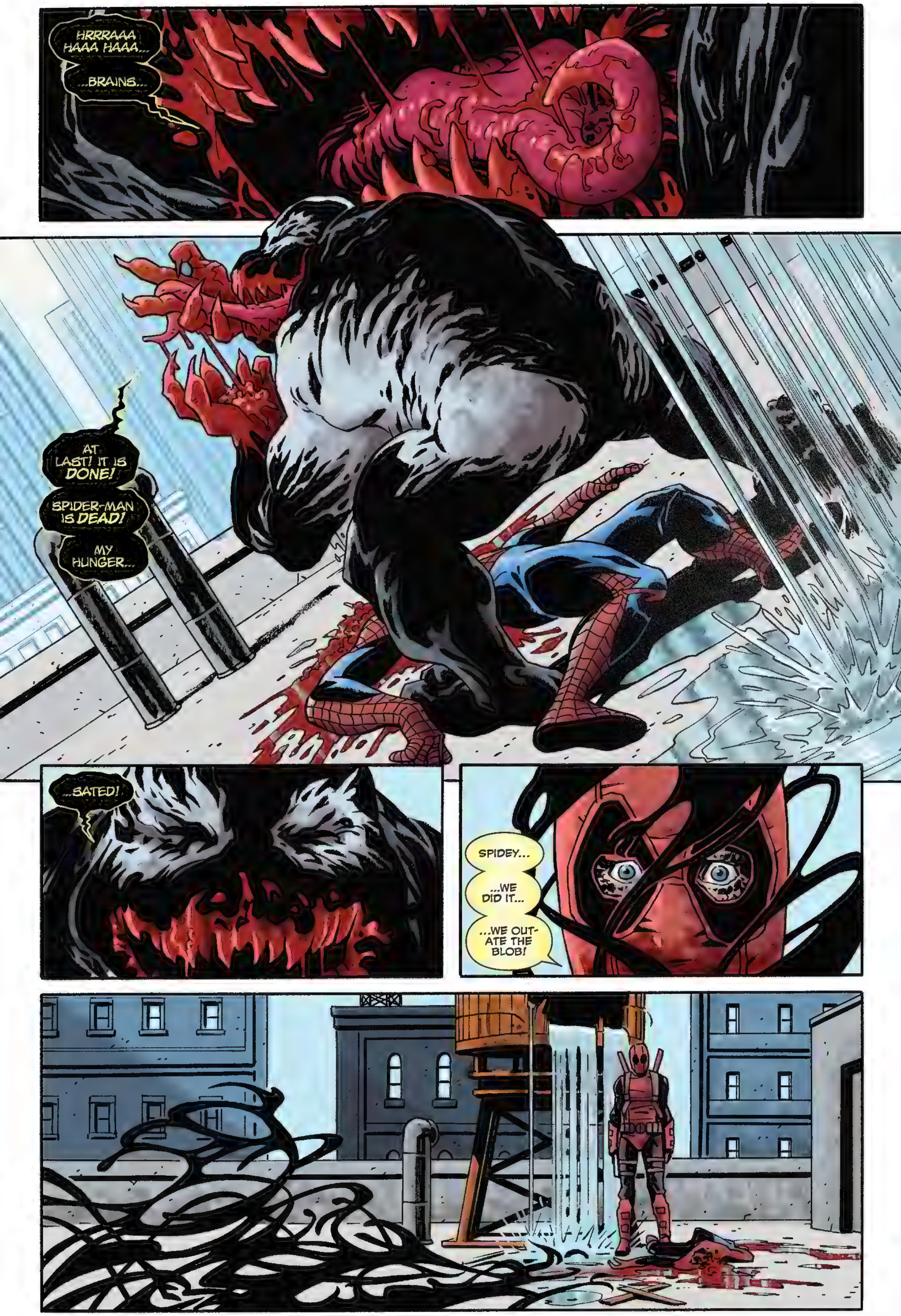

EVERYBODY PUT YOUR HANDS TOGETHER FOR TWO OF THE *GREATEST* SUPER HEROES OF OUR TIME!
FRUIT PIE EATING CONTEST FOR CHARITY

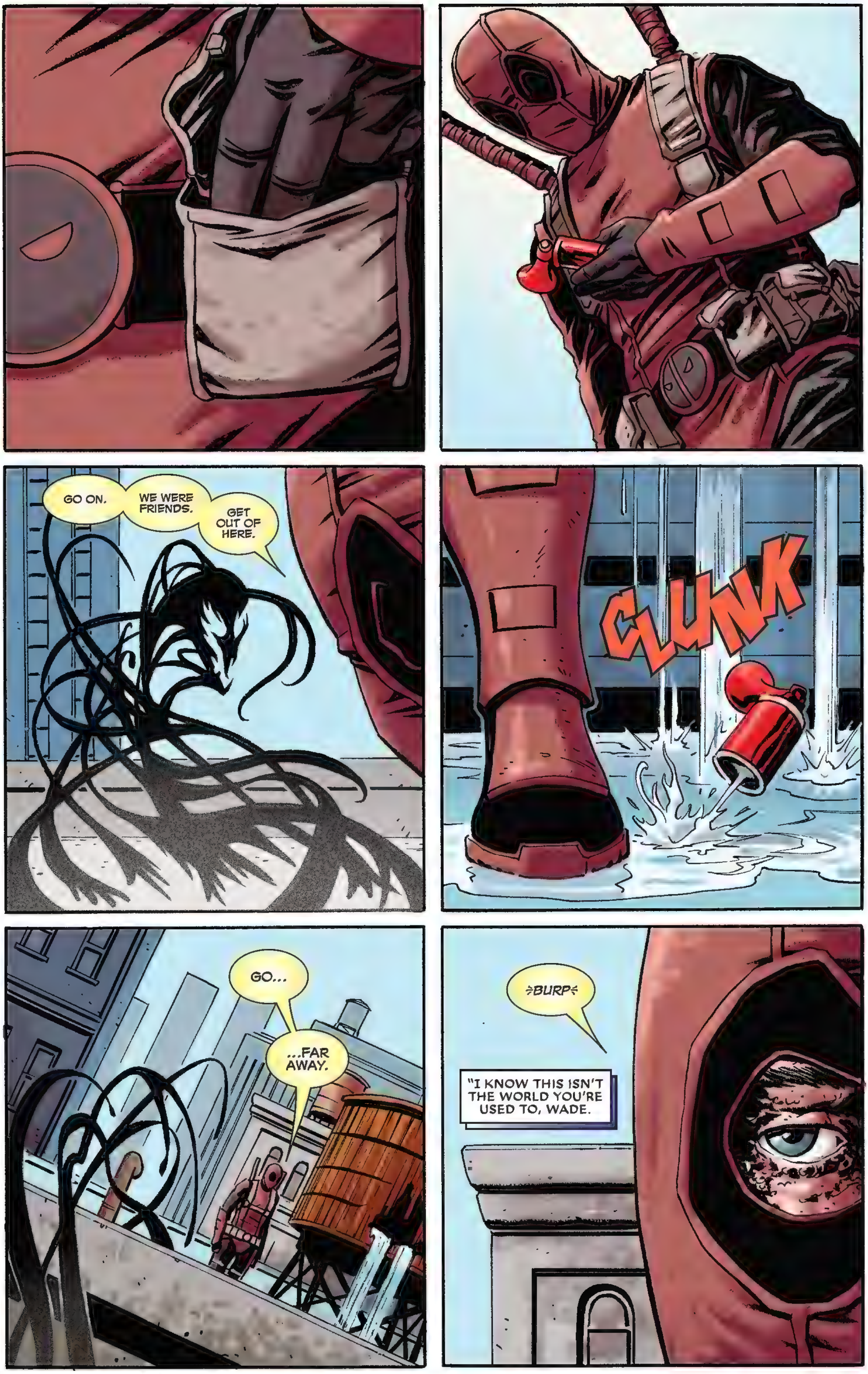

JOIN ME IN THANKING THEM FOR PARTICIPATING IN THIS *HONEST-BRAND FRUIT PIE* EATING CONTEST, WITH PROCEEDS GOING TO THE WINNER'S CHARITY OF CHOICE!

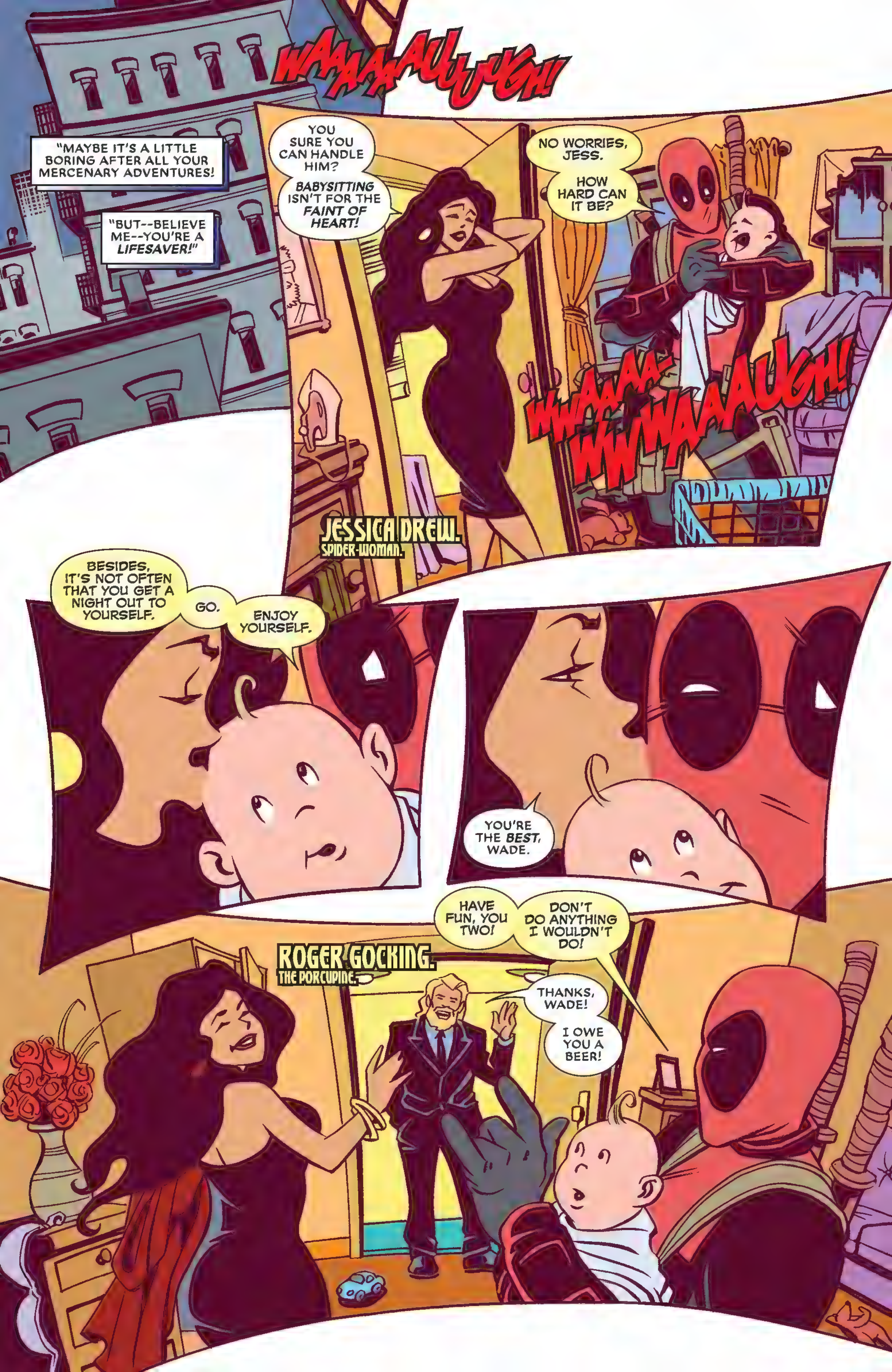

SPIDER-MAN!
WE LOVE YOU, DEADPOOL!
LET'S HEAR IT FOR CHARITY!
YOU GUYS ARE THE *BEST!*

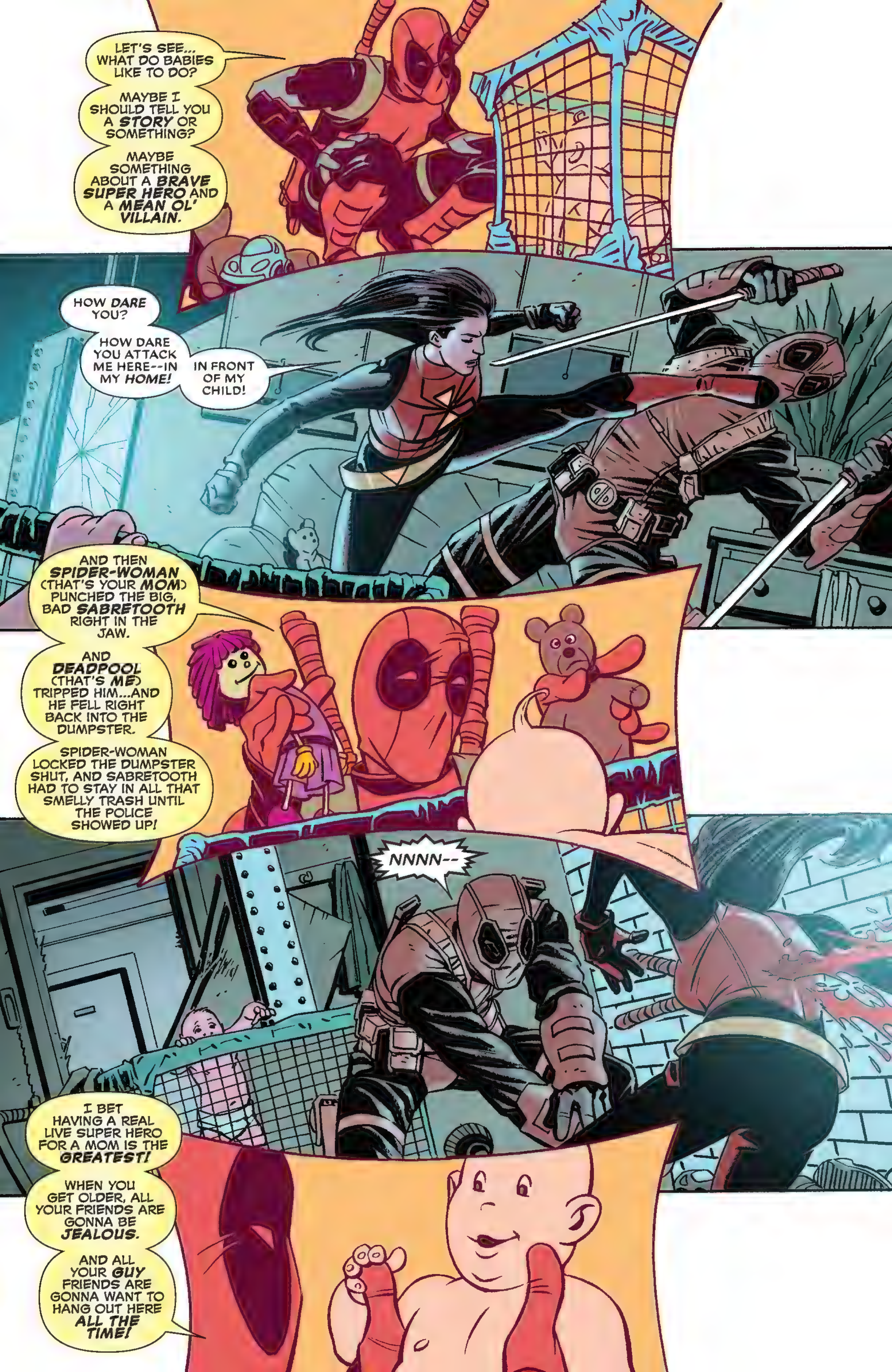

ALL RIGHT, GENTLEMEN!
WHEN I GIVE THE WORD, YOU MAY BEGIN EATING--

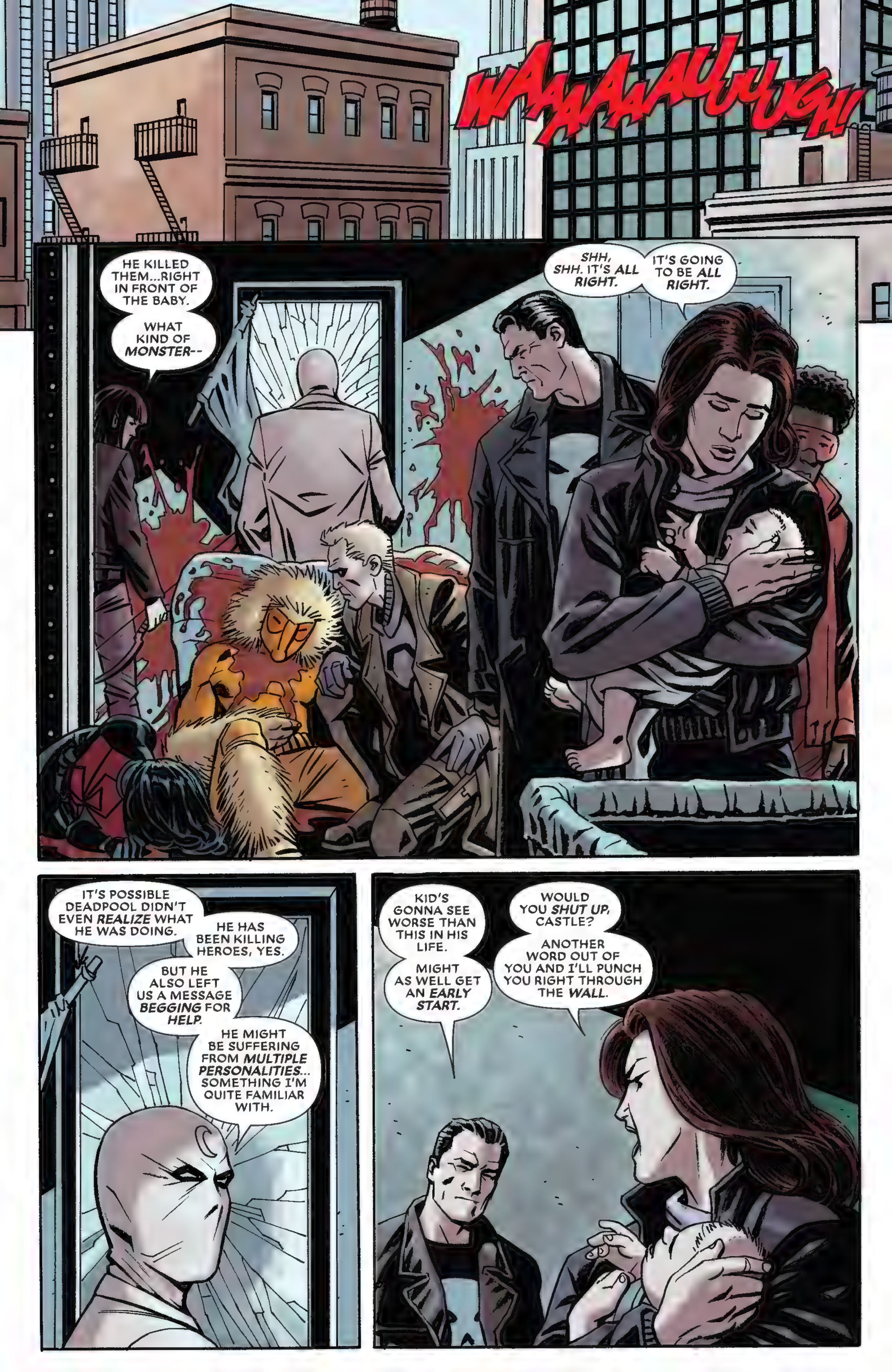

JUST HOLD IT RIGHT THERE!
IT'S THE *BLOB!*
NOBODY'S HAVIN' AN *EATIN' CONTEST* WITHOUT *ME!*
AN' WHEN I WIN, I'M DONATIN' TO MY *FAVORITE* CHARITY-- *MYSELF!*
OH, NO!
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?
CHARITY IS COUNTING ON US!
ONLY ONE THING WE *CAN* DO, WEB-HEAD!
WE'VE GOTTA EAT!
EAT LIKE THERE'S NO TOMORROW!
NOM-NOM-NOM!
THANKS TO THESE DELIGHTFUL *HONEST-BRAND FRUIT PIES...*
...STUFFING MYSELF UNTIL I POP ISN'T A *CHORE* AT ALL!

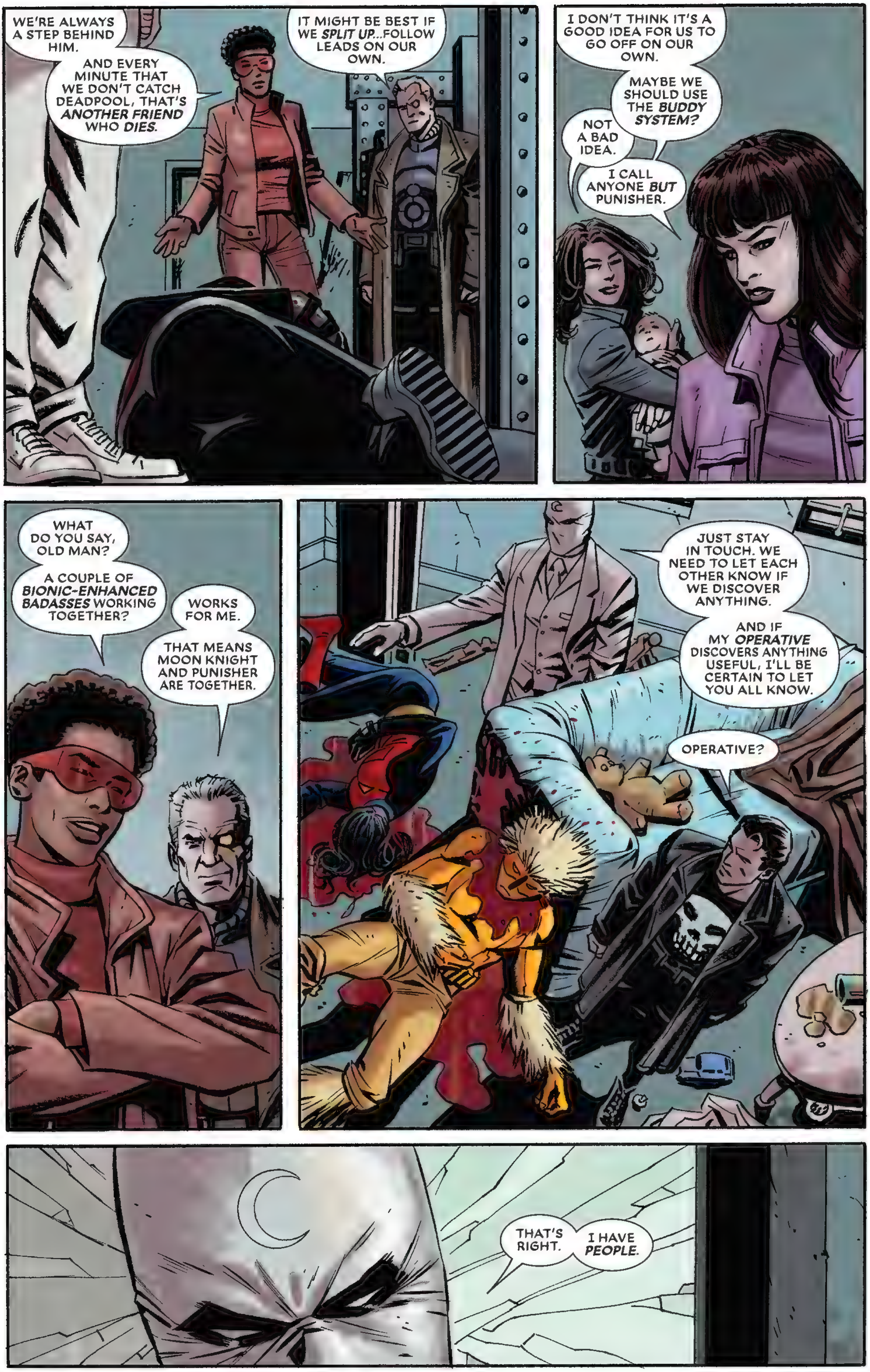

HRRRAAA HAAA HAAA...
...BRAINS...
AT LAST! IT IS DONE!
SPIDER-MAN IS DEAD!
MY HUNGER...
...SATED!
SPIDEY...
...WE DID IT...
...WE OUT-ATE THE BLOB!

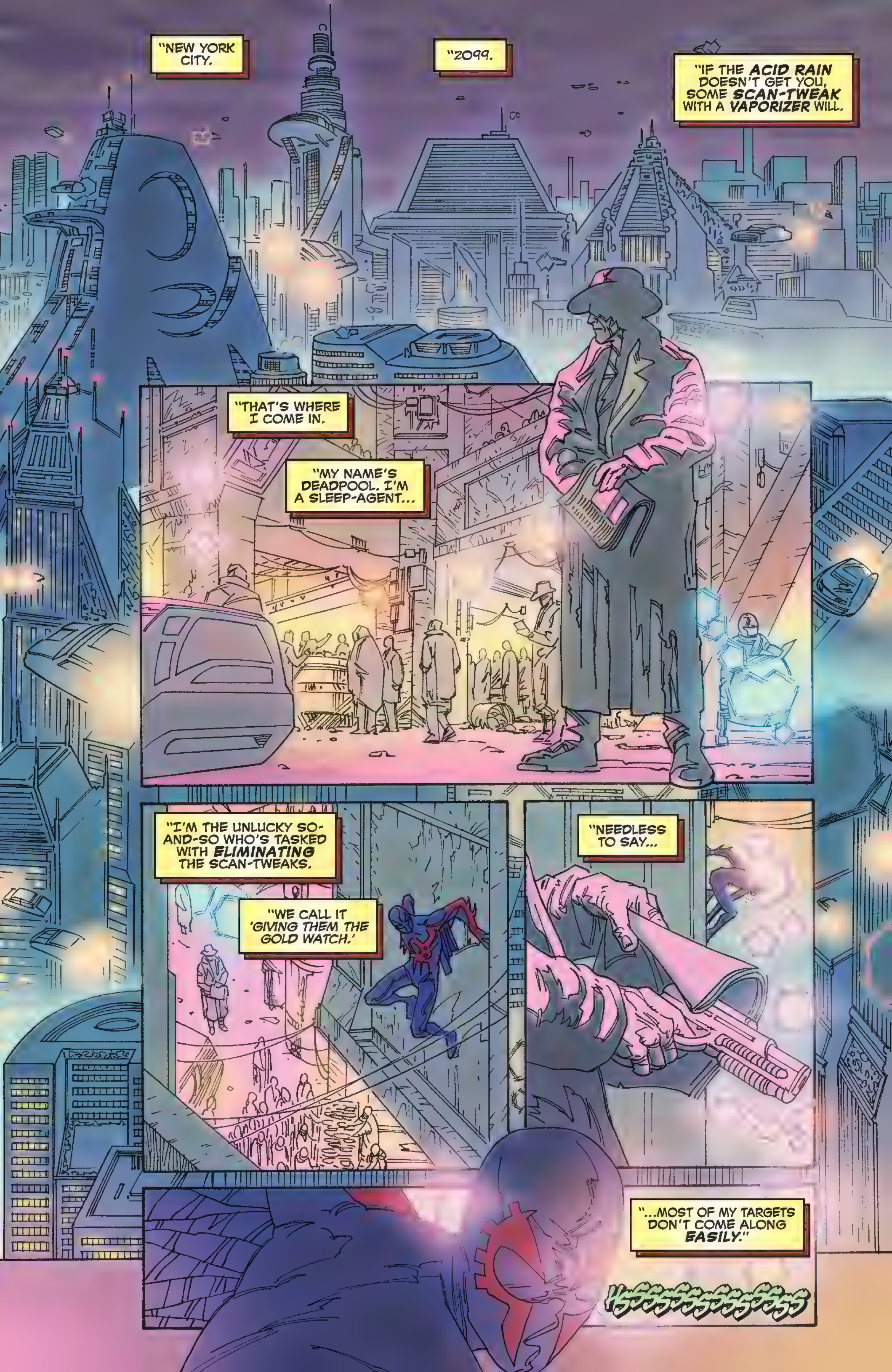

GO ON.
WE WERE FRIENDS.
GET OUT OF HERE.
CLUNK
GO...
...FAR AWAY.
BURP
"I KNOW THIS ISN'T THE WORLD YOU'RE USED TO, WADE.

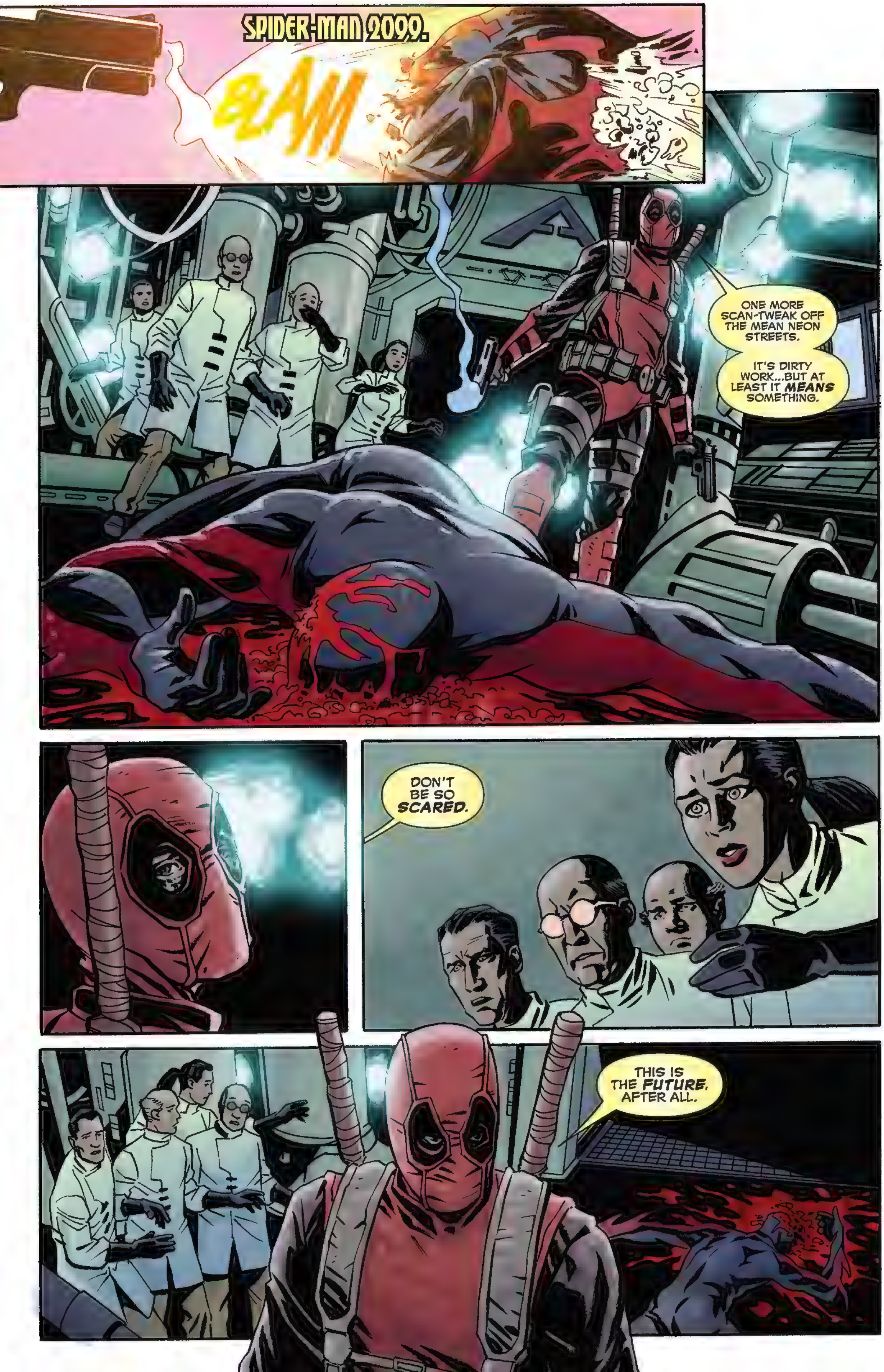

WAAAAAUUUUGH!
"MAYBE IT'S A LITTLE BORING AFTER ALL YOUR MERCENARY ADVENTURES!
"BUT--BELIEVE ME--YOU'RE A *LIFESAVER!*"
YOU SURE YOU CAN HANDLE HIM?
BABYSITTING ISN'T FOR THE *FAINT OF HEART!*
NO WORRIES, JESS.
HOW HARD CAN IT BE?
WAAAA-WWWAAAAUGH!
JESSICA DREW.
SPIDER-WOMAN.
BESIDES, IT'S NOT OFTEN THAT YOU GET A NIGHT OUT TO YOURSELF.
GO.
ENJOY YOURSELF.
YOU'RE THE *BEST,* WADE.
ROGER GOCKING.
THE PORCUPINE.
HAVE FUN, YOU TWO!
DON'T DO ANYTHING I WOULDN'T DO!
THANKS, WADE!
I OWE YOU A BEER!

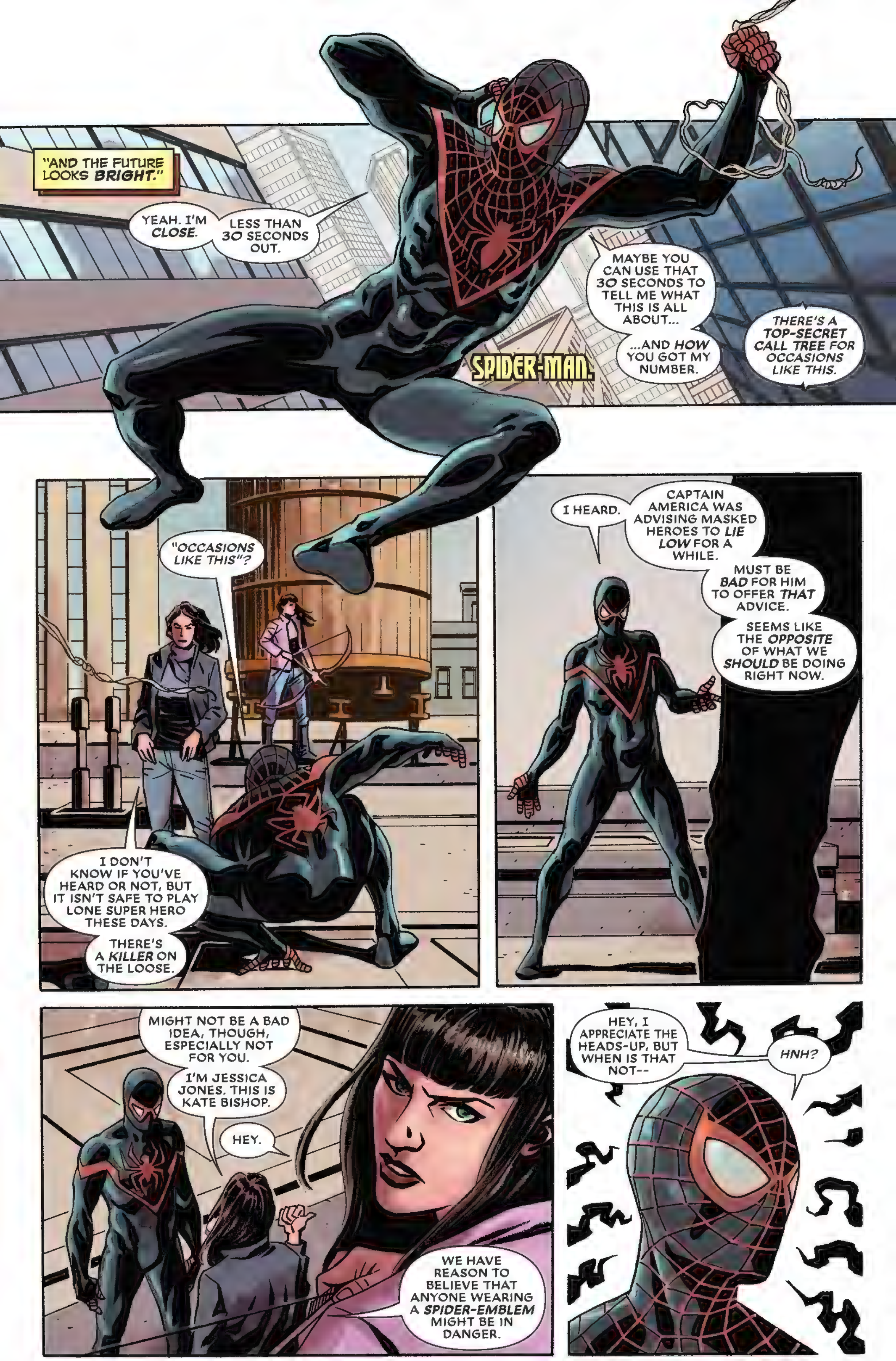

LET'S SEE... WHAT DO BABIES LIKE TO DO?
MAYBE I SHOULD TELL YOU A STORY OR SOMETHING?
MAYBE SOMETHING ABOUT A BRAVE SUPER HERO AND A MEAN OL' VILLAIN.
HOW DARE YOU?
HOW DARE YOU ATTACK ME HERE--IN MY HOME!
IN FRONT OF MY CHILD!
AND THEN SPIDER-WOMAN (THAT'S YOUR MOM) PUNCHED THE BIG, BAD SABRETOOTH RIGHT IN THE JAW.
AND DEADPOOL (THAT'S ME) TRIPPED HIM...AND HE FELL RIGHT BACK INTO THE DUMPSTER.
SPIDER-WOMAN LOCKED THE DUMPSTER SHUT, AND SABRETOOTH HAD TO STAY IN ALL THAT SMELLY TRASH UNTIL THE POLICE SHOWED UP!
NNNN--
I BET HAVING A REAL LIVE SUPER HERO FOR A MOM IS THE GREATEST!
WHEN YOU GET OLDER, ALL YOUR FRIENDS ARE GONNA BE JEALOUS.
AND ALL YOUR GUY FRIENDS ARE GONNA WANT TO HANG OUT HERE ALL THE TIME!

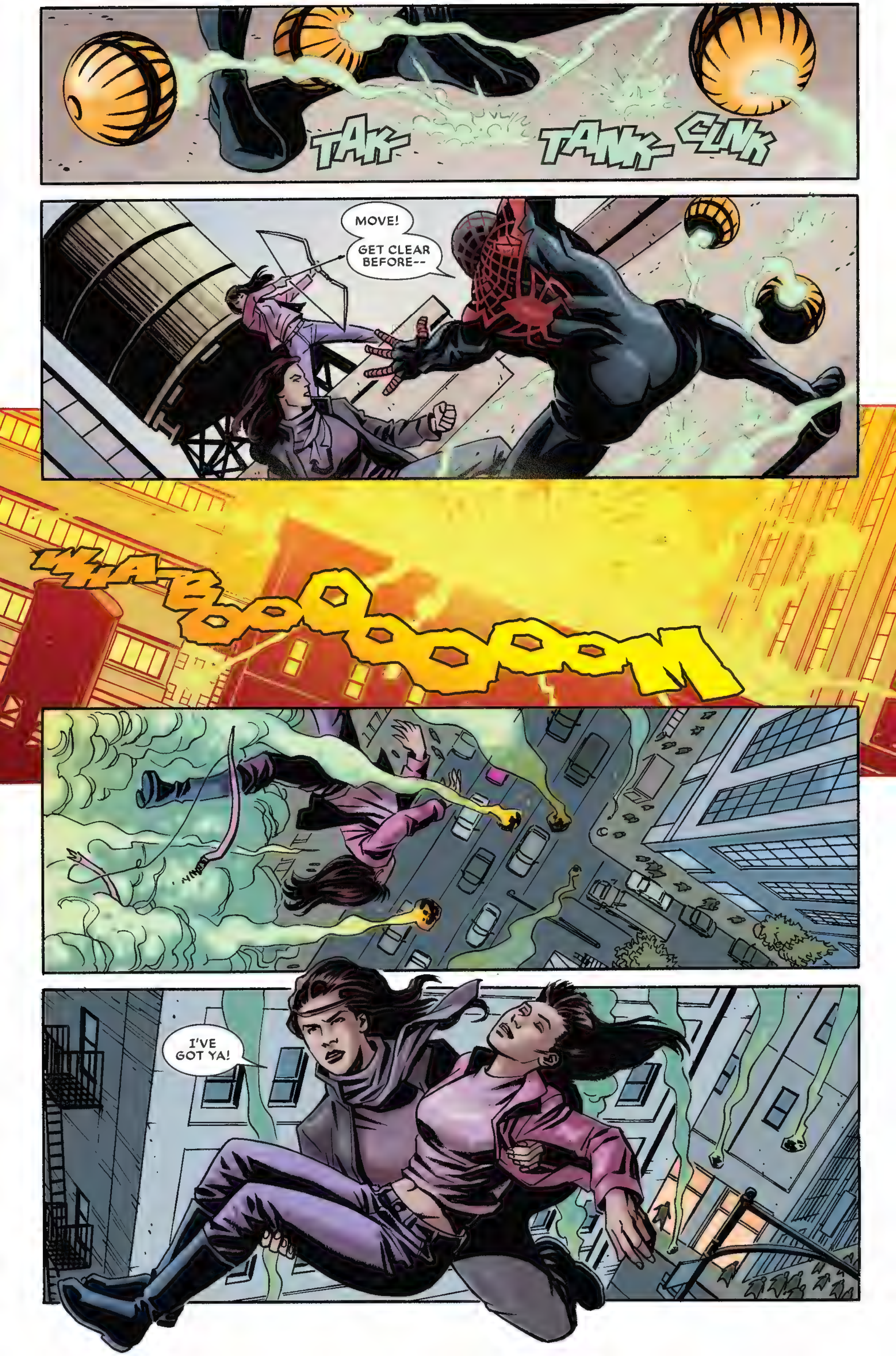

WAAAAAAUUUUGH!
HE KILLED THEM...RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE BABY.
WHAT KIND OF *MONSTER*--
SHH, SHH. IT'S *ALL RIGHT.*
IT'S GOING TO BE *ALL RIGHT.*
IT'S POSSIBLE DEADPOOL DIDN'T EVEN *REALIZE* WHAT HE WAS DOING.
HE HAS BEEN KILLING HEROES, YES.
BUT HE ALSO LEFT US A MESSAGE *BEGGING* FOR *HELP.*
HE MIGHT BE SUFFERING FROM *MULTIPLE PERSONALITIES*... SOMETHING I'M QUITE FAMILIAR WITH.
KID'S GONNA SEE WORSE THAN THIS IN HIS LIFE.
MIGHT AS WELL GET AN *EARLY START.*
WOULD YOU *SHUT UP,* CASTLE?
ANOTHER WORD OUT OF YOU AND I'LL PUNCH YOU RIGHT THROUGH THE *WALL.*

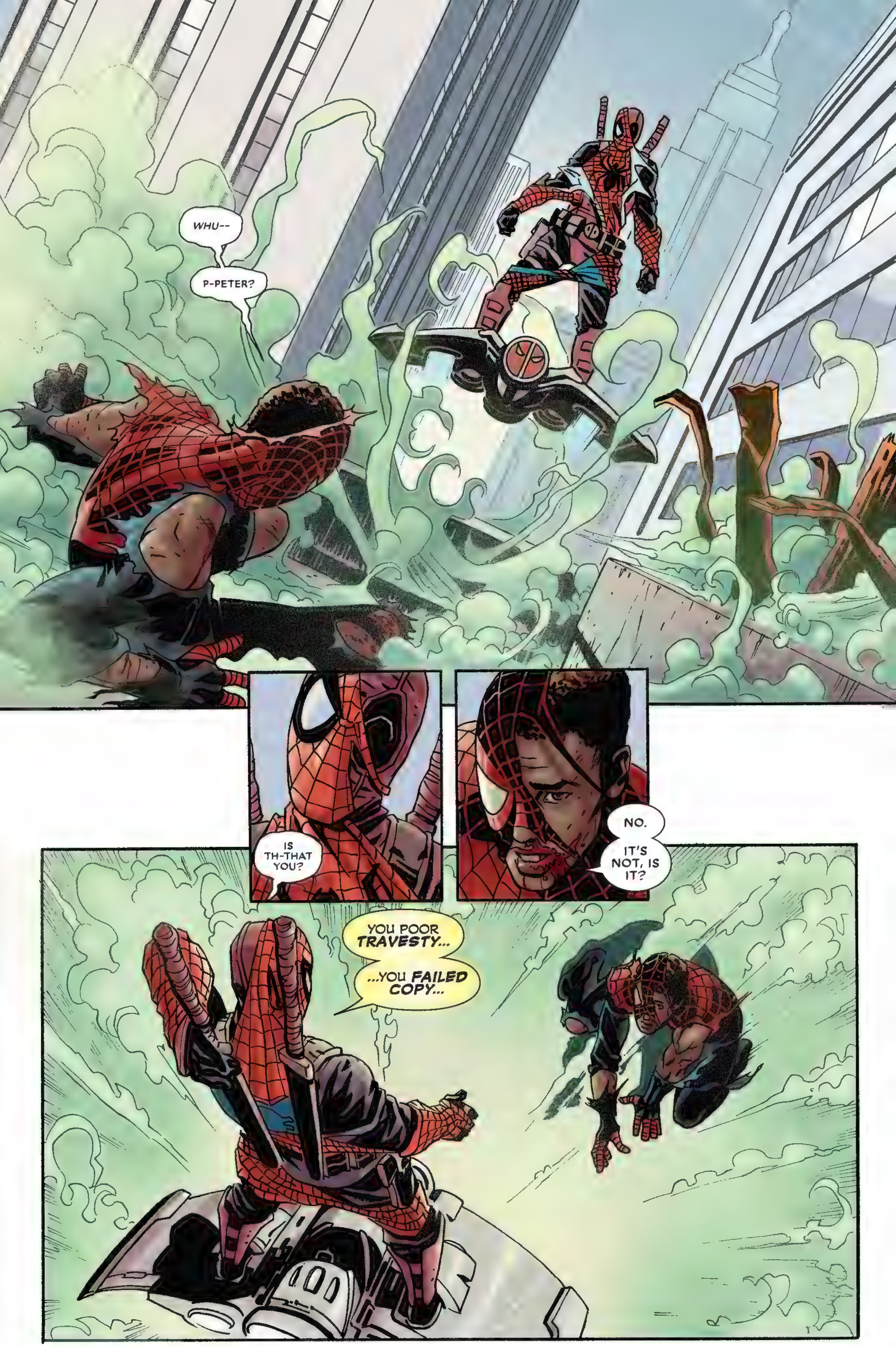

WE'RE ALWAYS A STEP BEHIND HIM.
AND EVERY MINUTE THAT WE DON'T CATCH DEADPOOL, THAT'S *ANOTHER FRIEND* WHO *DIES.*
IT MIGHT BE BEST IF WE *SPLIT UP*...FOLLOW LEADS ON OUR OWN.
I DON'T THINK IT'S A GOOD IDEA FOR US TO GO OFF ON OUR OWN.
MAYBE WE SHOULD USE THE *BUDDY SYSTEM?*
NOT A BAD IDEA.
I CALL ANYONE *BUT* PUNISHER.
WHAT DO YOU SAY, OLD MAN?
A COUPLE OF *BIONIC-ENHANCED BADASSES* WORKING TOGETHER?
WORKS FOR ME.
THAT MEANS MOON KNIGHT AND PUNISHER ARE TOGETHER.
JUST STAY IN TOUCH. WE NEED TO LET EACH OTHER KNOW IF WE DISCOVER ANYTHING.
AND IF MY *OPERATIVE* DISCOVERS ANYTHING USEFUL, I'LL BE CERTAIN TO LET YOU ALL KNOW.
OPERATIVE?
THAT'S RIGHT.
I HAVE *PEOPLE.*

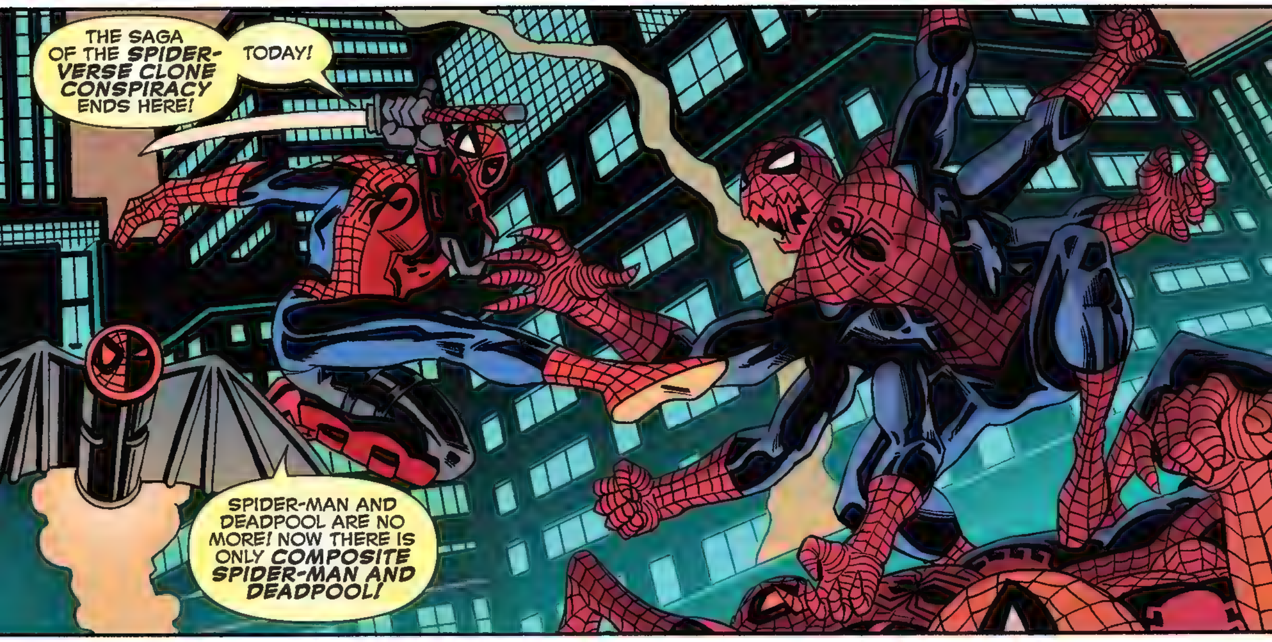

"NEW YORK CITY.
"2099.
"IF THE ACID RAIN DOESN'T GET YOU, SOME SCAN-TWEAK WITH A VAPORIZER WILL.
"THAT'S WHERE I COME IN.
"MY NAME'S DEADPOOL. I'M A SLEEP-AGENT...
"I'M THE UNLUCKY SO-AND-SO WHO'S TASKED WITH ELIMINATING THE SCAN-TWEAKS.
"WE CALL IT 'GIVING THEM THE GOLD WATCH.'
"NEEDLESS TO SAY...
"...MOST OF MY TARGETS DON'T COME ALONG EASILY."
HSSSSSSSSSSSSSS

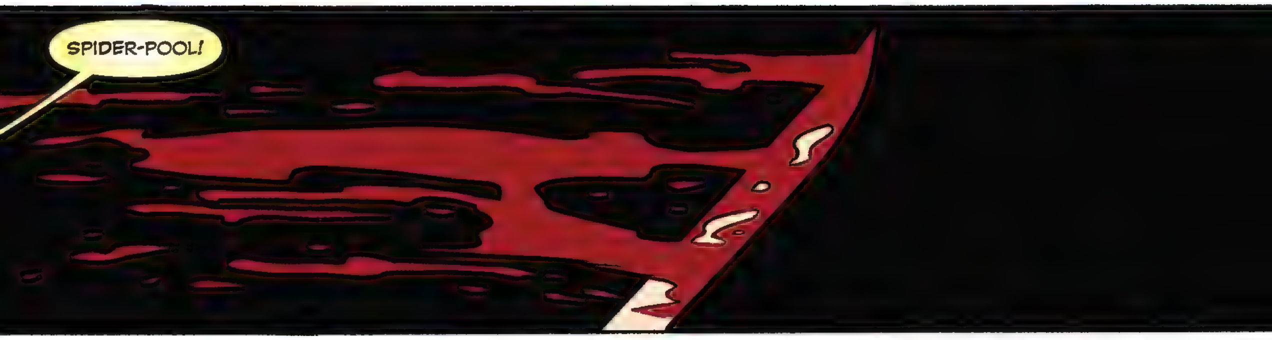

SPIDER-MAN 2099.
BLAM
ONE MORE SCAN-TWEAK OFF THE MEAN NEON STREETS.
IT'S DIRTY WORK...BUT AT LEAST IT *MEANS* SOMETHING.
DON'T BE SO *SCARED*.
THIS IS THE *FUTURE*, AFTER ALL.

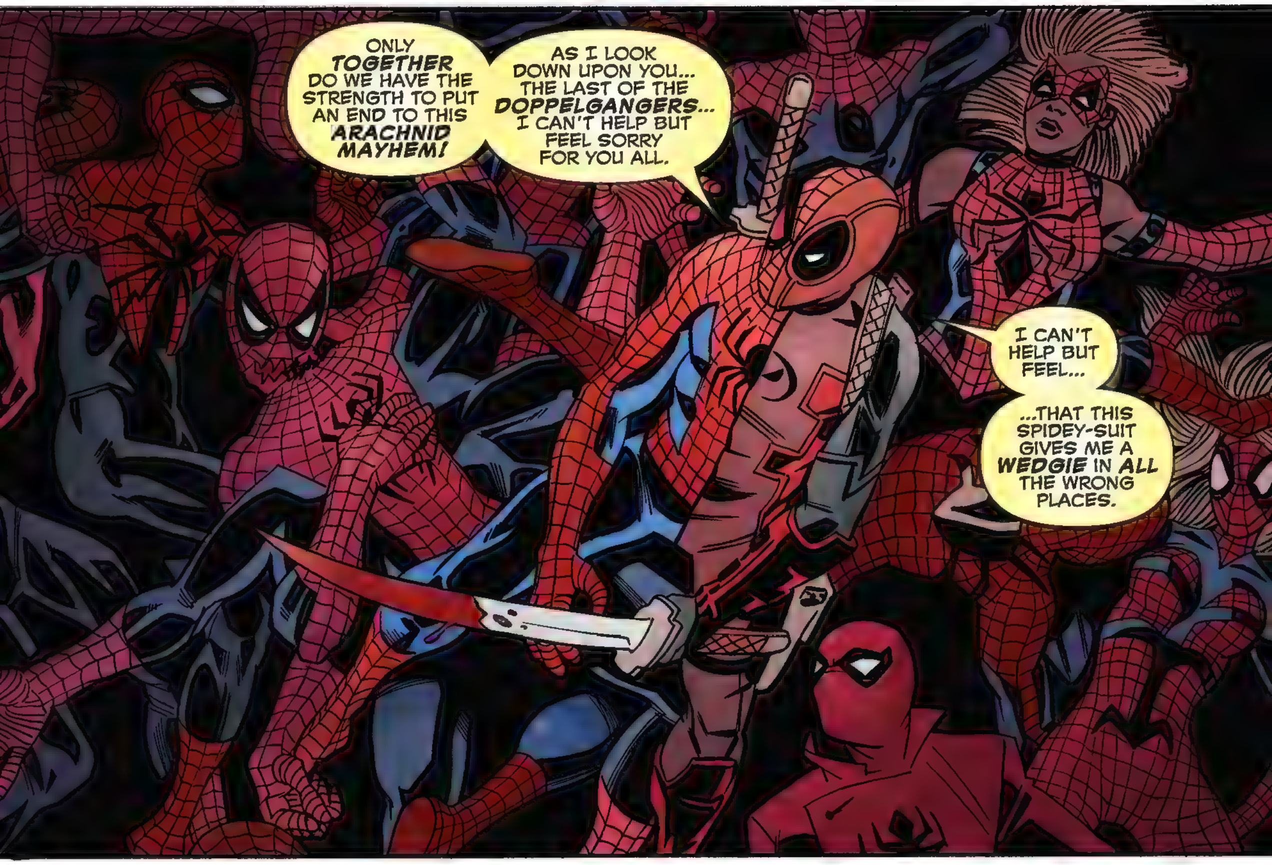

"AND THE FUTURE LOOKS *BRIGHT*."
YEAH. I'M *CLOSE*.
LESS THAN 30 SECONDS OUT.
MAYBE YOU CAN USE THAT 30 SECONDS TO TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT...
...AND *HOW* YOU GOT MY NUMBER.
THERE'S A TOP-SECRET CALL TREE FOR OCCASIONS LIKE THIS.
SPIDER-MAN.
"OCCASIONS LIKE THIS"?
I DON'T KNOW IF YOU'VE HEARD OR NOT, BUT IT ISN'T SAFE TO PLAY LONE SUPER HERO THESE DAYS.
THERE'S A *KILLER* ON THE LOOSE.
I HEARD.
CAPTAIN AMERICA WAS ADVISING MASKED HEROES TO *LIE LOW* FOR A WHILE.
MUST BE *BAD* FOR HIM TO OFFER *THAT* ADVICE.
SEEMS LIKE THE *OPPOSITE* OF WHAT WE *SHOULD* BE DOING RIGHT NOW.
MIGHT NOT BE A BAD IDEA, THOUGH, ESPECIALLY NOT FOR YOU.
I'M JESSICA JONES. THIS IS KATE BISHOP.
HEY.
WE HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE THAT ANYONE WEARING A *SPIDER-EMBLEM* MIGHT BE IN DANGER.
HEY, I APPRECIATE THE HEADS-UP, BUT WHEN IS THAT NOT--
HNH?

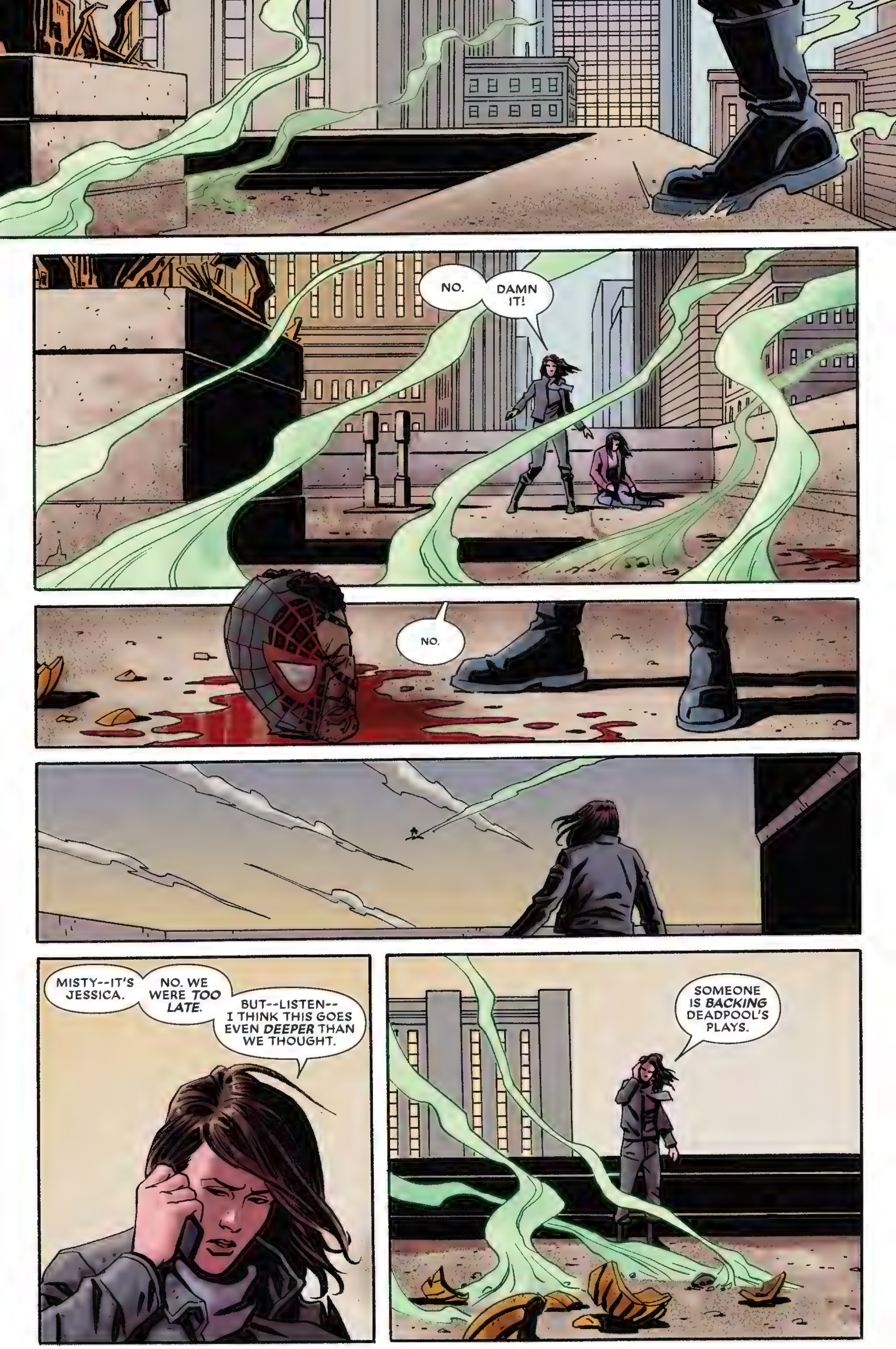

TAK
TANK CLINK
MOVE!
GET CLEAR BEFORE--
WHA-BOOOOOOOM
I'VE GOT YA!

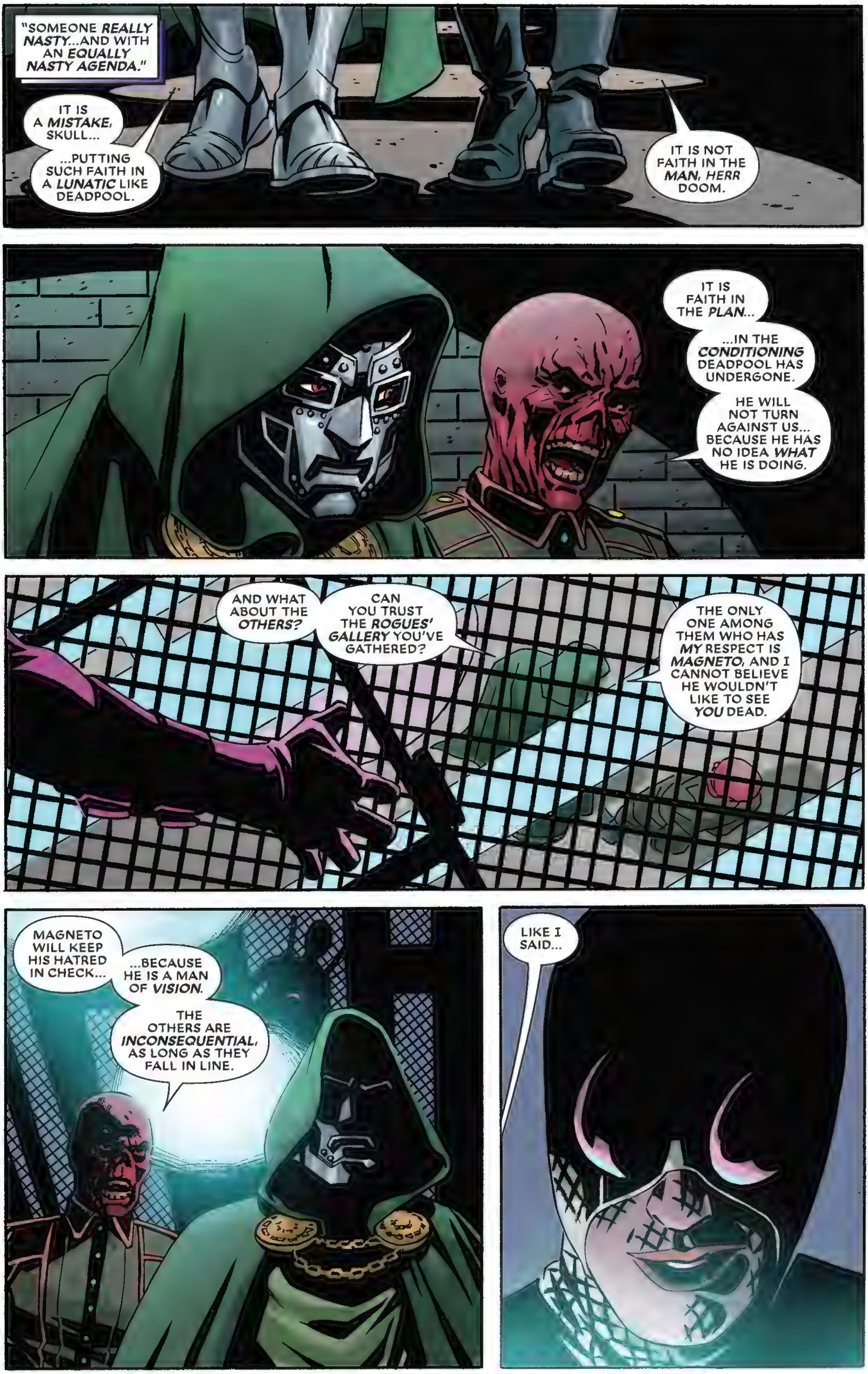

WHU--
P-PETER?
IS TH-THAT YOU?
NO.
IT'S NOT, IS IT?
YOU POOR *TRAVESTY*...
...YOU *FAILED COPY*...

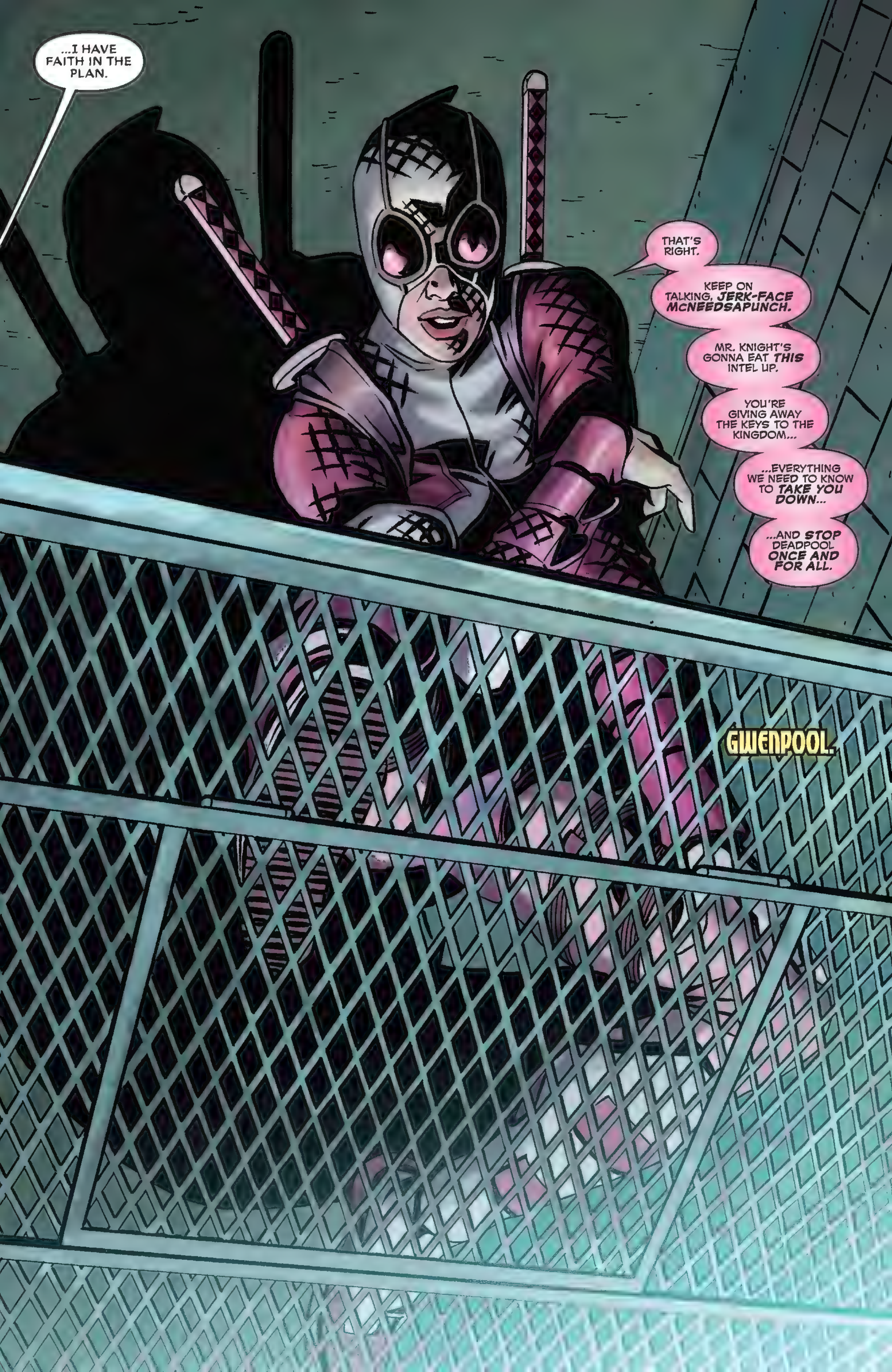

THE SAGA OF THE SPIDER-VERSE CLONE CONSPIRACY ENDS HERE!
TODAY!
SPIDER-MAN AND DEADPOOL ARE NO MORE! NOW THERE IS ONLY COMPOSITE SPIDER-MAN AND DEADPOOL!


SPIDER-POOL!

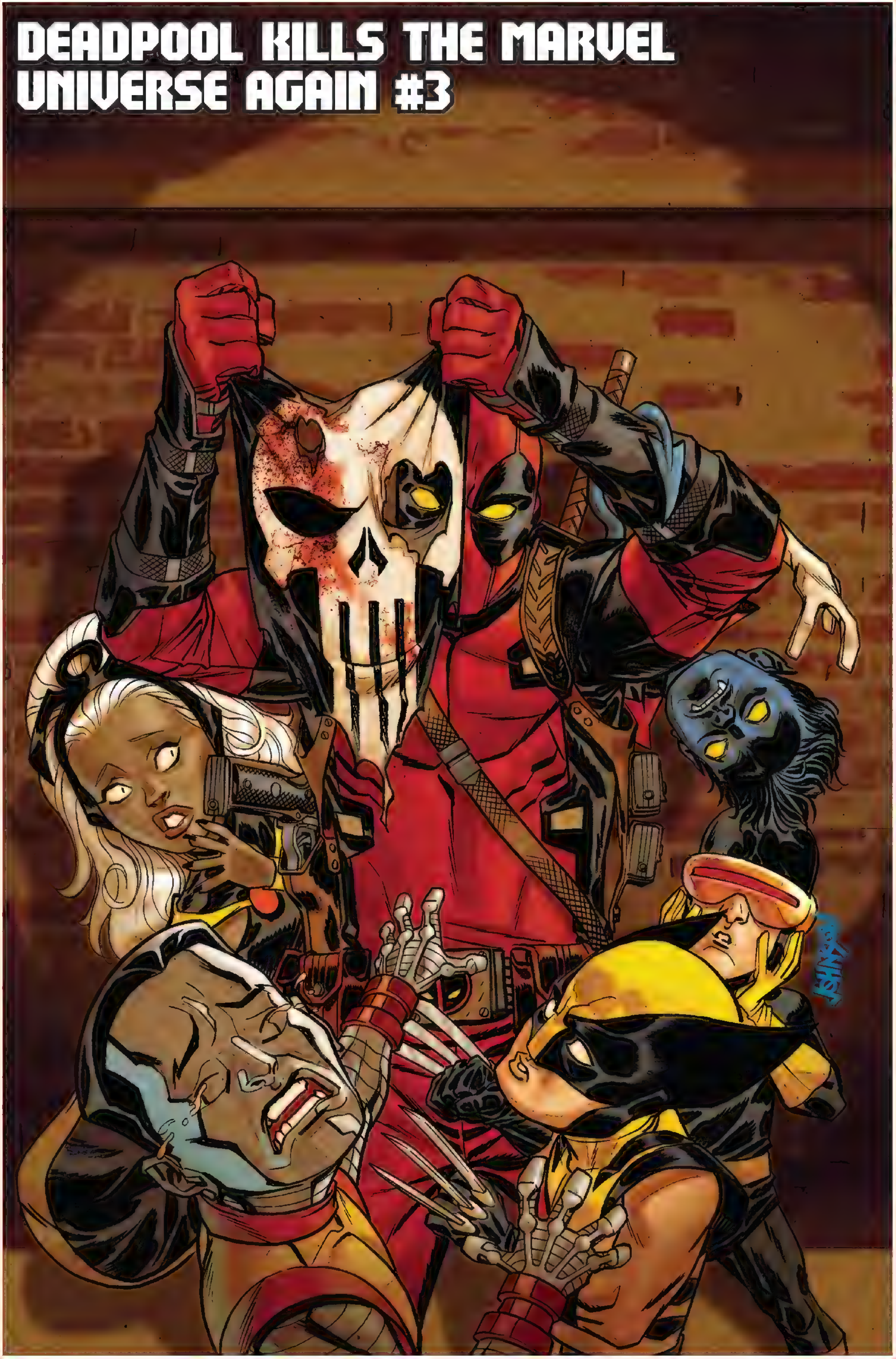

ONLY TOGETHER DO WE HAVE THE STRENGTH TO PUT AN END TO THIS ARACHNID MAYHEM!
AS I LOOK DOWN UPON YOU... THE LAST OF THE DOPPELGANGERS... I CAN'T HELP BUT FEEL SORRY FOR YOU ALL.
I CAN'T HELP BUT FEEL...
...THAT THIS SPIDEY-SUIT GIVES ME A WEDGIE IN ALL THE WRONG PLACES.

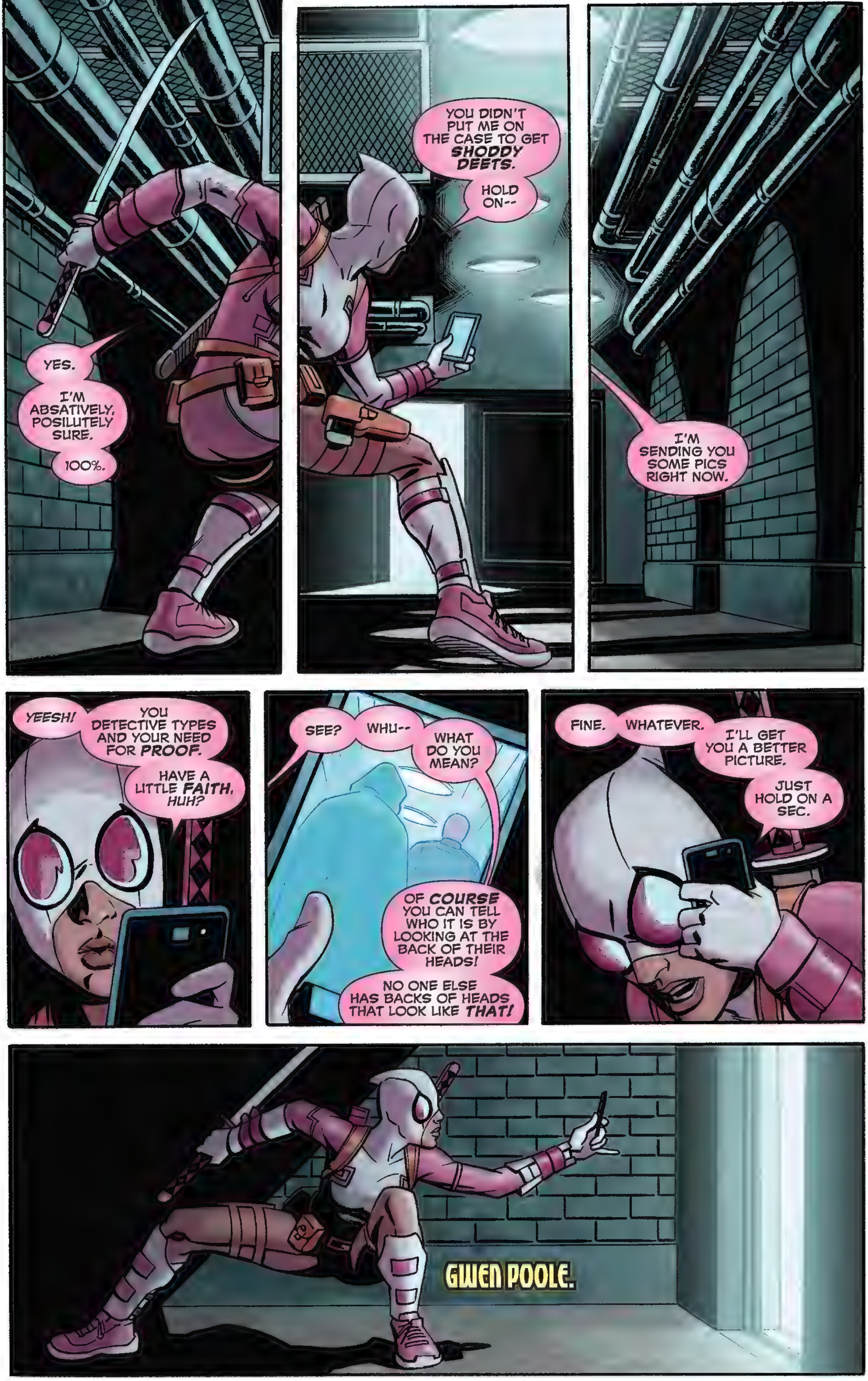

NO.
DAMN IT!
NO.
MISTY--IT'S JESSICA.
NO. WE WERE *TOO LATE*.
BUT--LISTEN-- I THINK THIS GOES EVEN *DEEPER* THAN WE THOUGHT.
SOMEONE IS *BACKING* DEADPOOL'S PLAYS.

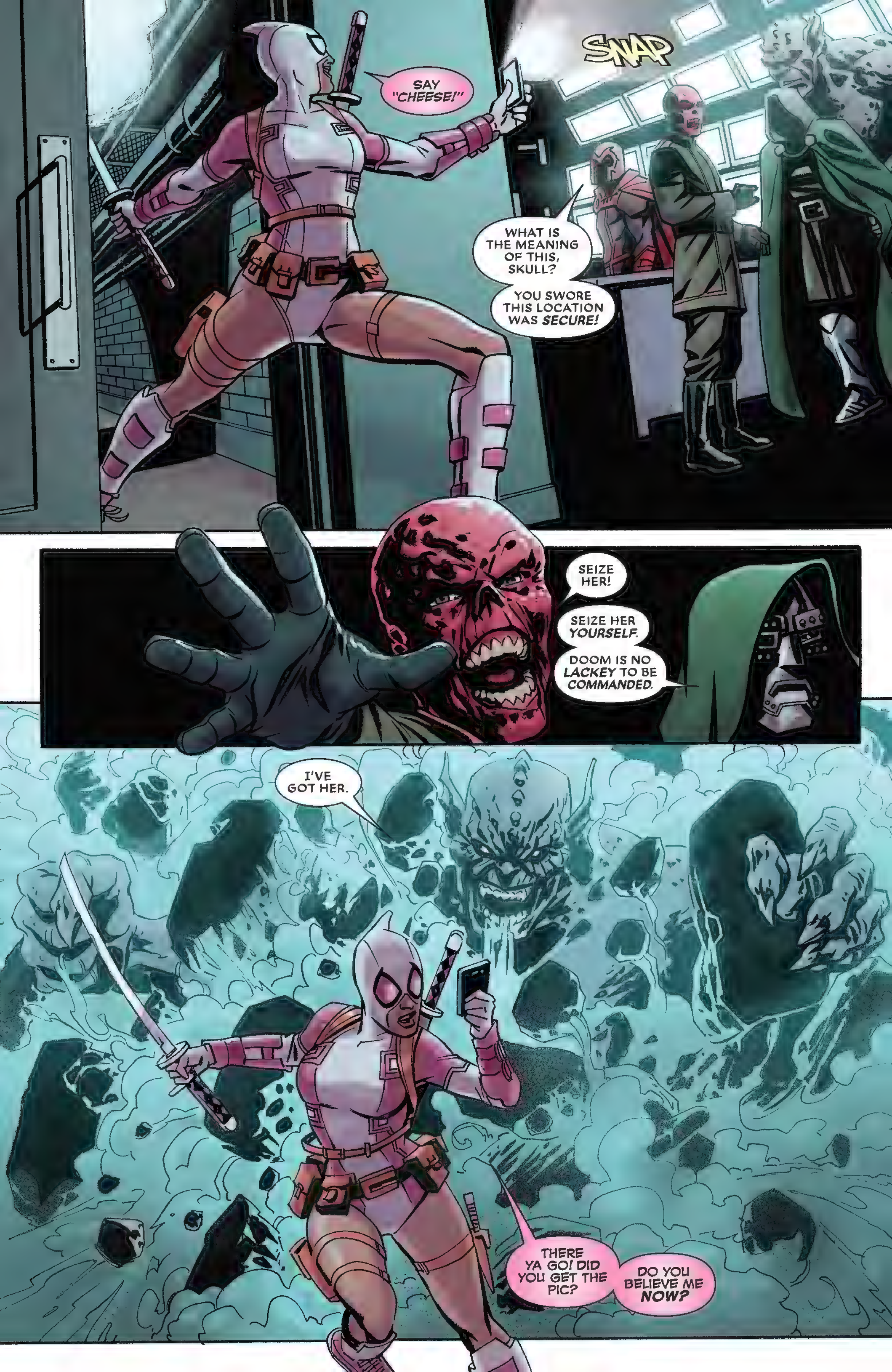

"SOMEONE *REALLY* *NASTY*...AND WITH AN *EQUALLY* *NASTY AGENDA*."
IT IS A *MISTAKE*, SKULL...
...PUTTING SUCH FAITH IN A *LUNATIC* LIKE DEADPOOL.
IT IS NOT FAITH IN THE *MAN*, *HERR* DOOM.
IT IS FAITH IN THE *PLAN*...
...IN THE *CONDITIONING* DEADPOOL HAS UNDERGONE.
HE WILL NOT TURN AGAINST US... BECAUSE HE HAS NO IDEA *WHAT* HE IS DOING.
AND WHAT ABOUT THE *OTHERS?*
CAN YOU TRUST THE *ROGUES' GALLERY* YOU'VE GATHERED?
THE ONLY ONE AMONG THEM WHO HAS *MY* RESPECT IS *MAGNETO*, AND I CANNOT BELIEVE HE WOULDN'T LIKE TO SEE *YOU* DEAD.
MAGNETO WILL KEEP HIS HATRED IN CHECK...
...BECAUSE HE IS A MAN OF *VISION*.
THE OTHERS ARE *INCONSEQUENTIAL*, AS LONG AS THEY FALL IN LINE.
LIKE I SAID...

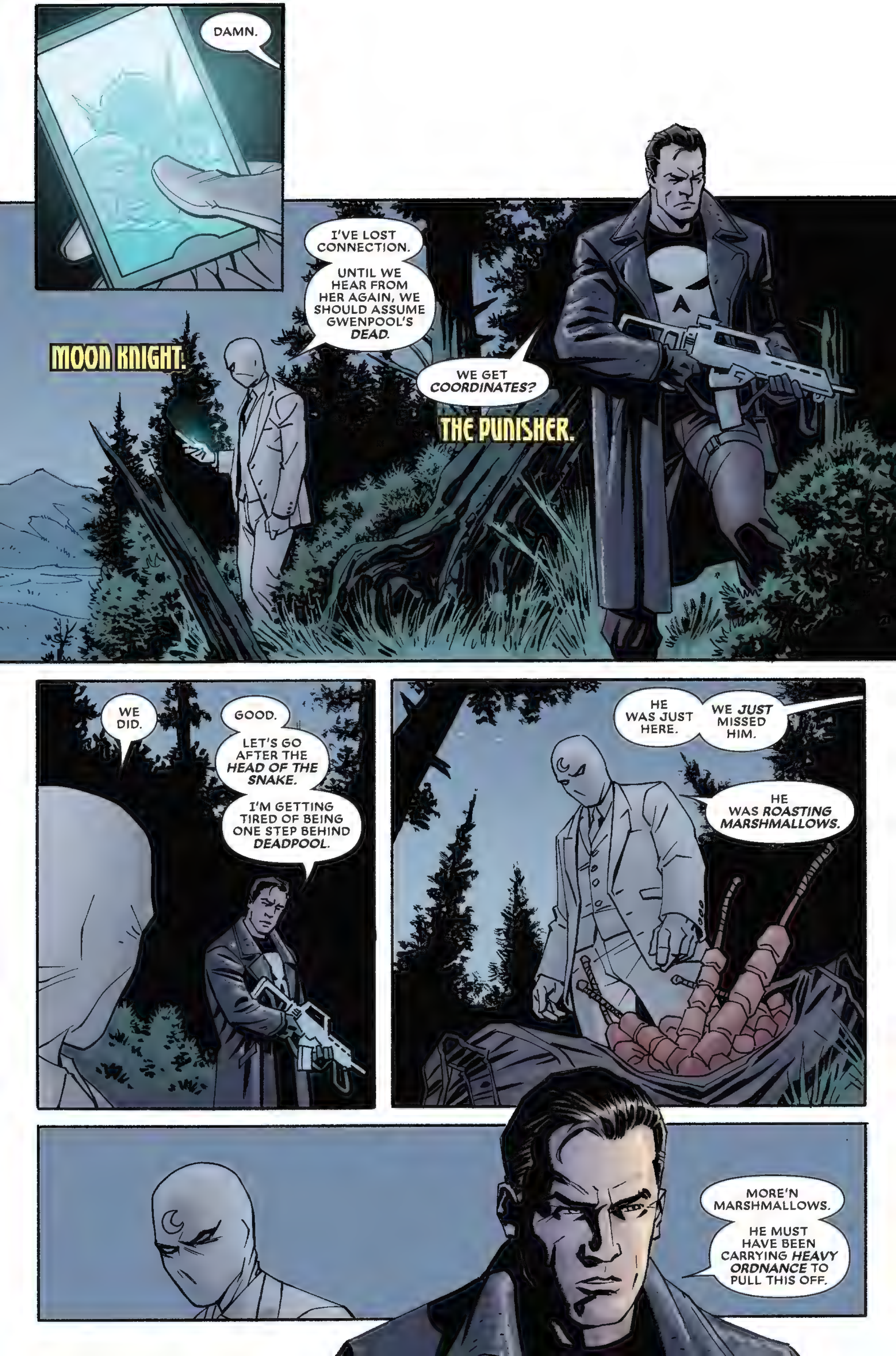

...I HAVE FAITH IN THE PLAN.
THAT'S RIGHT.
KEEP ON TALKING, JERK-FACE MCNEEDSAPUNCH.
MR. KNIGHT'S GONNA EAT THIS INTEL UP.
YOU'RE GIVING AWAY THE KEYS TO THE KINGDOM...
...EVERYTHING WE NEED TO KNOW TO TAKE YOU DOWN...
...AND STOP DEADPOOL ONCE AND FOR ALL.
GWENPOOL.

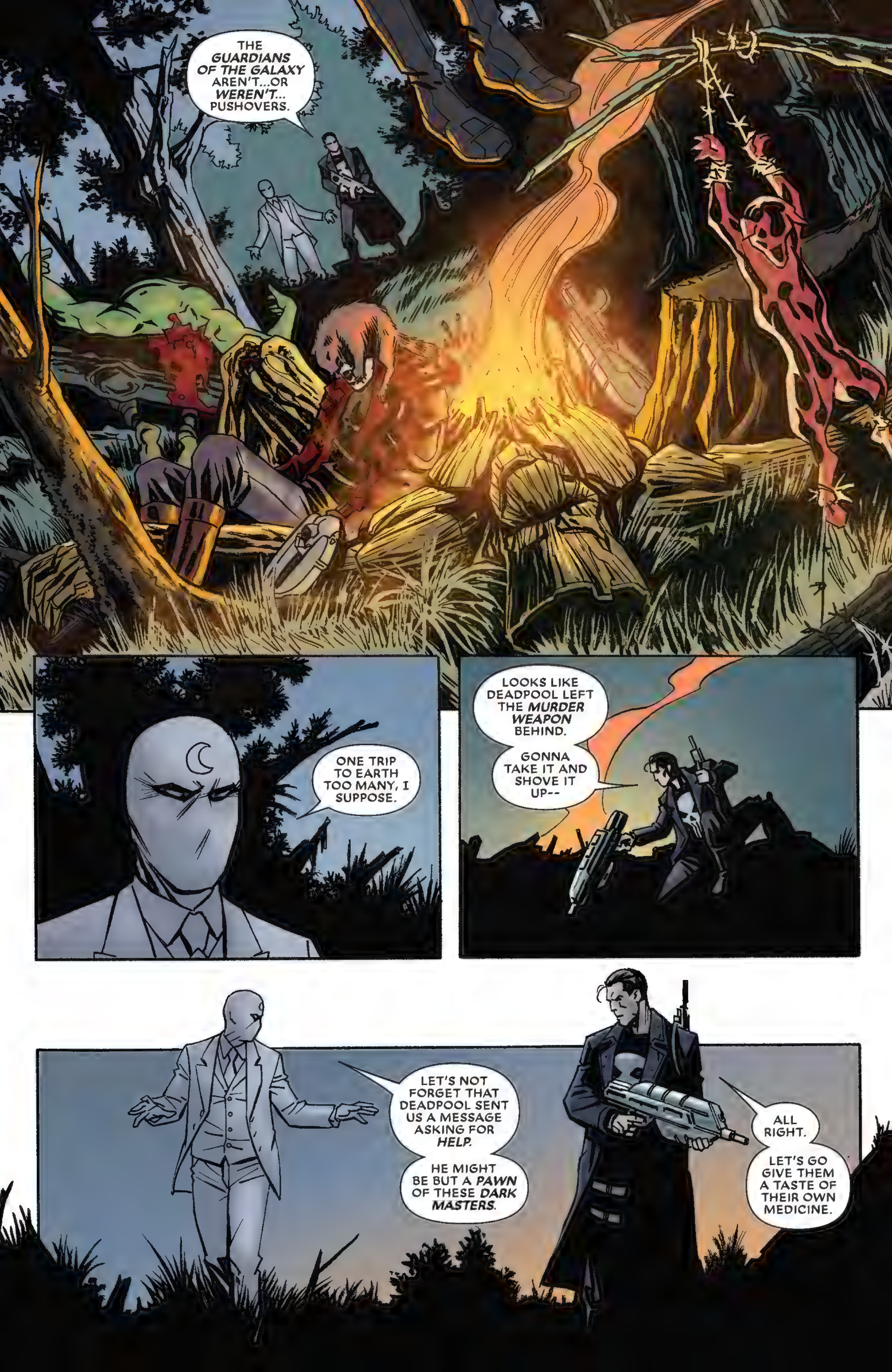
DEADPOOL KILLS THE MARVEL UNIVERSE AGAIN #3

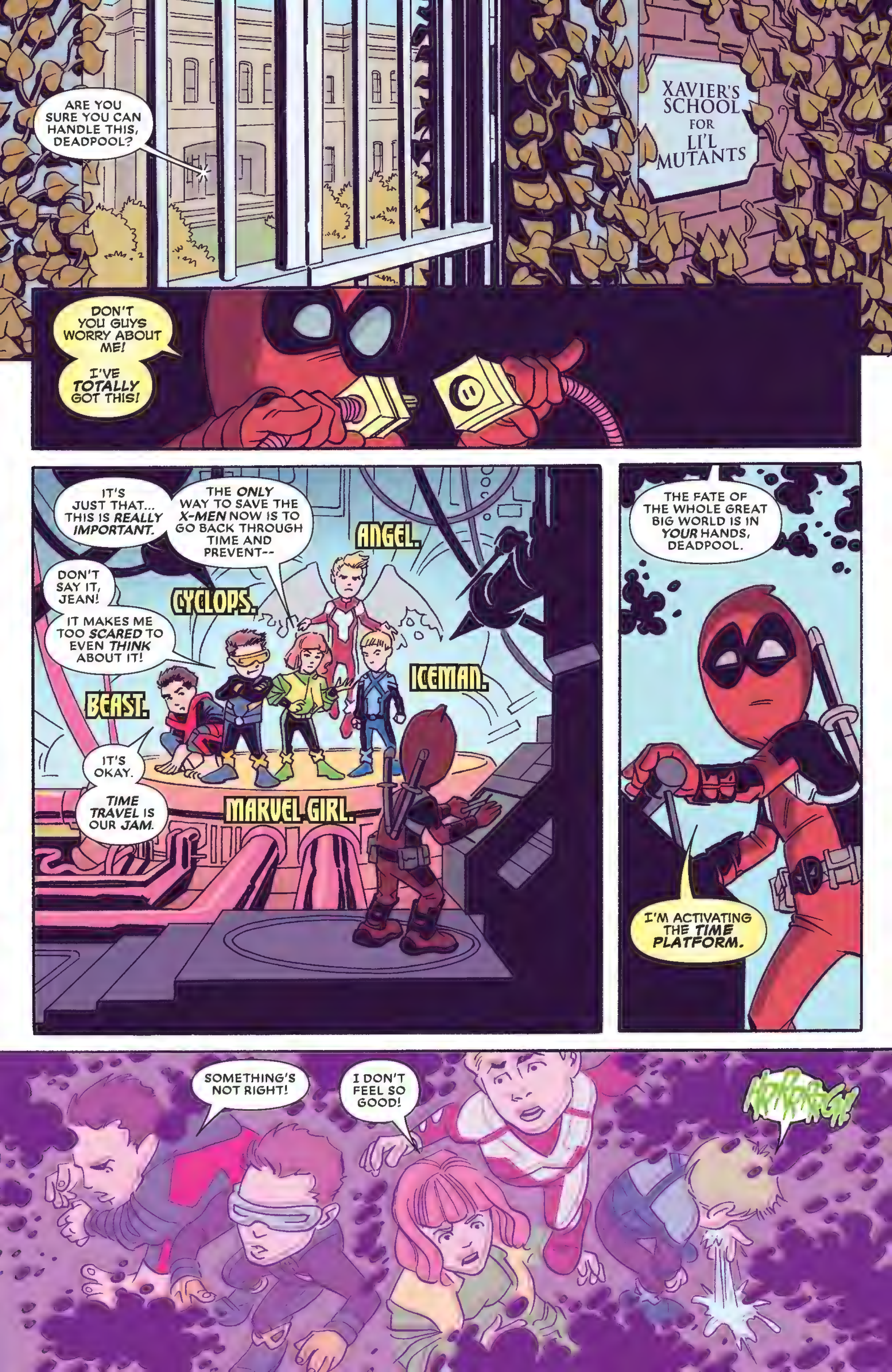


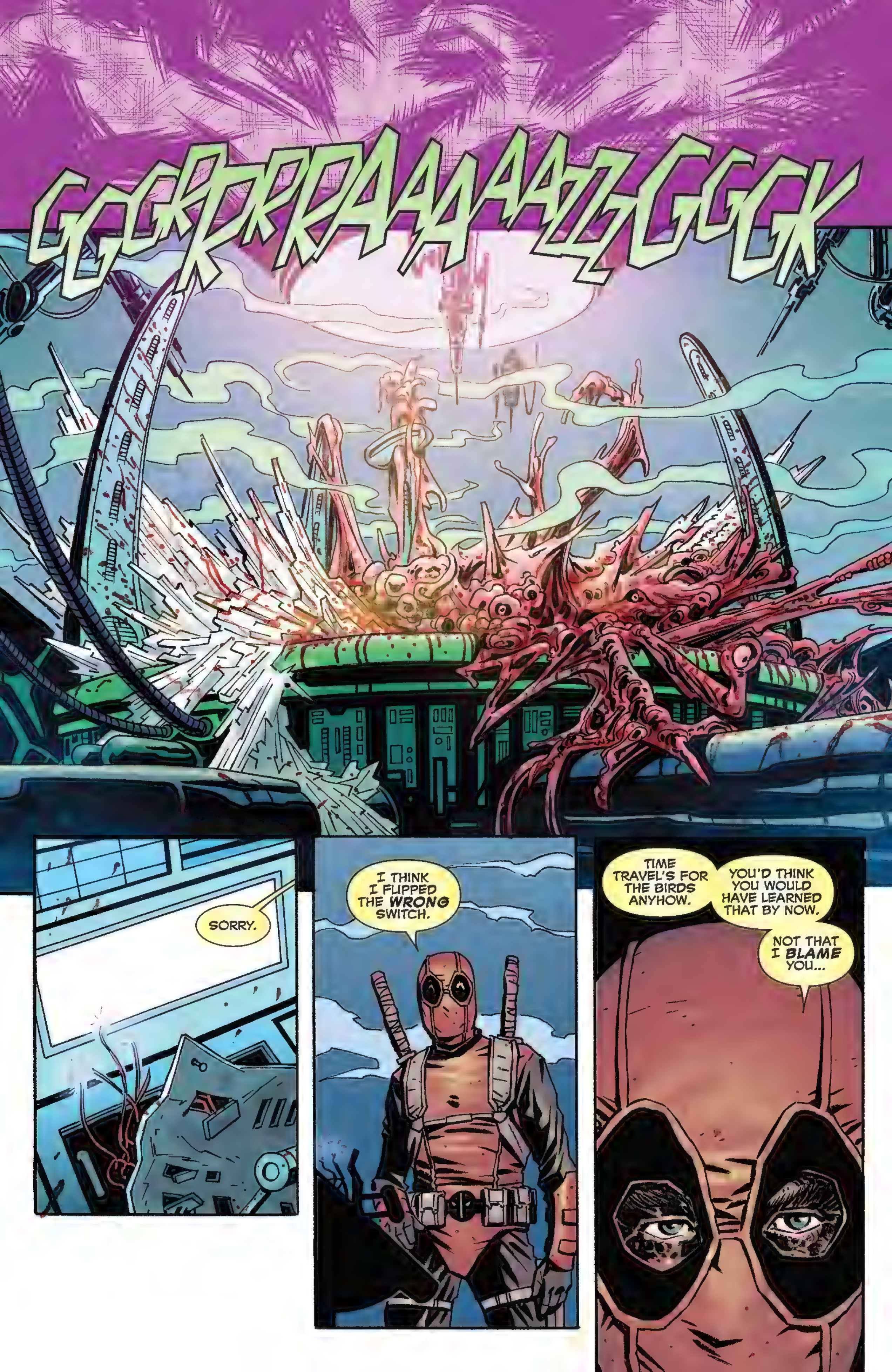

YES.
I'M ABSATIVELY, POSILUTELY SURE.
100%.
YOU DIDN'T PUT ME ON THE CASE TO GET **SHODDY DEETS.**
HOLD ON--
I'M SENDING YOU SOME PICS RIGHT NOW.
YEESH!
YOU DETECTIVE TYPES AND YOUR NEED FOR **PROOF.**
HAVE A LITTLE **FAITH,** HUH?
SEE?
WHU--
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
OF **COURSE** YOU CAN TELL WHO IT IS BY LOOKING AT THE BACK OF THEIR HEADS!
NO ONE ELSE HAS BACKS OF HEADS THAT LOOK LIKE **THAT!**
FINE.
WHATEVER.
I'LL GET YOU A BETTER PICTURE.
JUST HOLD ON A SEC.
GWEN POOLE.

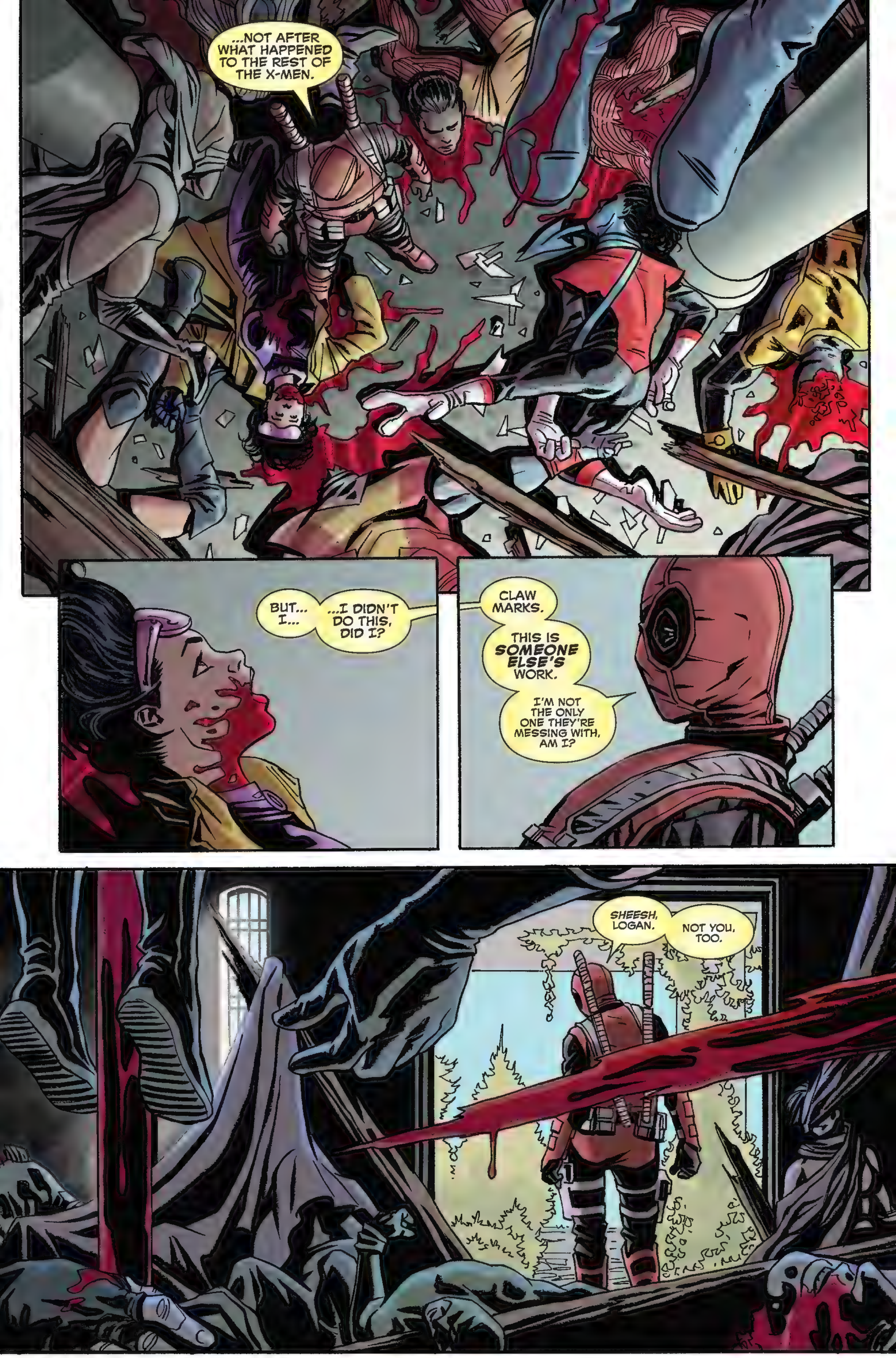

SAY "CHEESE!"
SNAP
WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS, SKULL?
YOU SWORE THIS LOCATION WAS *SECURE!*
SEIZE HER!
SEIZE HER *YOURSELF.*
DOOM IS NO *LACKEY* TO BE *COMMANDED.*
I'VE GOT HER.
THERE YA GO! DID YOU GET THE PIC?
DO YOU BELIEVE ME *NOW?*

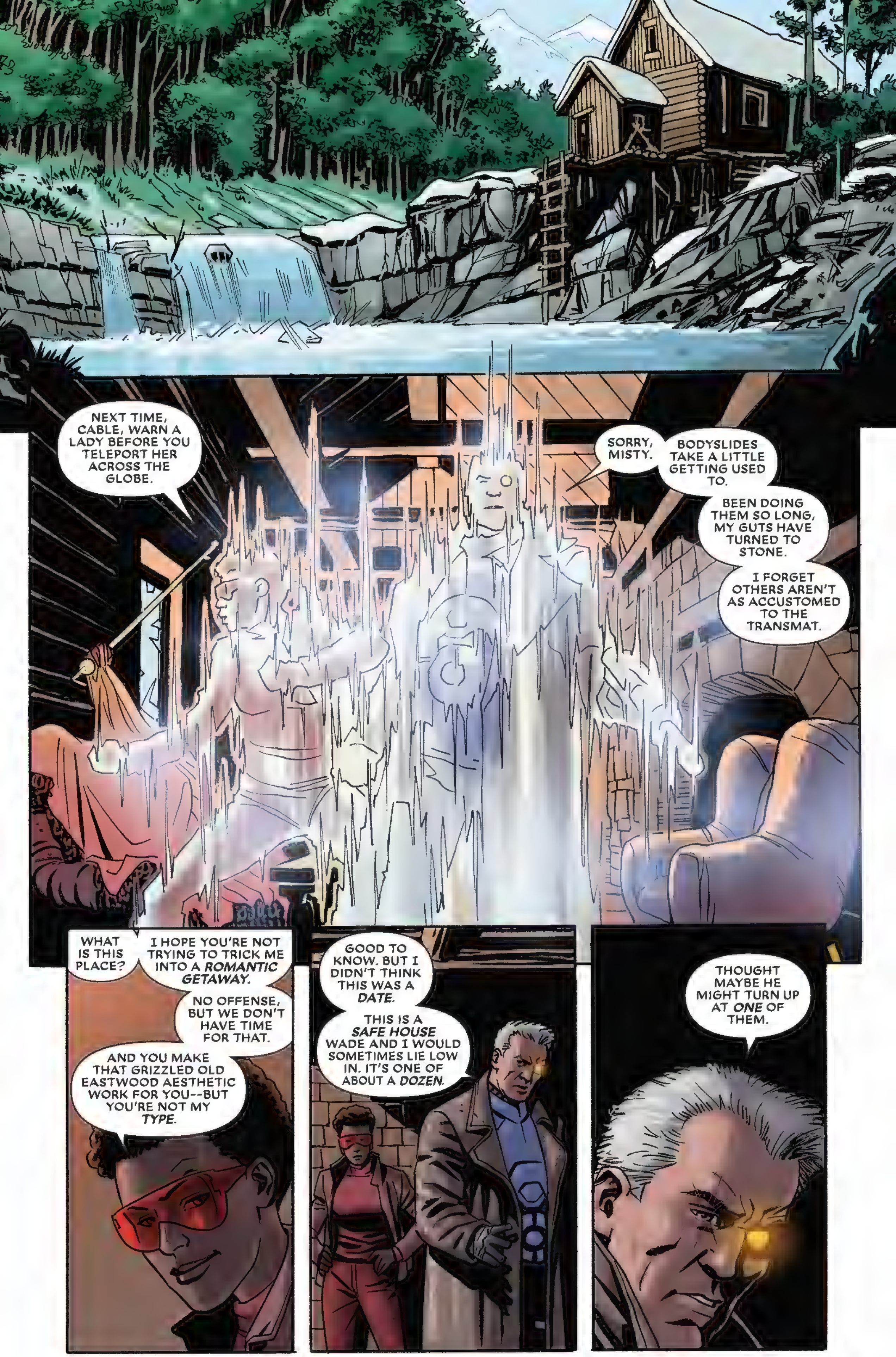

DAMN.
I'VE LOST CONNECTION.
UNTIL WE HEAR FROM HER AGAIN, WE SHOULD ASSUME GWENPOOL'S *DEAD.*
MOON KNIGHT.
WE GET *COORDINATES?*
THE PUNISHER.
WE DID.
GOOD.
LET'S GO AFTER THE *HEAD OF THE SNAKE.*
I'M GETTING TIRED OF BEING ONE STEP BEHIND *DEADPOOL.*
HE WAS JUST HERE.
WE *JUST* MISSED HIM.
HE WAS *ROASTING MARSHMALLOWS.*
MORE'N MARSHMALLOWS.
HE MUST HAVE BEEN CARRYING *HEAVY ORDNANCE* TO PULL THIS OFF.

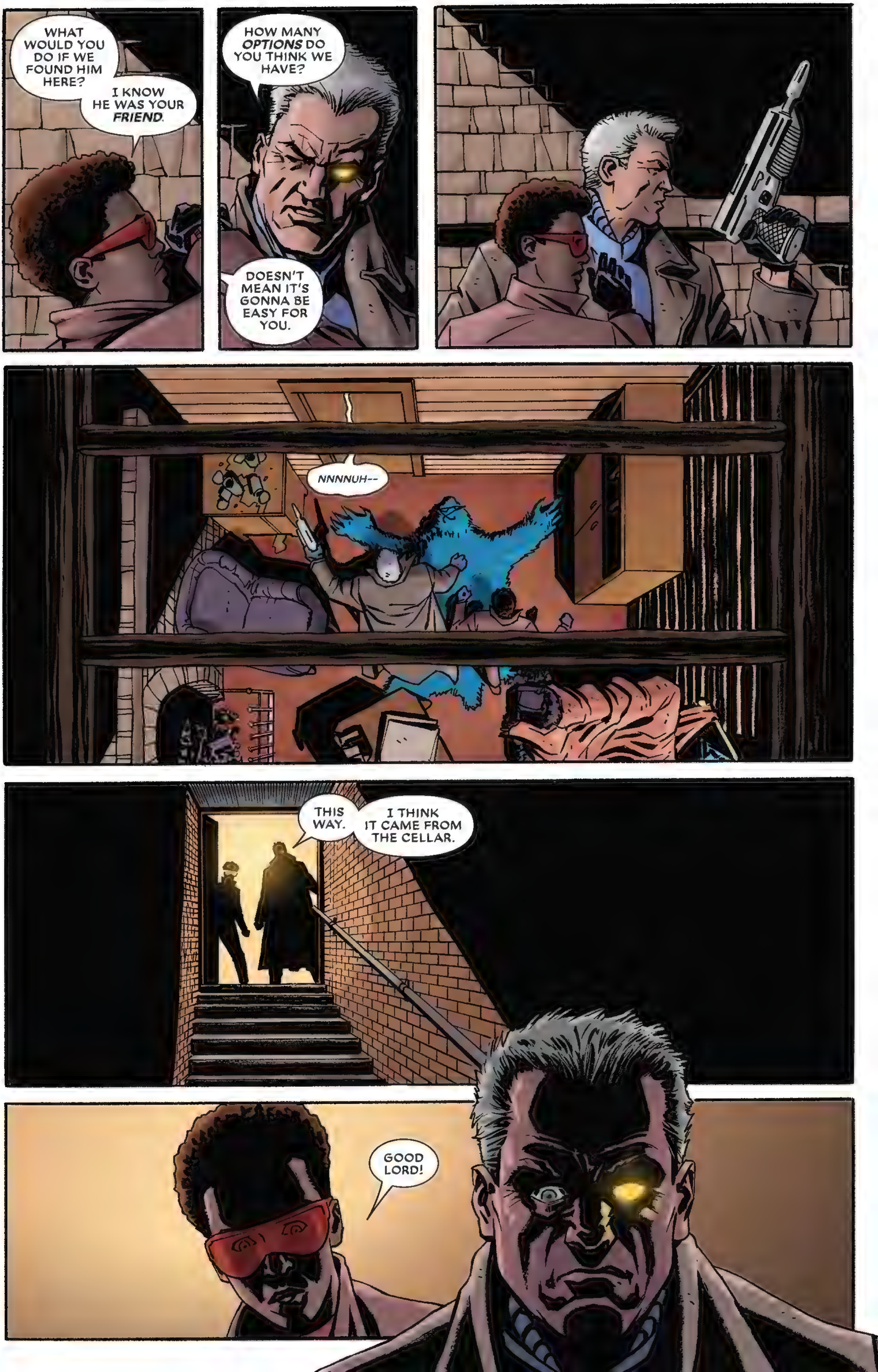

THE *GUARDIANS OF THE GALAXY* AREN'T...OR *WEREN'T*... PUSHOVERS.
ONE TRIP TO EARTH TOO MANY, I SUPPOSE.
LOOKS LIKE DEADPOOL LEFT THE *MURDER WEAPON* BEHIND.
GONNA TAKE IT AND SHOVE IT UP--
LET'S NOT FORGET THAT DEADPOOL SENT US A MESSAGE ASKING FOR *HELP*.
HE MIGHT BE BUT A *PAWN* OF THESE *DARK MASTERS*.
ALL RIGHT.
LET'S GO GIVE THEM A TASTE OF THEIR OWN MEDICINE.

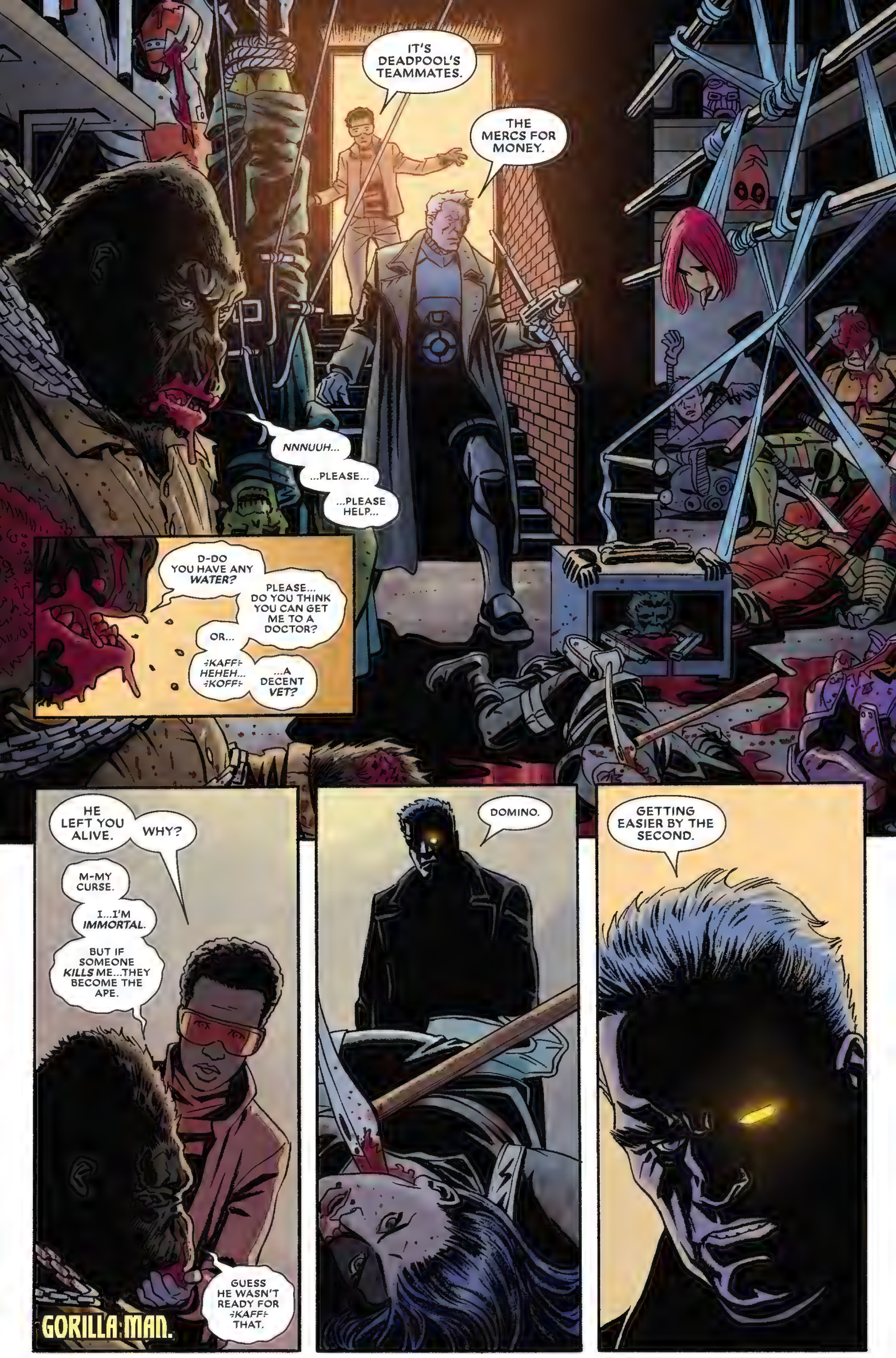

ARE YOU SURE YOU CAN HANDLE THIS, DEADPOOL?
XAVIER'S SCHOOL FOR LI'L MUTANTS
DON'T YOU GUYS WORRY ABOUT ME!
I'VE *TOTALLY* GOT THIS!
IT'S JUST THAT... THIS IS *REALLY IMPORTANT*.
THE *ONLY* WAY TO SAVE THE *X-MEN* NOW IS TO GO BACK THROUGH TIME AND PREVENT--
DON'T SAY IT, JEAN!
IT MAKES ME TOO *SCARED* TO EVEN *THINK* ABOUT IT!
ANGEL.
CYCLOPS.
ICEMAN.
BEAST.
IT'S OKAY.
TIME TRAVEL IS OUR *JAM*.
MARVEL GIRL.
THE FATE OF THE WHOLE GREAT BIG WORLD IS IN *YOUR* HANDS, DEADPOOL.
I'M ACTIVATING THE *TIME PLATFORM*.
SOMETHING'S NOT RIGHT!
I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD!

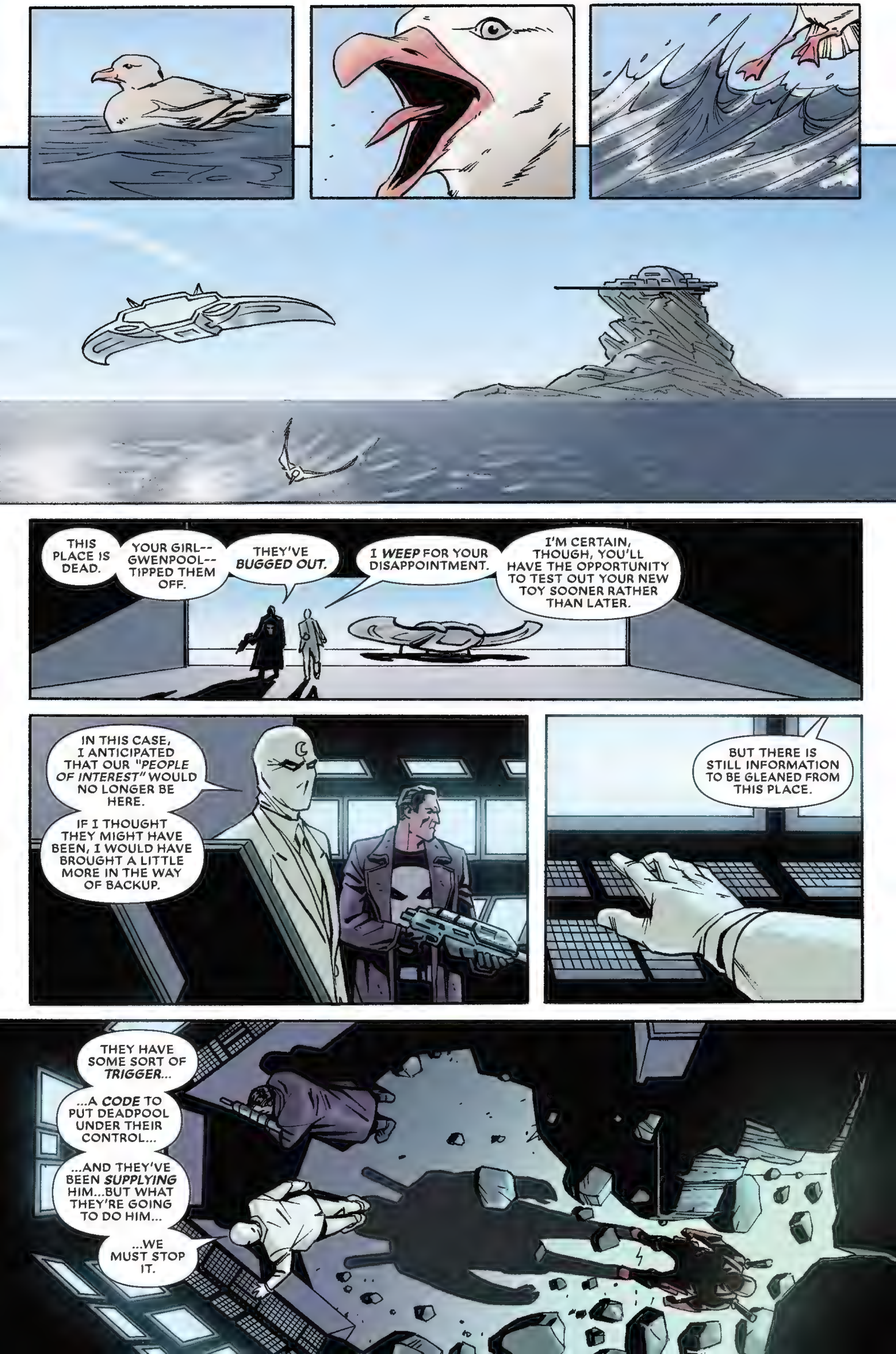

GGGRRRRAAAAAZZZGGGK
SORRY.
I THINK I FLIPPED THE *WRONG* SWITCH.
TIME TRAVEL'S FOR THE BIRDS ANYHOW.
YOU'D THINK YOU WOULD HAVE LEARNED THAT BY NOW.
NOT THAT I *BLAME* YOU...

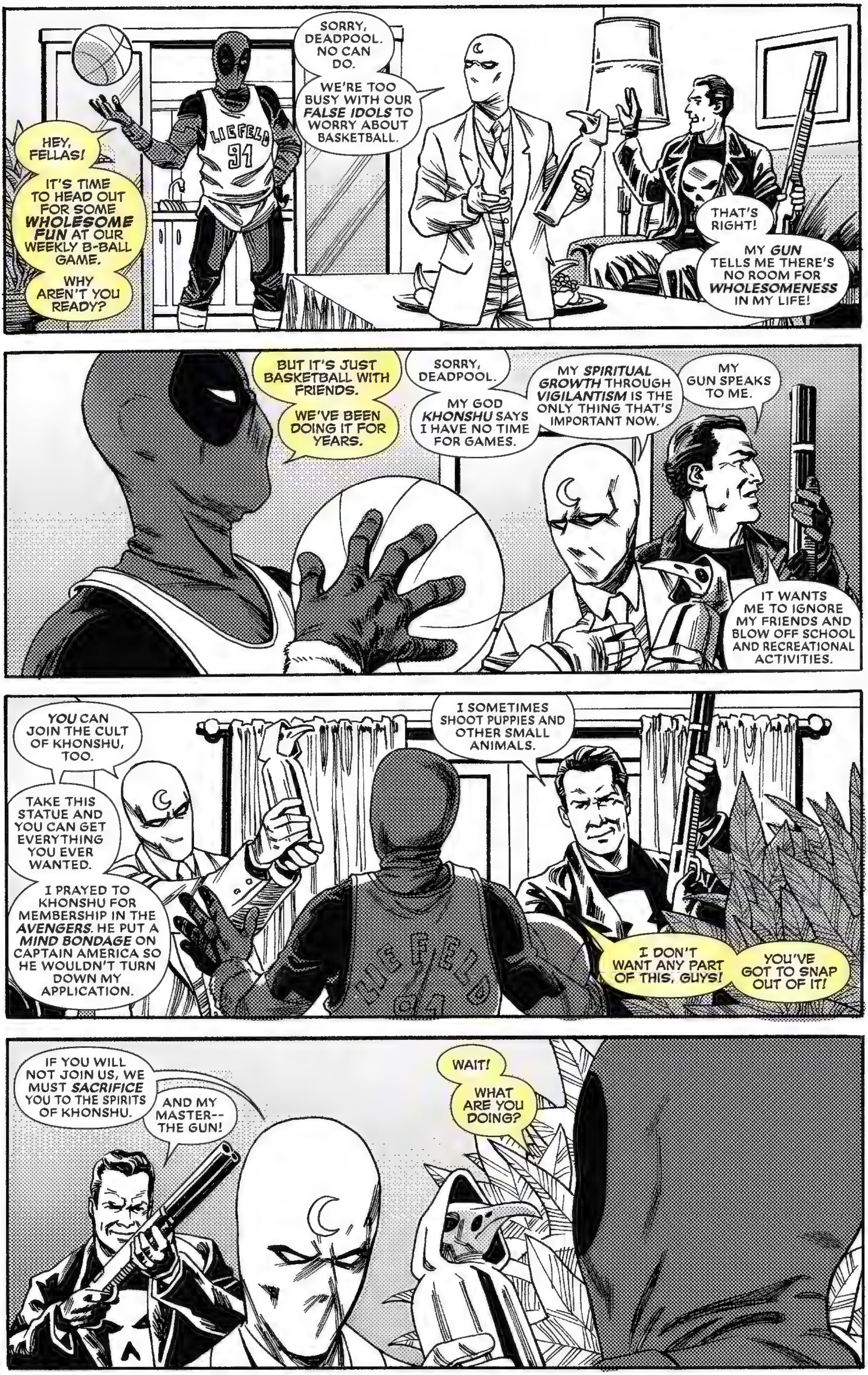

...NOT AFTER WHAT HAPPENED TO THE REST OF THE X-MEN.
BUT... I...
...I DIDN'T DO THIS, DID I?
CLAW MARKS.
THIS IS **SOMEONE ELSE'S** WORK.
I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE THEY'RE MESSING WITH, AM I?
SHEESH, LOGAN.
NOT YOU, TOO.

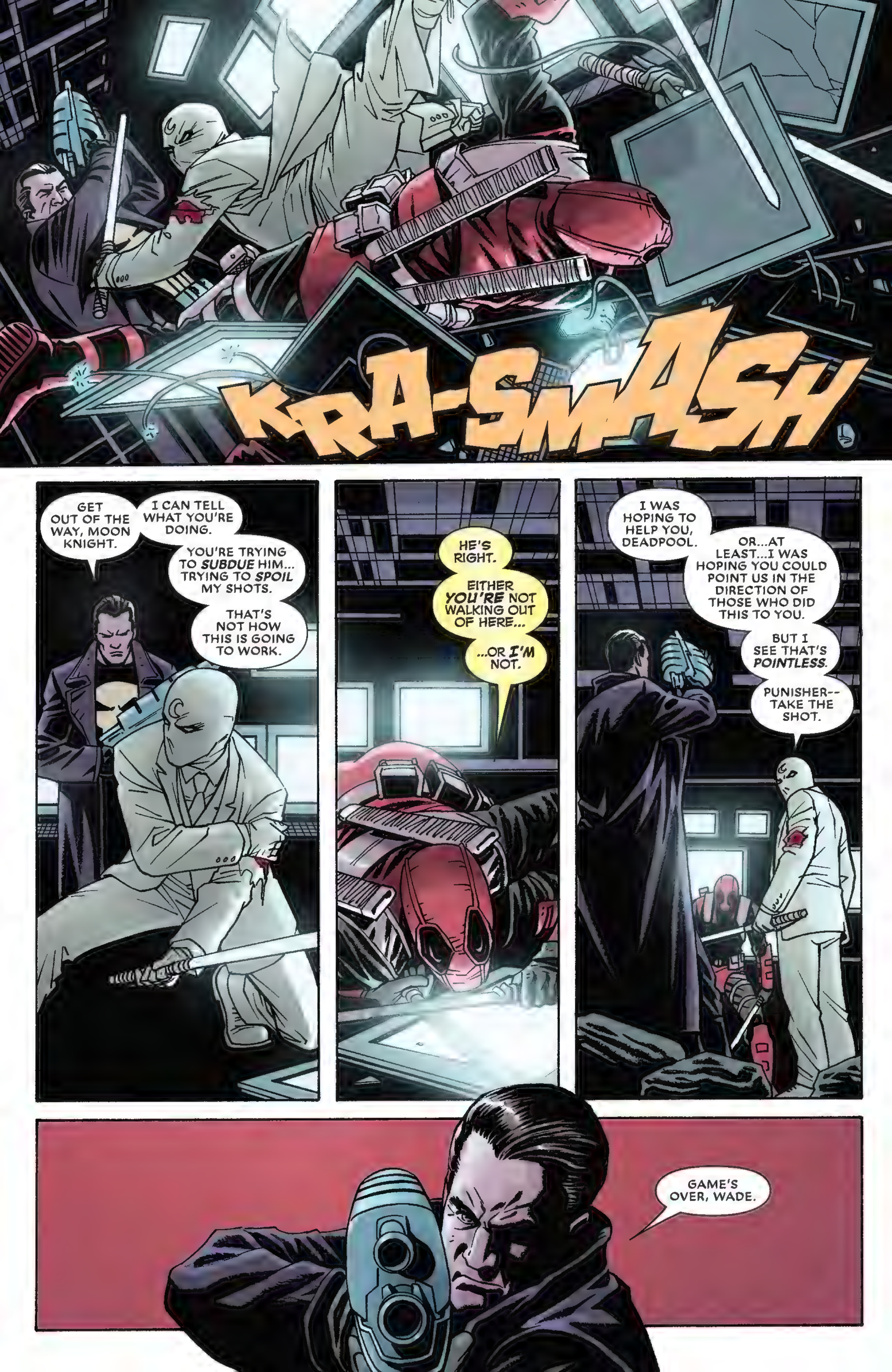

NEXT TIME, CABLE, WARN A LADY BEFORE YOU TELEPORT HER ACROSS THE GLOBE.
SORRY, MISTY.
BODYSLIDES TAKE A LITTLE GETTING USED TO.
BEEN DOING THEM SO LONG, MY GUTS HAVE TURNED TO STONE.
I FORGET OTHERS AREN'T AS ACCUSTOMED TO THE TRANSMAT.
WHAT IS THIS PLACE?
I HOPE YOU'RE NOT TRYING TO TRICK ME INTO A *ROMANTIC GETAWAY.*
NO OFFENSE, BUT WE DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THAT.
AND YOU MAKE THAT GRIZZLED OLD EASTWOOD AESTHETIC WORK FOR YOU--BUT YOU'RE NOT MY *TYPE.*
GOOD TO KNOW. BUT I DIDN'T THINK THIS WAS A *DATE.*
THIS IS A *SAFE HOUSE* WADE AND I WOULD SOMETIMES LIE LOW IN. IT'S ONE OF ABOUT A *DOZEN.*
THOUGHT MAYBE HE MIGHT TURN UP AT *ONE* OF THEM.

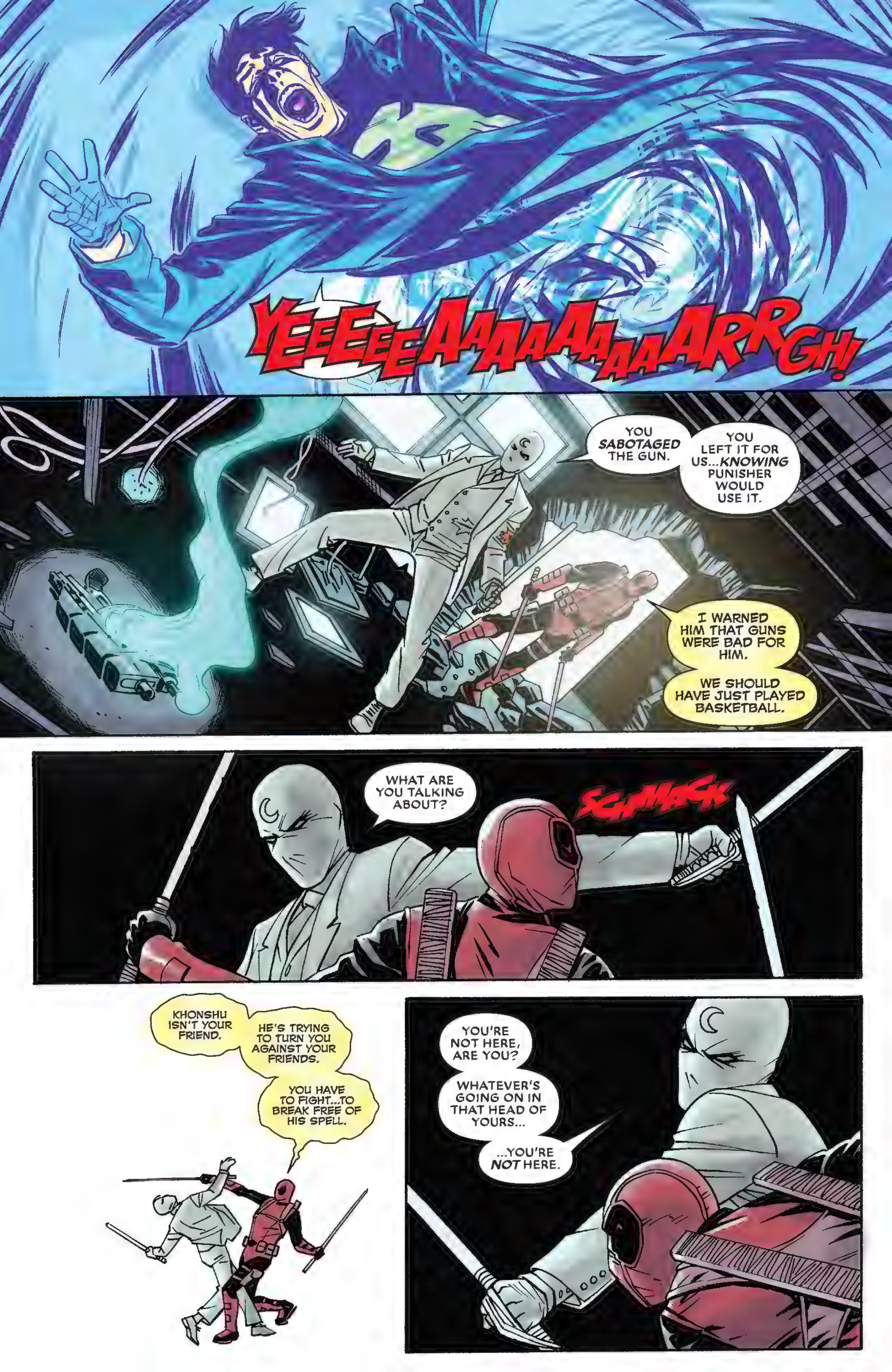

WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF WE FOUND HIM HERE?
I KNOW HE WAS YOUR *FRIEND*.
HOW MANY *OPTIONS* DO YOU THINK WE HAVE?
DOESN'T MEAN IT'S GONNA BE EASY FOR YOU.
NNNNUH--
THIS WAY.
I THINK IT CAME FROM THE CELLAR.
GOOD LORD!

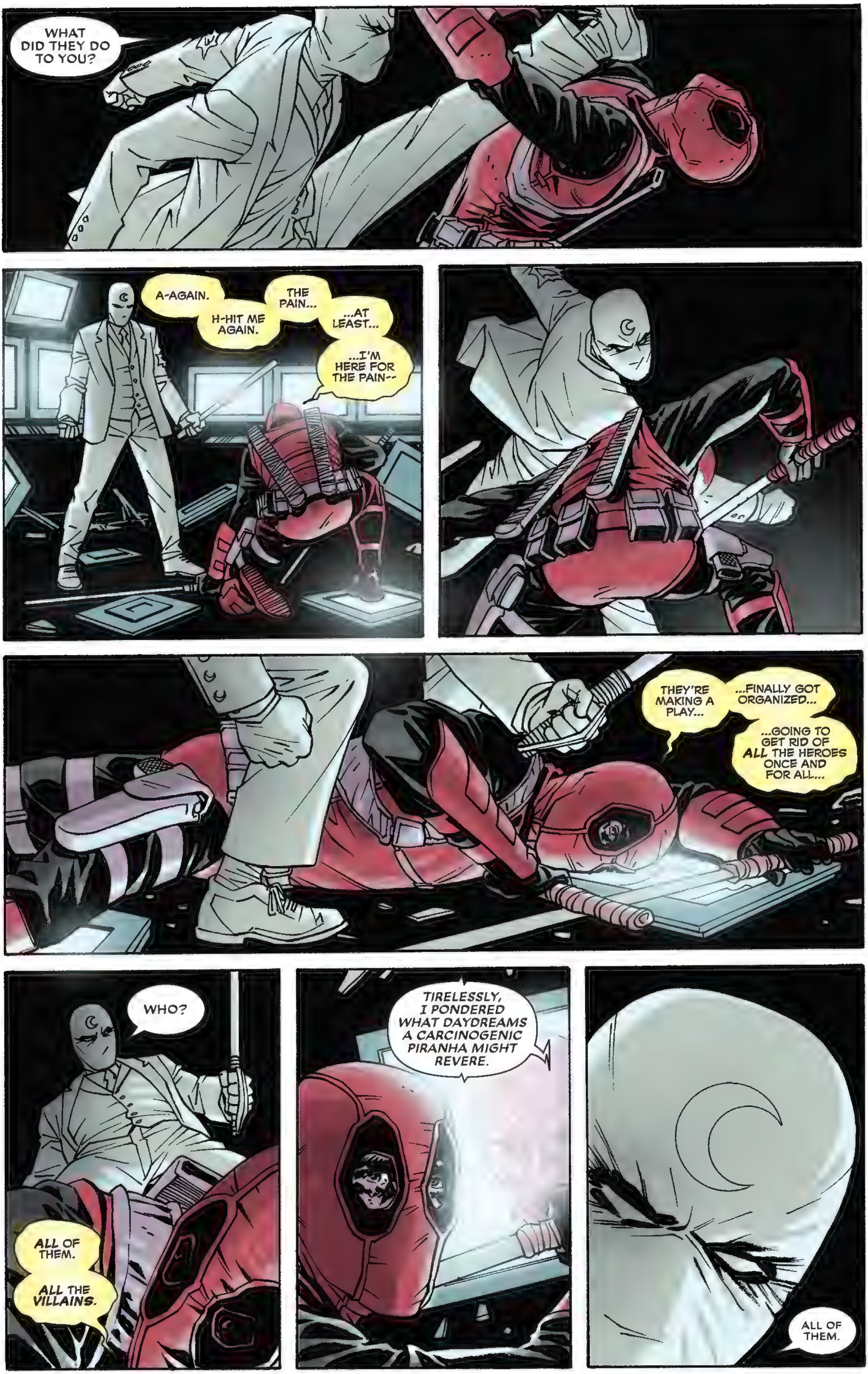

IT'S DEADPOOL'S TEAMMATES.
THE MERCS FOR MONEY.
NNNUUH...
...PLEASE...
...PLEASE HELP...
D-DO YOU HAVE ANY *WATER?*
PLEASE... DO YOU THINK YOU CAN GET ME TO A DOCTOR?
OR...
÷KAFF÷ HEHEH... ÷KOFF÷
...A DECENT *VET?*
HE LEFT YOU ALIVE.
WHY?
M-MY CURSE.
I...I'M *IMMORTAL*.
BUT IF SOMEONE *KILLS* ME...THEY BECOME THE APE.
GUESS HE WASN'T READY FOR ÷KAFF÷ THAT.
GORILLA-MAN.
DOMINO.
GETTING EASIER BY THE SECOND.

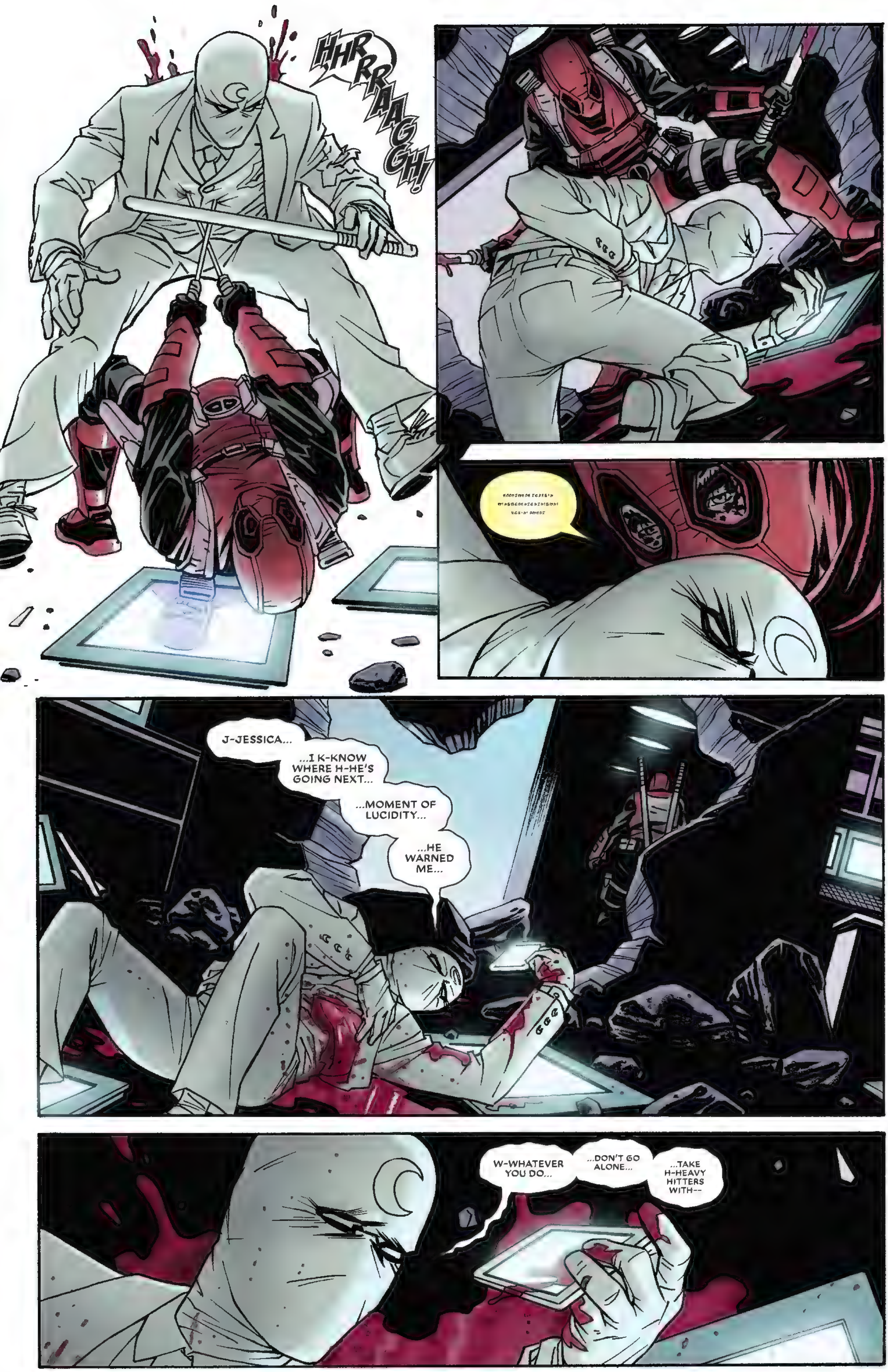

THIS PLACE IS DEAD.
YOUR GIRL-- GWENPOOL-- TIPPED THEM OFF.
THEY'VE *BUGGED OUT.*
I *WEEP* FOR YOUR DISAPPOINTMENT.
I'M CERTAIN, THOUGH, YOU'LL HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY TO TEST OUT YOUR NEW TOY SOONER RATHER THAN LATER.
IN THIS CASE, I ANTICIPATED THAT OUR *"PEOPLE OF INTEREST"* WOULD NO LONGER BE HERE.
IF I THOUGHT THEY MIGHT HAVE BEEN, I WOULD HAVE BROUGHT A LITTLE MORE IN THE WAY OF BACKUP.
BUT THERE IS STILL INFORMATION TO BE GLEANED FROM THIS PLACE.
THEY HAVE SOME SORT OF *TRIGGER*...
...A *CODE* TO PUT DEADPOOL UNDER THEIR CONTROL...
...AND THEY'VE BEEN *SUPPLYING* HIM...BUT WHAT THEY'RE GOING TO DO HIM...
...WE MUST STOP IT.

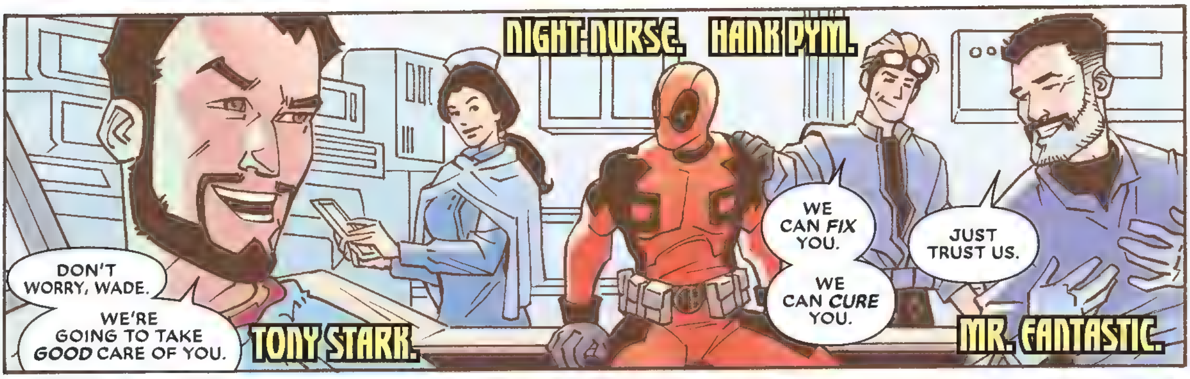

HEY, FELLAS!
IT'S TIME TO HEAD OUT FOR SOME *WHOLESOME FUN* AT OUR WEEKLY B-BALL GAME.
WHY AREN'T YOU READY?
LIEFELD 91
SORRY, DEADPOOL. NO CAN DO.
WE'RE TOO BUSY WITH OUR *FALSE IDOLS* TO WORRY ABOUT BASKETBALL.
THAT'S RIGHT!
MY *GUN* TELLS ME THERE'S NO ROOM FOR *WHOLESOMENESS* IN MY LIFE!
BUT IT'S JUST BASKETBALL WITH FRIENDS.
WE'VE BEEN DOING IT FOR YEARS.
SORRY, DEADPOOL.
MY GOD *KHONSHU* SAYS I HAVE NO TIME FOR GAMES.
MY *SPIRITUAL GROWTH* THROUGH *VIGILANTISM* IS THE ONLY THING THAT'S IMPORTANT NOW.
MY GUN SPEAKS TO ME.
IT WANTS ME TO IGNORE MY FRIENDS AND BLOW OFF SCHOOL AND RECREATIONAL ACTIVITIES.
YOU CAN JOIN THE CULT OF KHONSHU, TOO.
TAKE THIS STATUE AND YOU CAN GET EVERYTHING YOU EVER WANTED.
I PRAYED TO KHONSHU FOR MEMBERSHIP IN THE *AVENGERS*. HE PUT A *MIND BONDAGE* ON CAPTAIN AMERICA SO HE WOULDN'T TURN DOWN MY APPLICATION.
I SOMETIMES SHOOT PUPPIES AND OTHER SMALL ANIMALS.
I DON'T WANT ANY PART OF THIS, GUYS!
YOU'VE GOT TO SNAP OUT OF IT!
IF YOU WILL NOT JOIN US, WE MUST *SACRIFICE* YOU TO THE SPIRITS OF KHONSHU.
AND MY MASTER--THE GUN!
WAIT!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

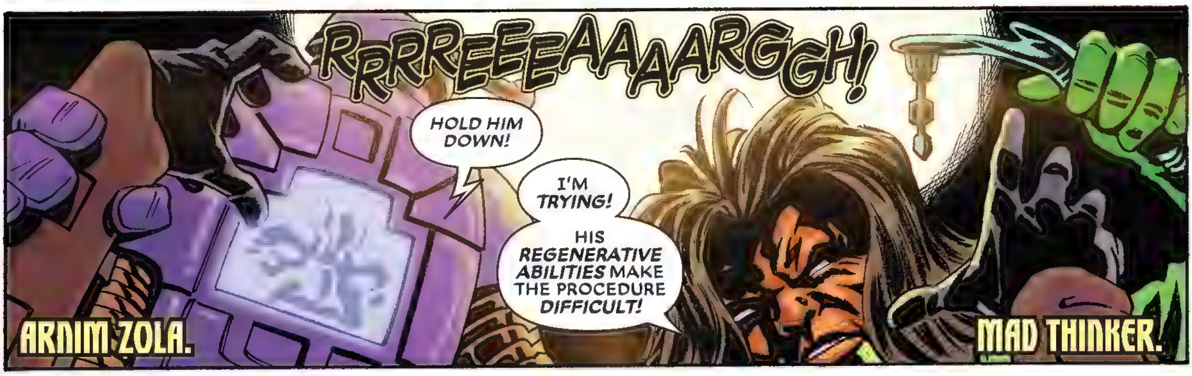

KRA-SMASH
GET OUT OF THE WAY, MOON KNIGHT.
I CAN TELL WHAT YOU'RE DOING.
YOU'RE TRYING TO *SUBDUE* HIM... TRYING TO *SPOIL* MY SHOTS.
THAT'S NOT HOW THIS IS GOING TO WORK.
HE'S RIGHT.
EITHER *YOU'RE* NOT WALKING OUT OF HERE...
...OR *I'M* NOT.
I WAS HOPING TO HELP YOU, DEADPOOL.
OR...AT LEAST...I WAS HOPING YOU COULD POINT US IN THE DIRECTION OF THOSE WHO DID THIS TO YOU.
BUT I SEE THAT'S *POINTLESS*.
PUNISHER-- TAKE THE SHOT.
GAME'S OVER, WADE.

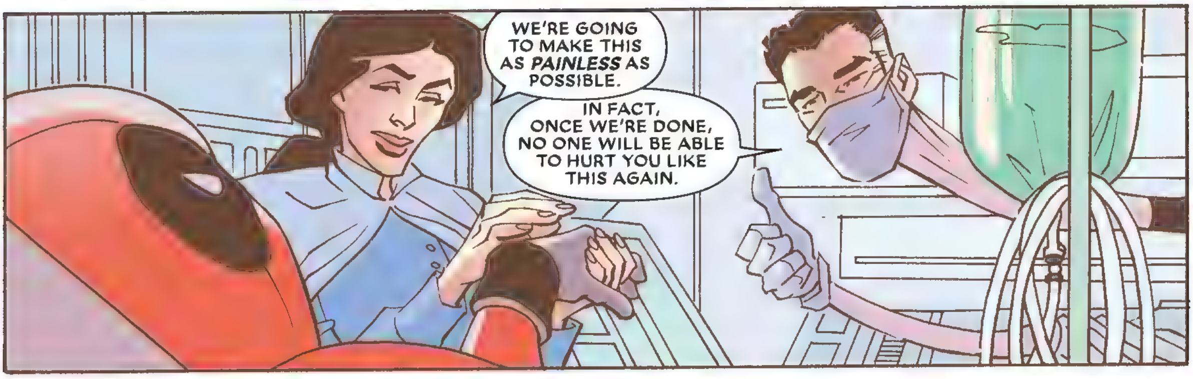

YEEEEEAAAAAAAAARRGH!
YOU *SABOTAGED* THE GUN.
YOU LEFT IT FOR US...*KNOWING* PUNISHER WOULD USE IT.
I WARNED HIM THAT GUNS WERE BAD FOR HIM.
WE SHOULD HAVE JUST PLAYED BASKETBALL.
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
SCHMACK
KHONSHU ISN'T YOUR FRIEND.
HE'S TRYING TO TURN YOU AGAINST YOUR FRIENDS.
YOU HAVE TO FIGHT...TO BREAK FREE OF HIS SPELL.
YOU'RE NOT HERE, ARE YOU?
WHATEVER'S GOING ON IN THAT HEAD OF YOURS...
...YOU'RE *NOT* HERE.

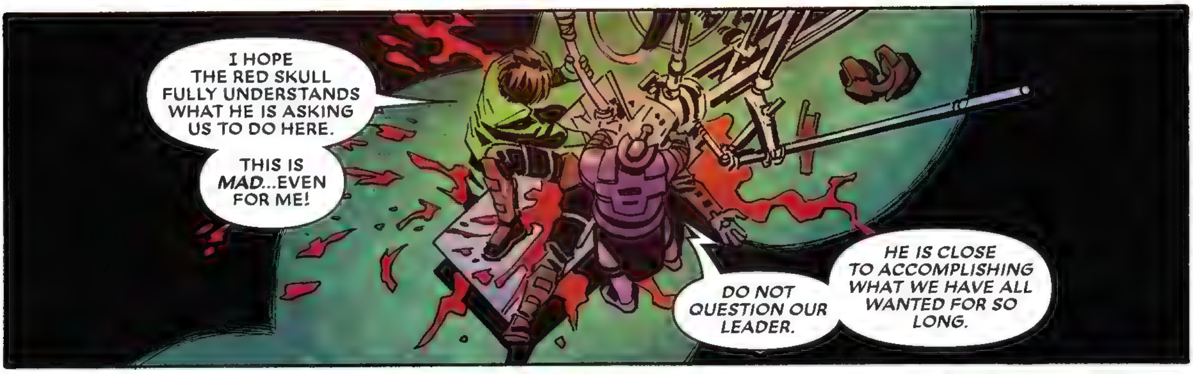

WHAT DID THEY DO TO YOU?
A-AGAIN.
H-HIT ME AGAIN.
THE PAIN...
...AT LEAST...
...I'M HERE FOR THE PAIN--
THEY'RE MAKING A PLAY...
...FINALLY GOT ORGANIZED...
...GOING TO GET RID OF ALL THE HEROES ONCE AND FOR ALL...
WHO?
ALL OF THEM.
ALL THE VILLAINS.
TIRELESSLY, I PONDERED WHAT DAYDREAMS A CARCINOGENIC PIRANHA MIGHT REVERE.
ALL OF THEM.

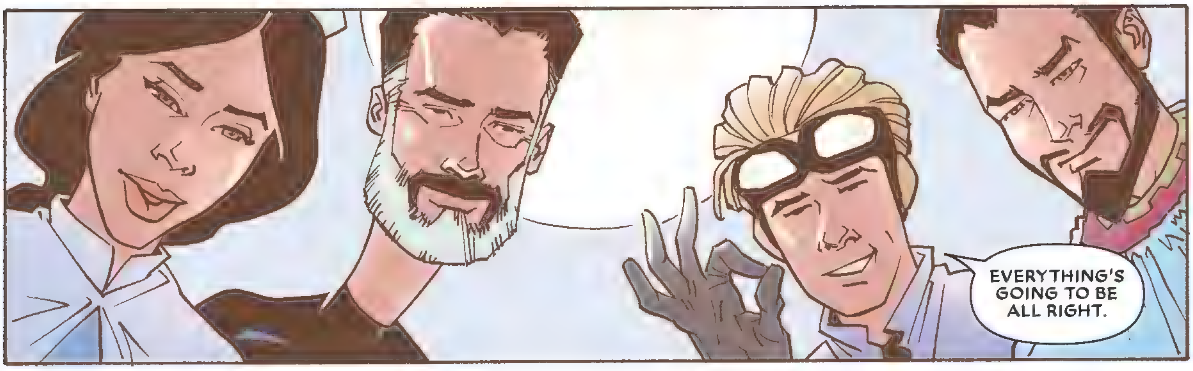

HHRRRAAGH!
J-JESSICA...
...I K-KNOW WHERE H-HE'S GOING NEXT...
...MOMENT OF LUCIDITY...
...HE WARNED ME...
W-WHATEVER YOU DO...
...DON'T GO ALONE...
...TAKE H-HEAVY HITTERS WITH--

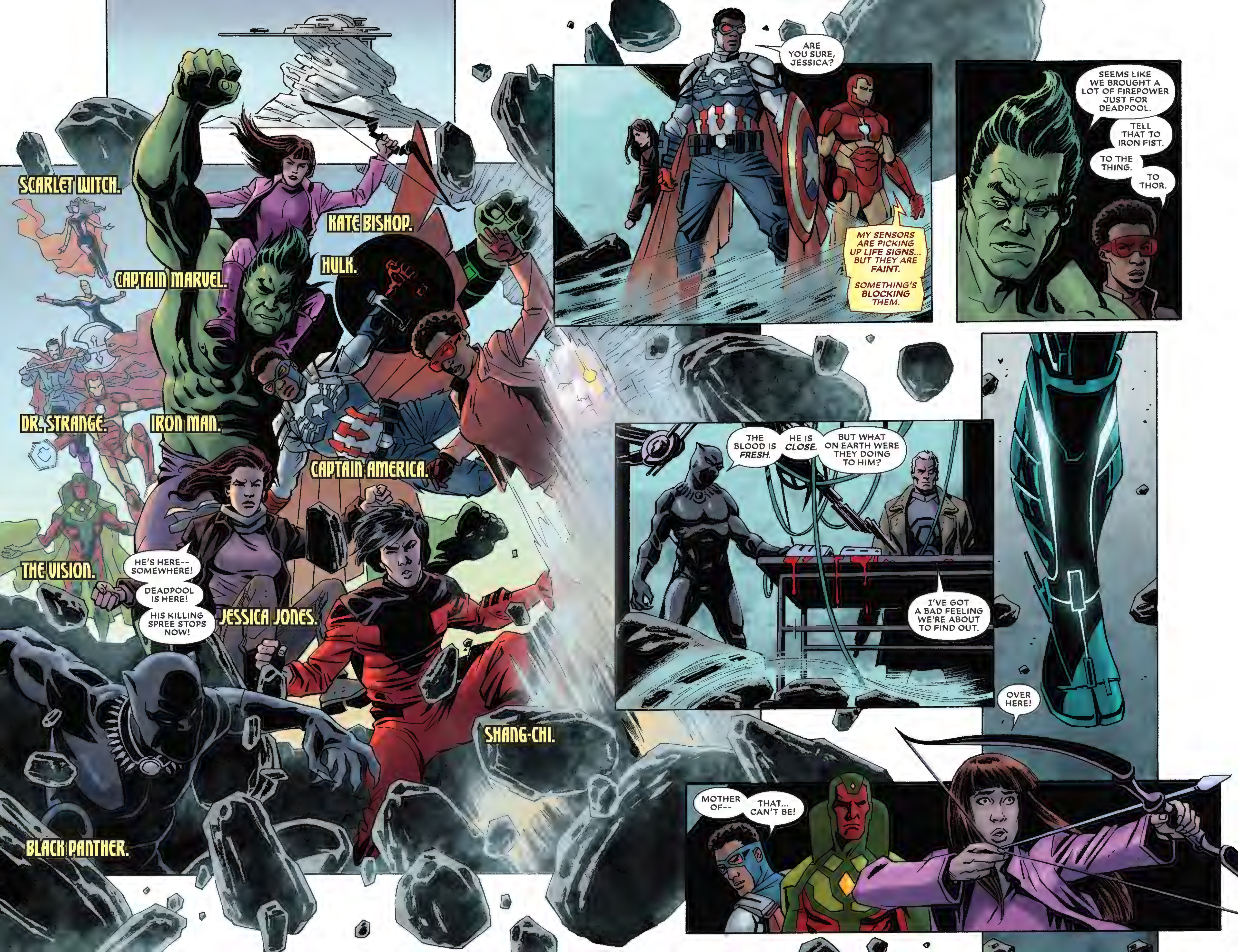

NIGHT NURSE.
HANK PYM.
DON'T WORRY, WADE.
WE'RE GOING TO TAKE *GOOD* CARE OF YOU.
TONY STARK.
WE CAN *FIX* YOU.
WE CAN *CURE* YOU.
JUST TRUST US.
MR. FANTASTIC.

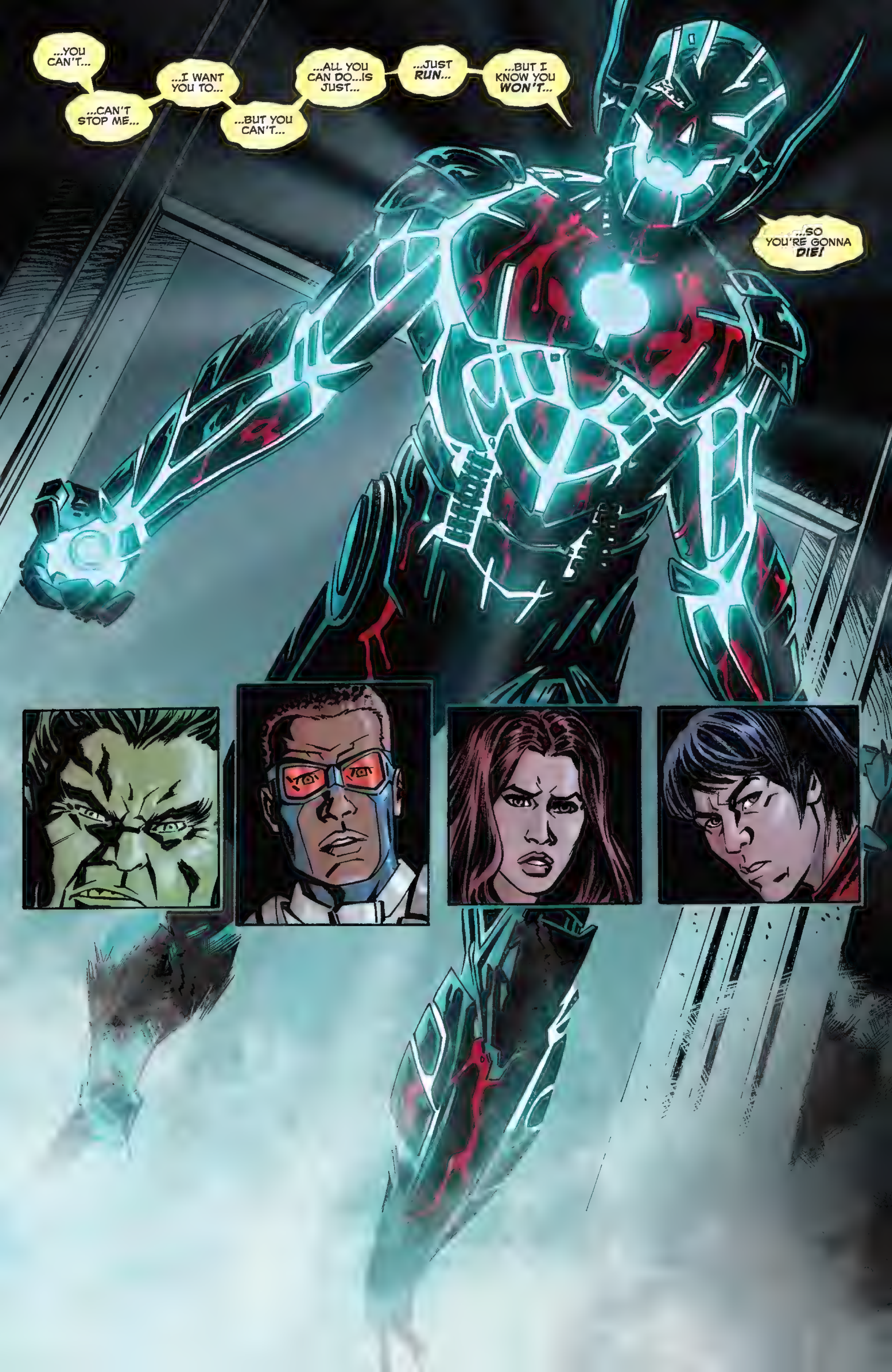

RRRREEEEAAAARGGH!
HOLD HIM DOWN!
I'M *TRYING!*
HIS *REGENERATIVE ABILITIES* MAKE THE PROCEDURE *DIFFICULT!*
ARNIM ZOLA.
MAD THINKER.

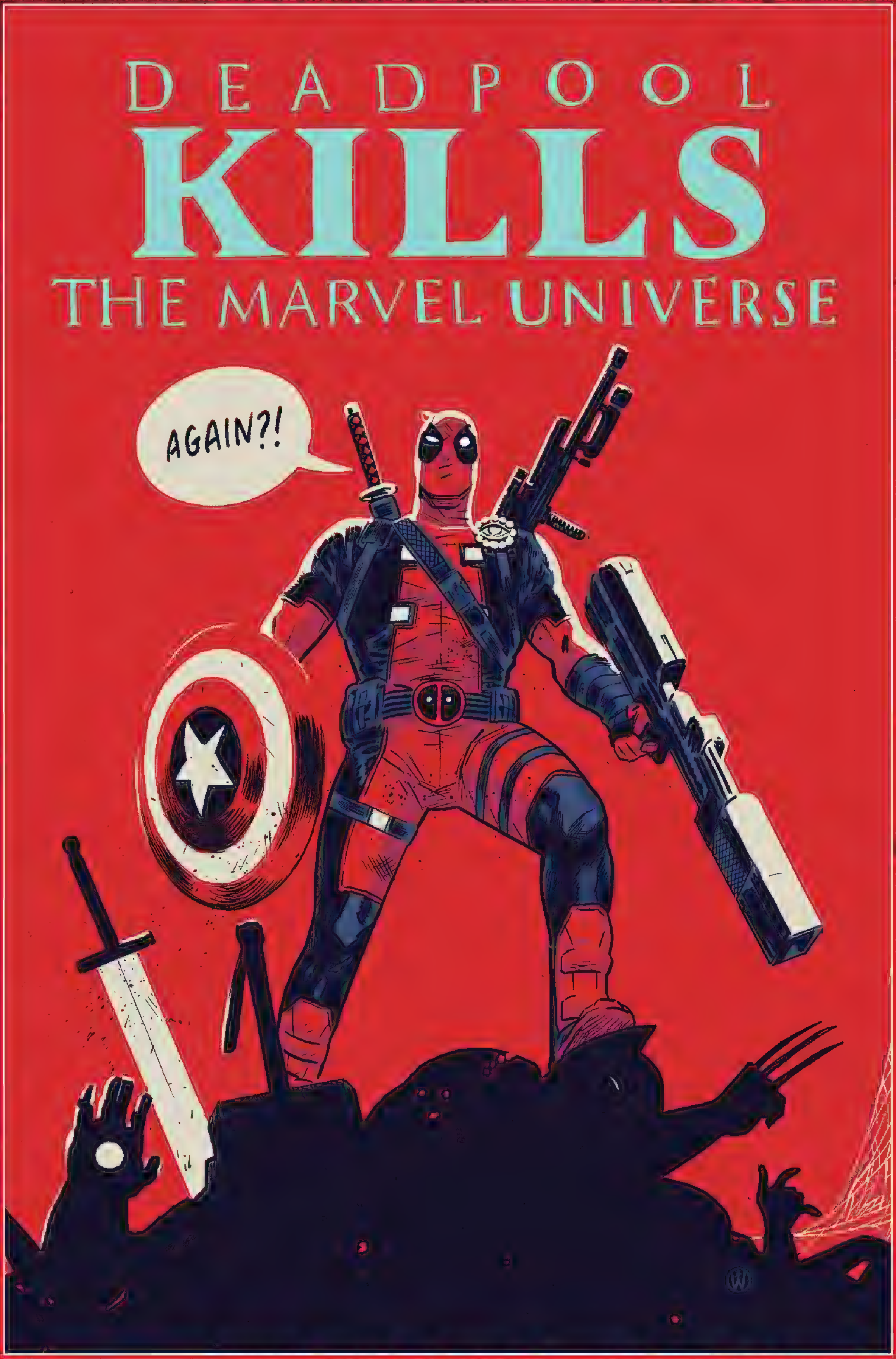

WE'RE GOING TO MAKE THIS AS *PAINLESS* AS POSSIBLE.
IN FACT, ONCE WE'RE DONE, NO ONE WILL BE ABLE TO HURT YOU LIKE THIS AGAIN.


I HOPE THE RED SKULL FULLY UNDERSTANDS WHAT HE IS ASKING US TO DO HERE.
THIS IS *MAD*...EVEN FOR ME!
DO NOT QUESTION OUR LEADER.
HE IS CLOSE TO ACCOMPLISHING WHAT WE HAVE ALL WANTED FOR SO LONG.


EVERYTHING'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT.

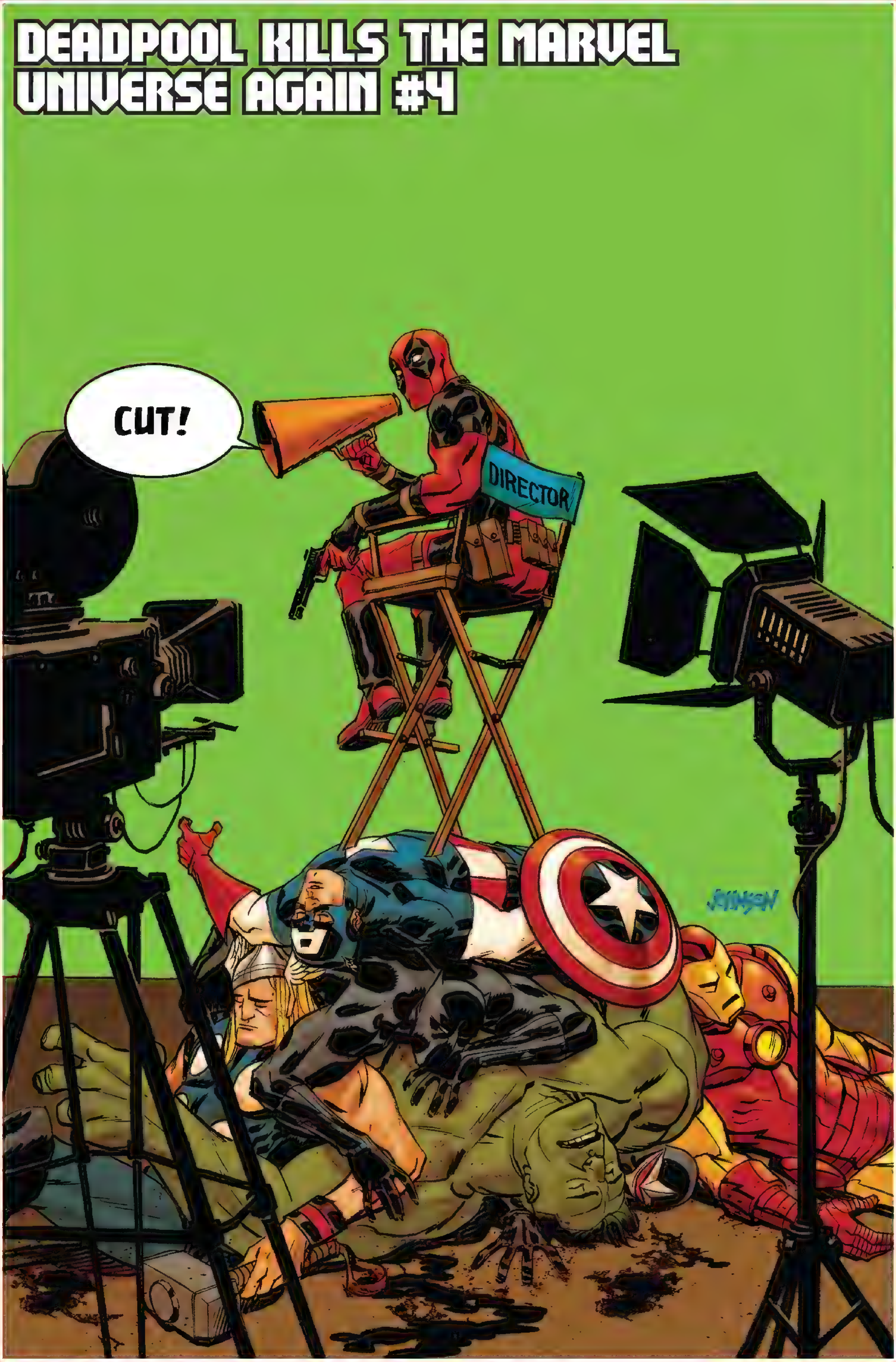

SCARLET WITCH.
KATE BISHOP.
CAPTAIN MARVEL.
HULK.
DR. STRANGE.
IRON MAN.
CAPTAIN AMERICA.
THE VISION.
HE'S HERE-- SOMEWHERE!
DEADPOOL IS HERE!
HIS KILLING SPREE STOPS NOW!
JESSICA JONES.
SHANG-CHI.
BLACK PANTHER.
ARE YOU SURE, JESSICA?
MY SENSORS ARE PICKING UP *LIFE SIGNS*... BUT THEY ARE *FAINT.*
SOMETHING'S *BLOCKING* THEM.
SEEMS LIKE WE BROUGHT A LOT OF FIREPOWER JUST FOR DEADPOOL.
TELL THAT TO IRON FIST.
TO THE THING.
TO THOR.
THE BLOOD IS *FRESH.*
HE IS *CLOSE.*
BUT WHAT ON EARTH WERE THEY DOING TO HIM?
I'VE GOT A BAD FEELING WE'RE ABOUT TO FIND OUT.
OVER HERE!
MOTHER OF--
THAT... CAN'T BE!

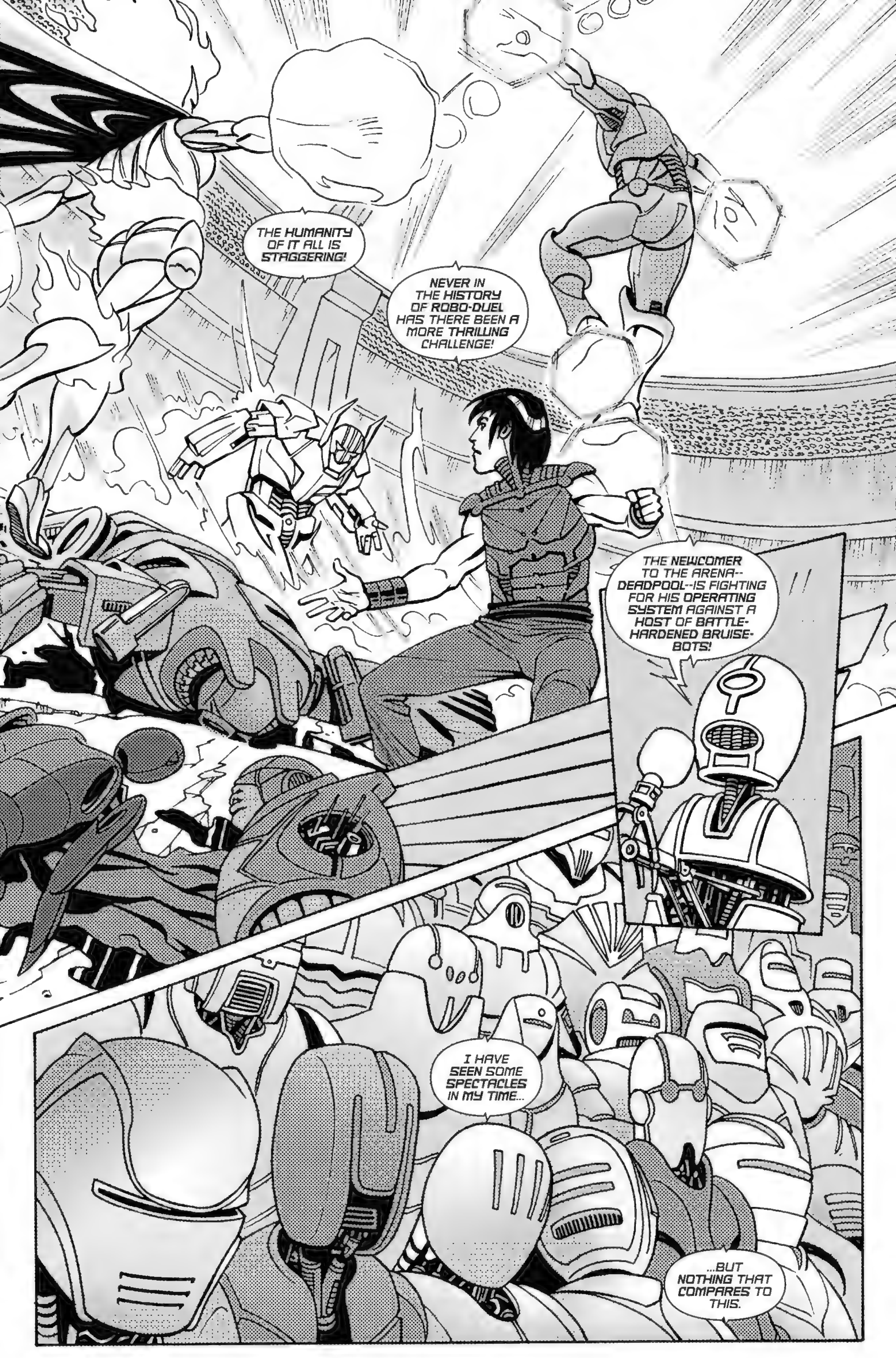

...YOU CAN'T...
...CAN'T STOP ME...
...I WANT YOU TO...
...BUT YOU CAN'T...
...ALL YOU CAN DO...IS JUST...
...JUST ***RUN***...
...BUT I KNOW YOU ***WON'T***...
...SO YOU'RE GONNA ***DIE!***

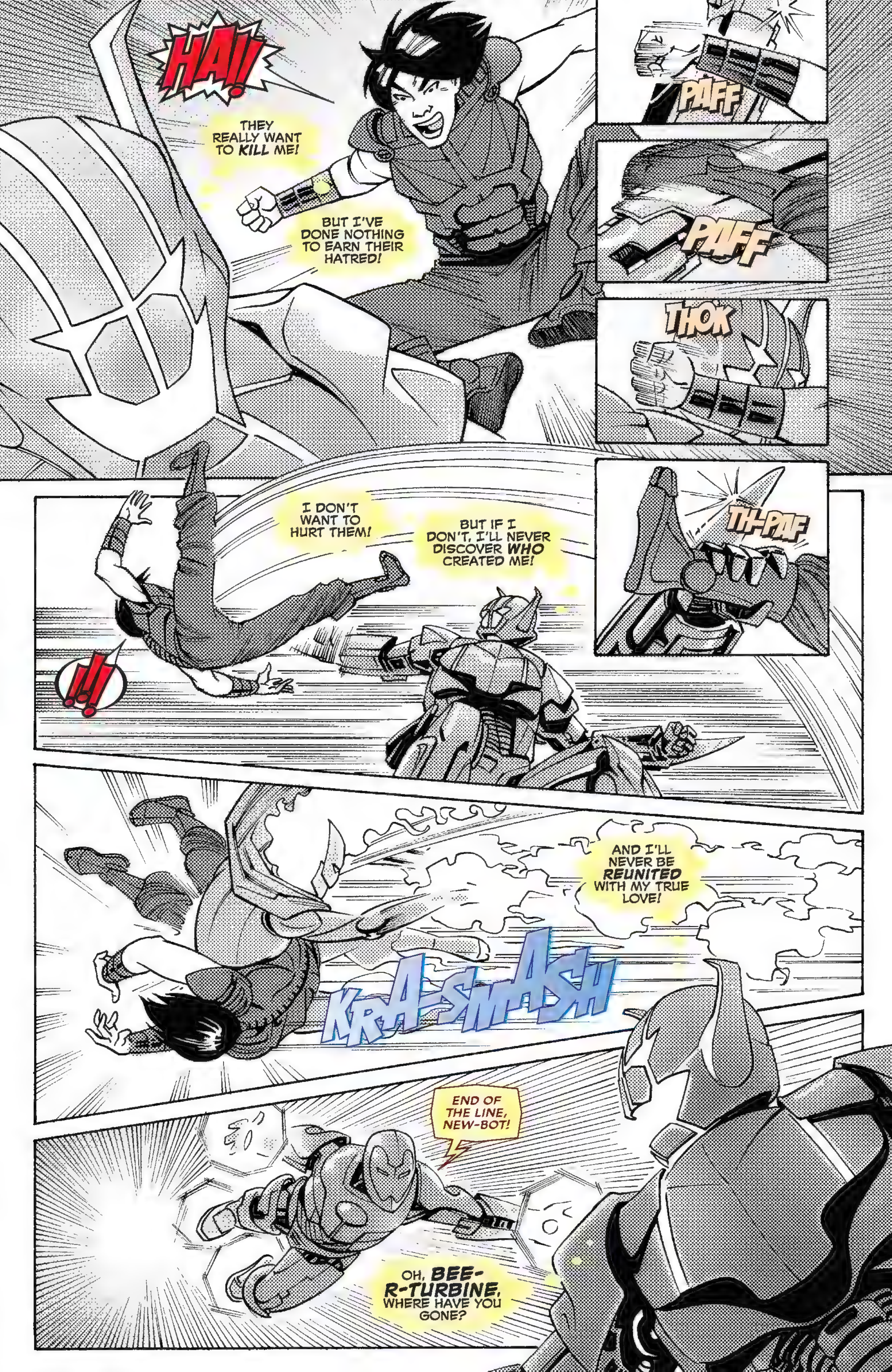

DEADPOOL
KILLS
THE MARVEL UNIVERSE
AGAIN?!

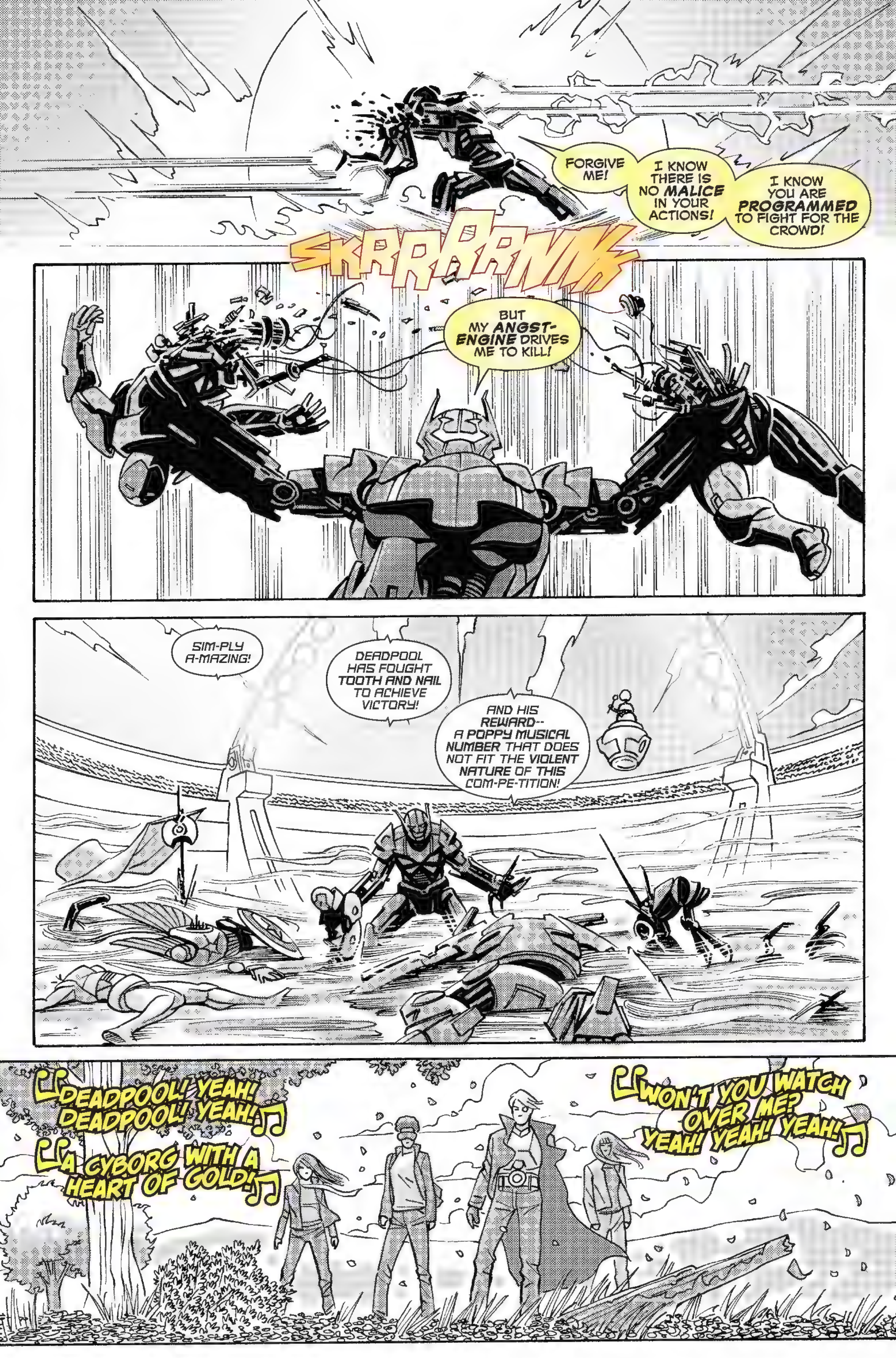
DEADPOOL KILLS THE MARVEL UNIVERSE AGAIN #1 VARIANT BY
MICHAEL WALSH

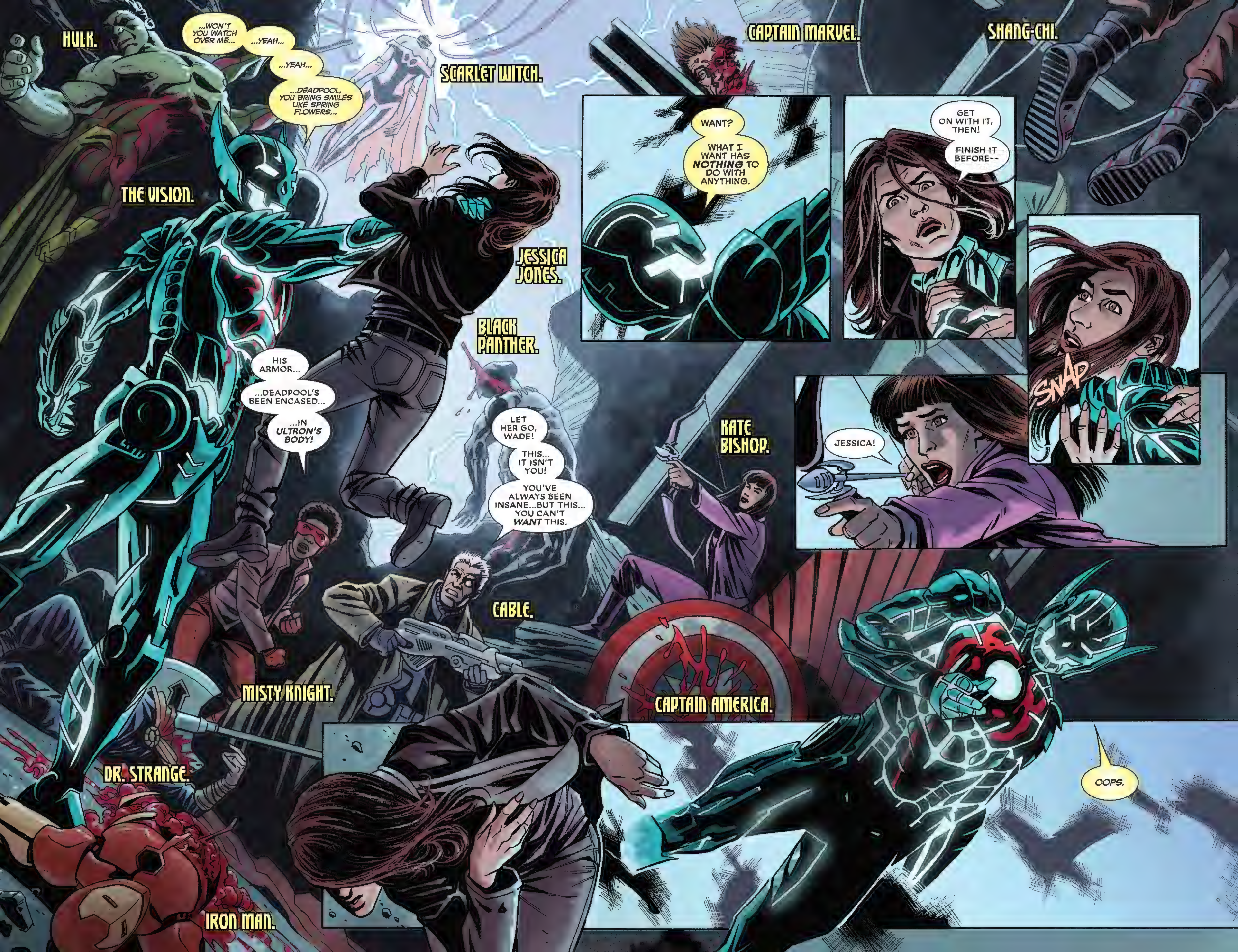
DEADPOOL KILLS THE MARVEL UNIVERSE AGAIN #4

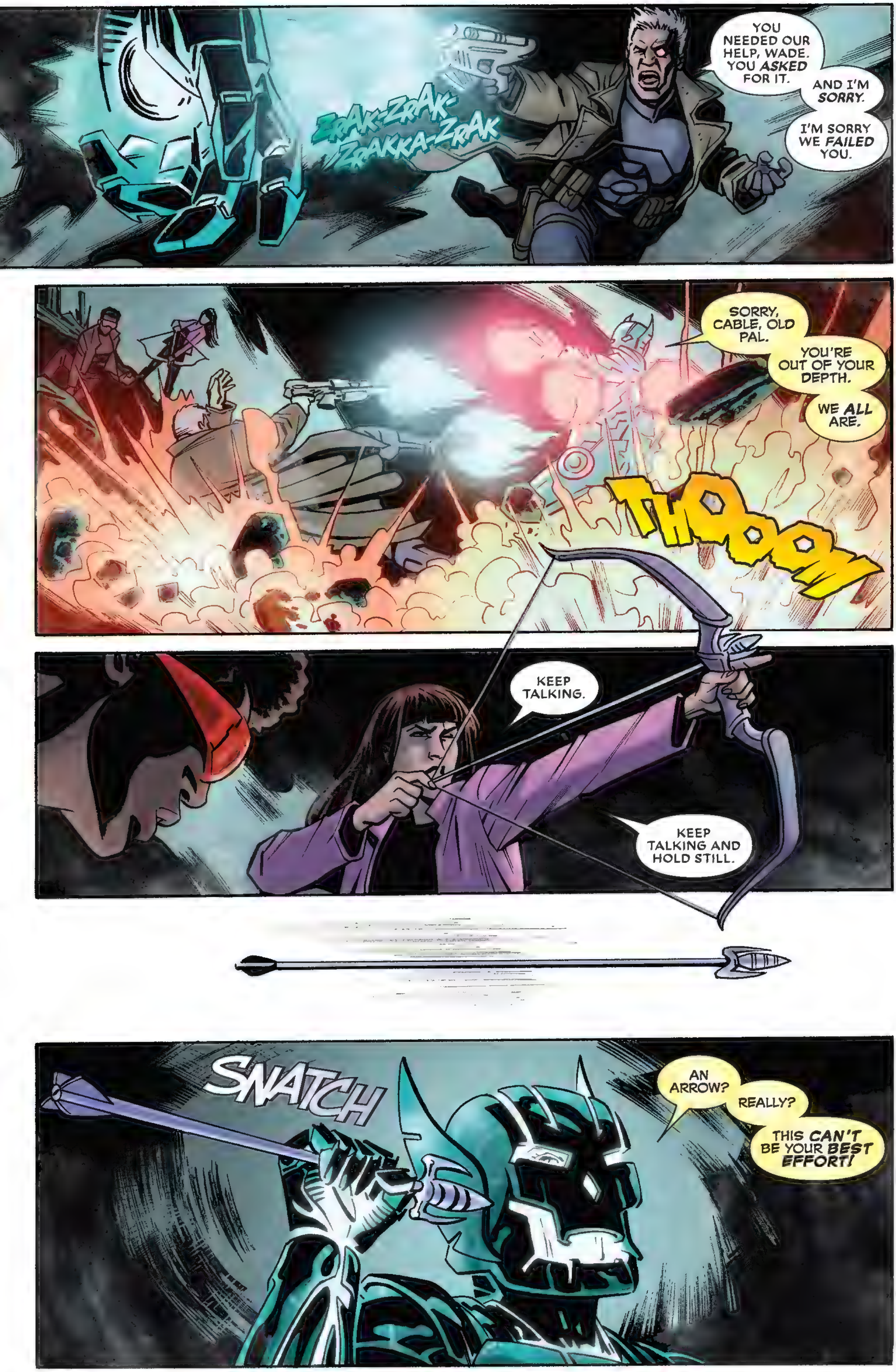

CUT!
DIRECTOR
JOHNSON

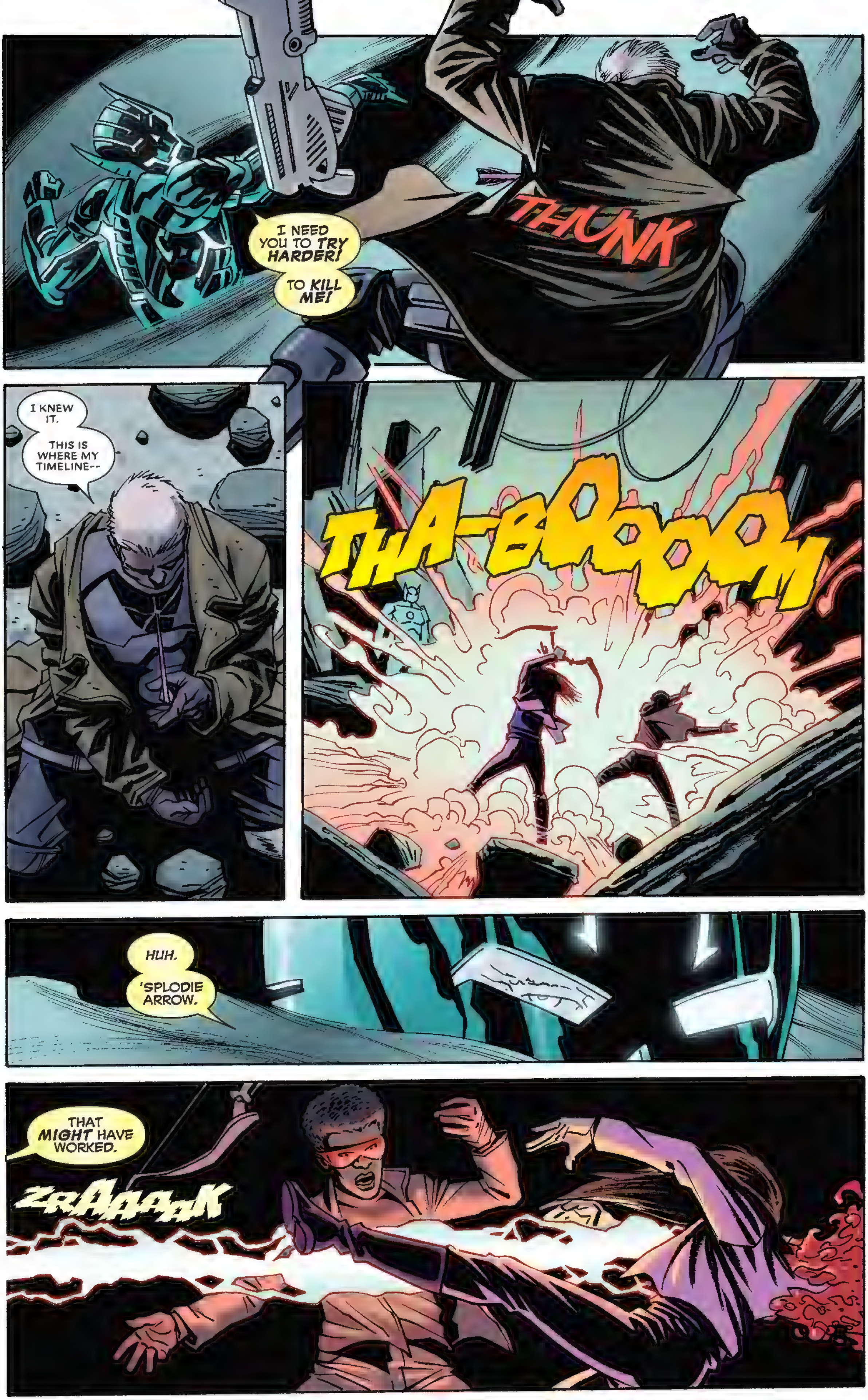

THE HUMANITY OF IT ALL IS STAGGERING!
NEVER IN THE HISTORY OF ROBO-DUEL HAS THERE BEEN A MORE THRILLING CHALLENGE!
THE NEWCOMER TO THE ARENA--DEADPOOL--IS FIGHTING FOR HIS OPERATING SYSTEM AGAINST A HOST OF BATTLE-HARDENED BRUISE-BOTS!
I HAVE SEEN SOME SPECTACLES IN MY TIME...
...BUT NOTHING THAT COMPARES TO THIS.

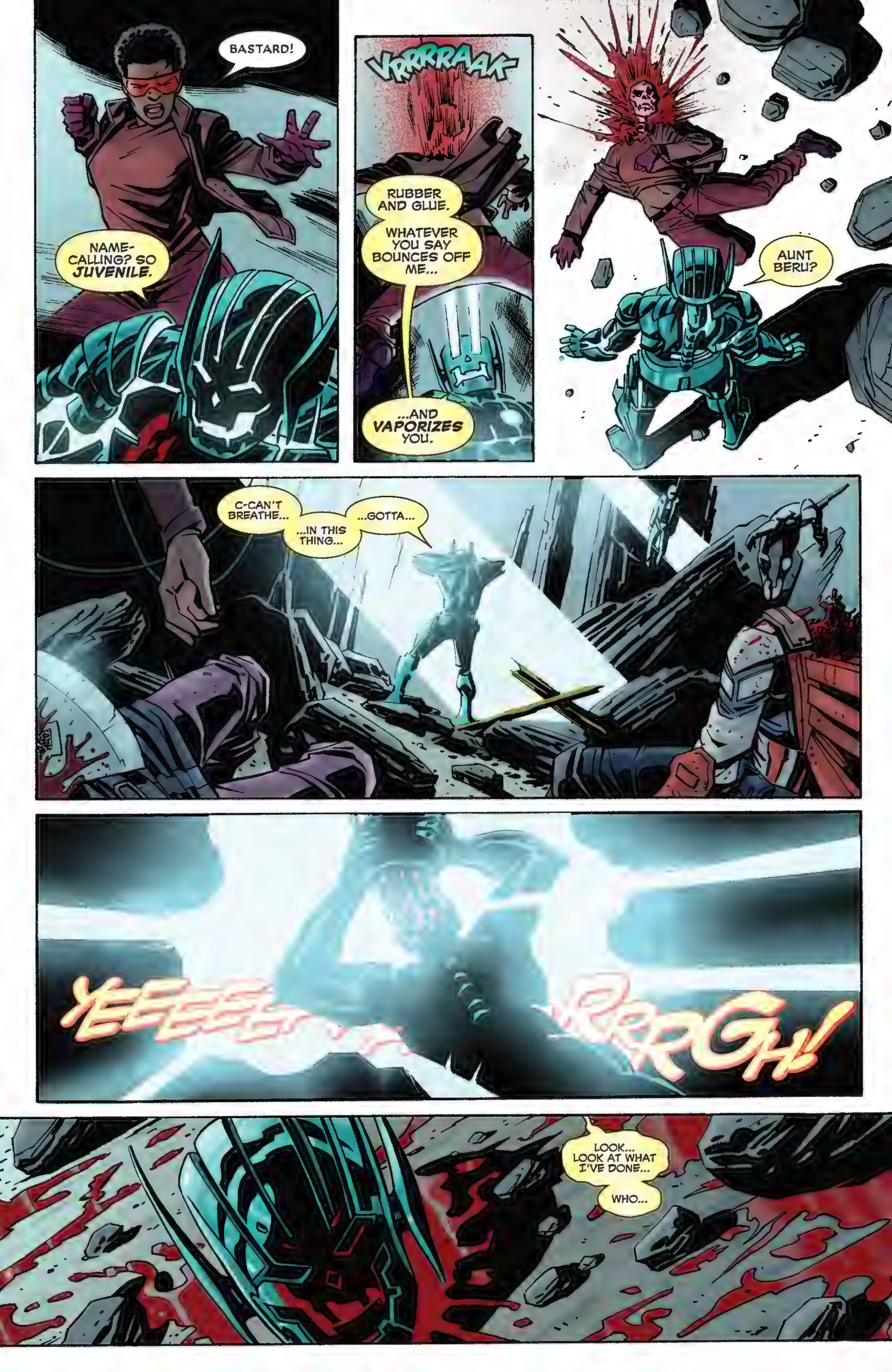

HAI!
THEY REALLY WANT TO KILL ME!
BUT I'VE DONE NOTHING TO EARN THEIR HATRED!
PAFF
PAFF
THOK
I DON'T WANT TO HURT THEM!
BUT IF I DON'T, I'LL NEVER DISCOVER WHO CREATED ME!
TH-PAF
!!
AND I'LL NEVER BE REUNITED WITH MY TRUE LOVE!
KRA-SMASH
END OF THE LINE, NEW-BOT!
OH, BEE-R-TURBINE, WHERE HAVE YOU GONE?

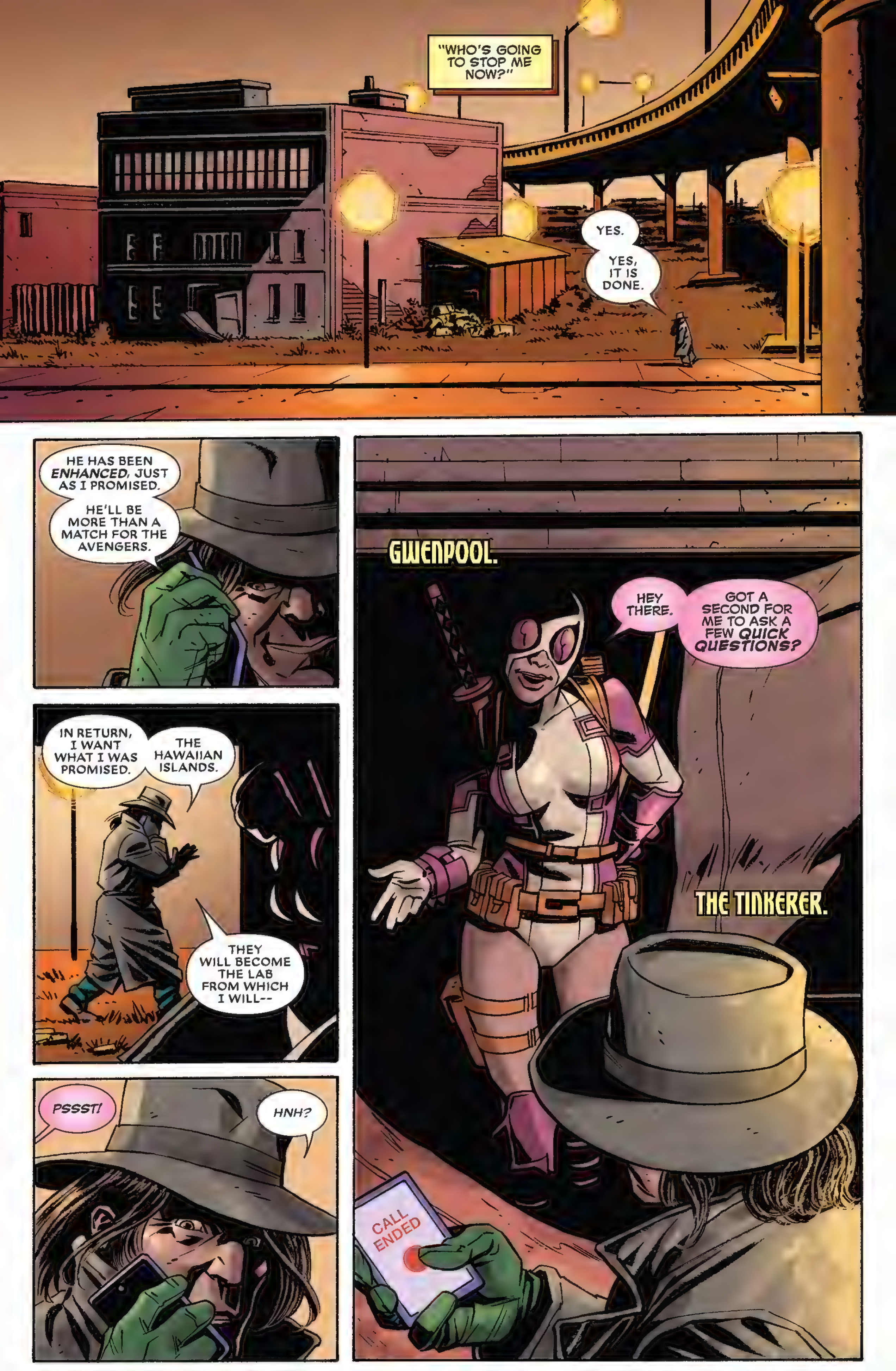

FORGIVE ME!
I KNOW THERE IS NO MALICE IN YOUR ACTIONS!
I KNOW YOU ARE PROGRAMMED TO FIGHT FOR THE CROWD!
SKRRRRNNK
BUT MY ANGST-ENGINE DRIVES ME TO KILL!
SIM-PLY A-MAZING!
DEADPOOL HAS FOUGHT TOOTH AND NAIL TO ACHIEVE VICTORY!
AND HIS REWARD-- A POPPY MUSICAL NUMBER THAT DOES NOT FIT THE VIOLENT NATURE OF THIS COM-PE-TITION!
♫DEADPOOL! YEAH! DEADPOOL! YEAH!♫
♫A CYBORG WITH A HEART OF GOLD!♫
♫WON'T YOU WATCH OVER ME? YEAH! YEAH! YEAH!♫

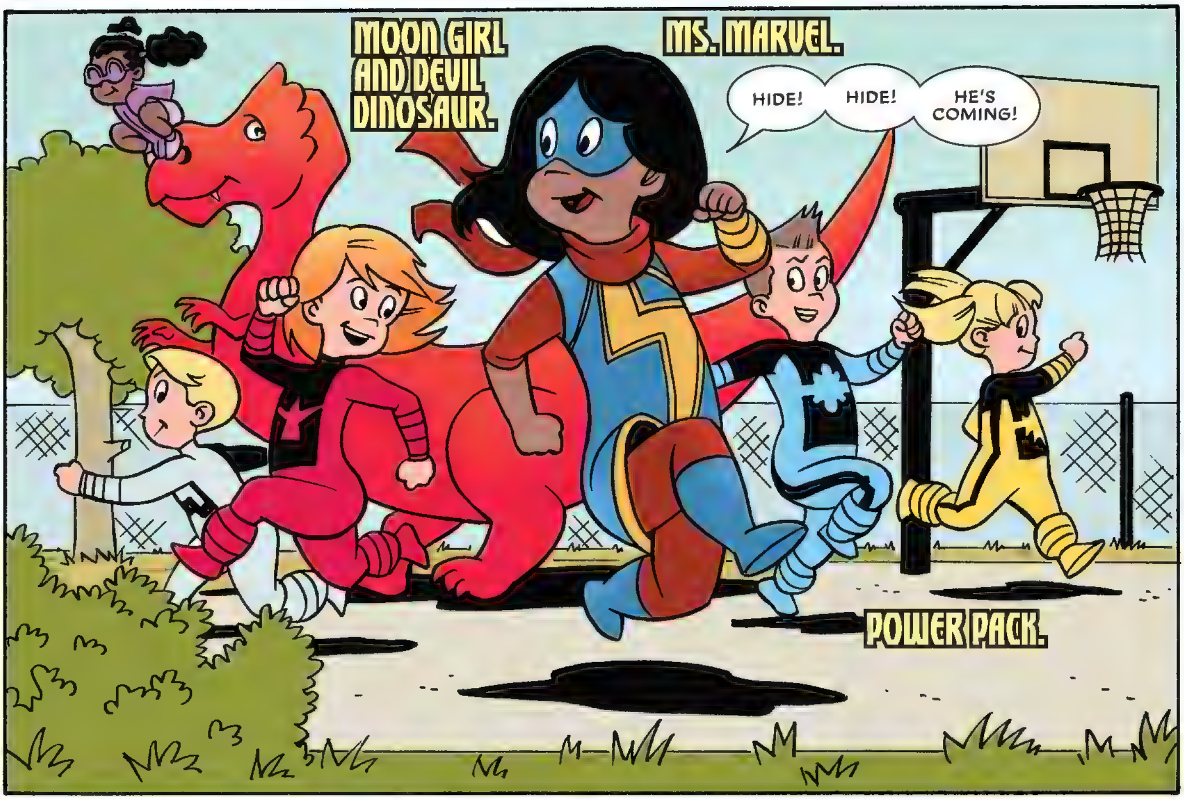

HULK.
...WON'T YOU WATCH OVER ME... ...YEAH...
...YEAH...
...DEADPOOL, YOU BRING SMILES LIKE SPRING FLOWERS...
SCARLET WITCH.
THE VISION.
JESSICA JONES.
BLACK PANTHER.
HIS ARMOR...
...DEADPOOL'S BEEN ENCASED...
...IN *ULTRON'S BODY!*
LET HER GO, WADE!
THIS... IT ISN'T YOU!
YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN INSANE...BUT THIS... YOU CAN'T *WANT* THIS.
KATE BISHOP.
CABLE.
MISTY KNIGHT.
CAPTAIN AMERICA.
DR. STRANGE.
IRON MAN.
CAPTAIN MARVEL.
SHANG-CHI.
WANT?
WHAT I WANT HAS ***NOTHING*** TO DO WITH ANYTHING.
GET ON WITH IT, THEN!
FINISH IT BEFORE--
SNAP
JESSICA!
OOPS.

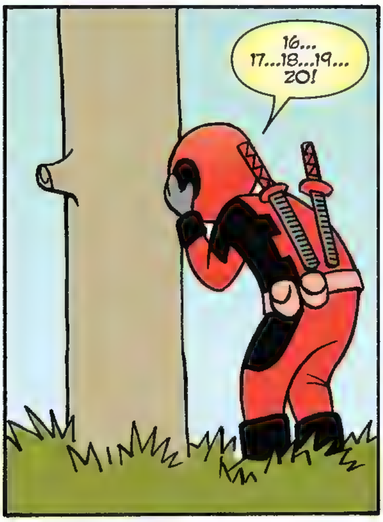

YOU NEEDED OUR HELP, WADE. YOU *ASKED* FOR IT.
AND I'M *SORRY.*
I'M SORRY WE *FAILED* YOU.
ZRAK-ZRAK-ZRAKKA-ZRAK
SORRY, CABLE, OLD PAL.
YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR DEPTH.
WE *ALL* ARE.
THOOOM
KEEP TALKING.
KEEP TALKING AND HOLD STILL.
SNATCH
AN ARROW?
REALLY?
THIS *CAN'T* BE YOUR *BEST EFFORT!*

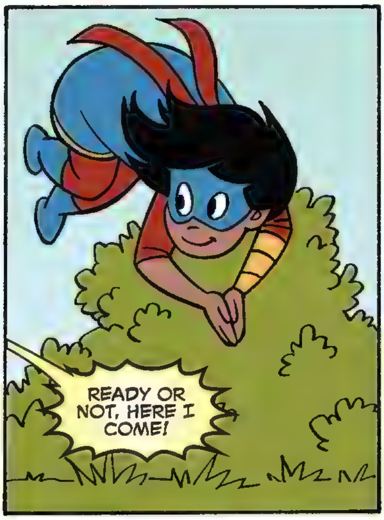

I NEED YOU TO *TRY HARDER!*
TO *KILL ME!*
THUNK
I KNEW IT.
THIS IS WHERE MY TIMELINE--
THA-BOOOOOM
HUH.
'SPLODIE ARROW.
THAT *MIGHT* HAVE WORKED.
ZRAAAAK

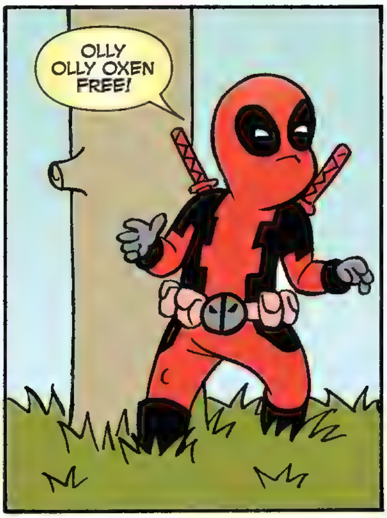

BASTARD!
NAME-CALLING? SO *JUVENILE*.
VRRRRAAK
RUBBER AND GLUE.
WHATEVER YOU SAY BOUNCES OFF ME...
...AND *VAPORIZES* YOU.
AUNT BERU?
C-CAN'T BREATHE...
...IN THIS THING...
...GOTTA...
YEEEEEE RRRGH!
LOOK... LOOK AT WHAT I'VE DONE...
WHO...

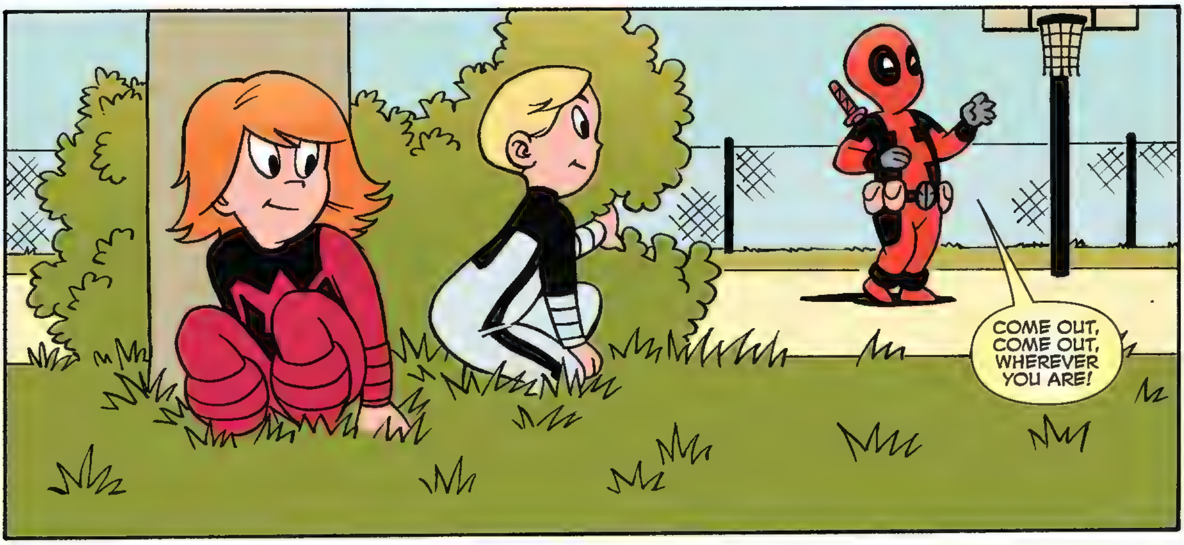

"WHO'S GOING TO STOP ME NOW?"
YES.
YES, IT IS DONE.
HE HAS BEEN *ENHANCED*, JUST AS I PROMISED.
HE'LL BE MORE THAN A MATCH FOR THE AVENGERS.
IN RETURN, I WANT WHAT I WAS PROMISED.
THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.
THEY WILL BECOME THE LAB FROM WHICH I WILL--
PSSST!
HNH?
GWENPOOL.
HEY THERE.
GOT A SECOND FOR ME TO ASK A FEW ***QUICK QUESTIONS?***
THE TINKERER.
CALL ENDED

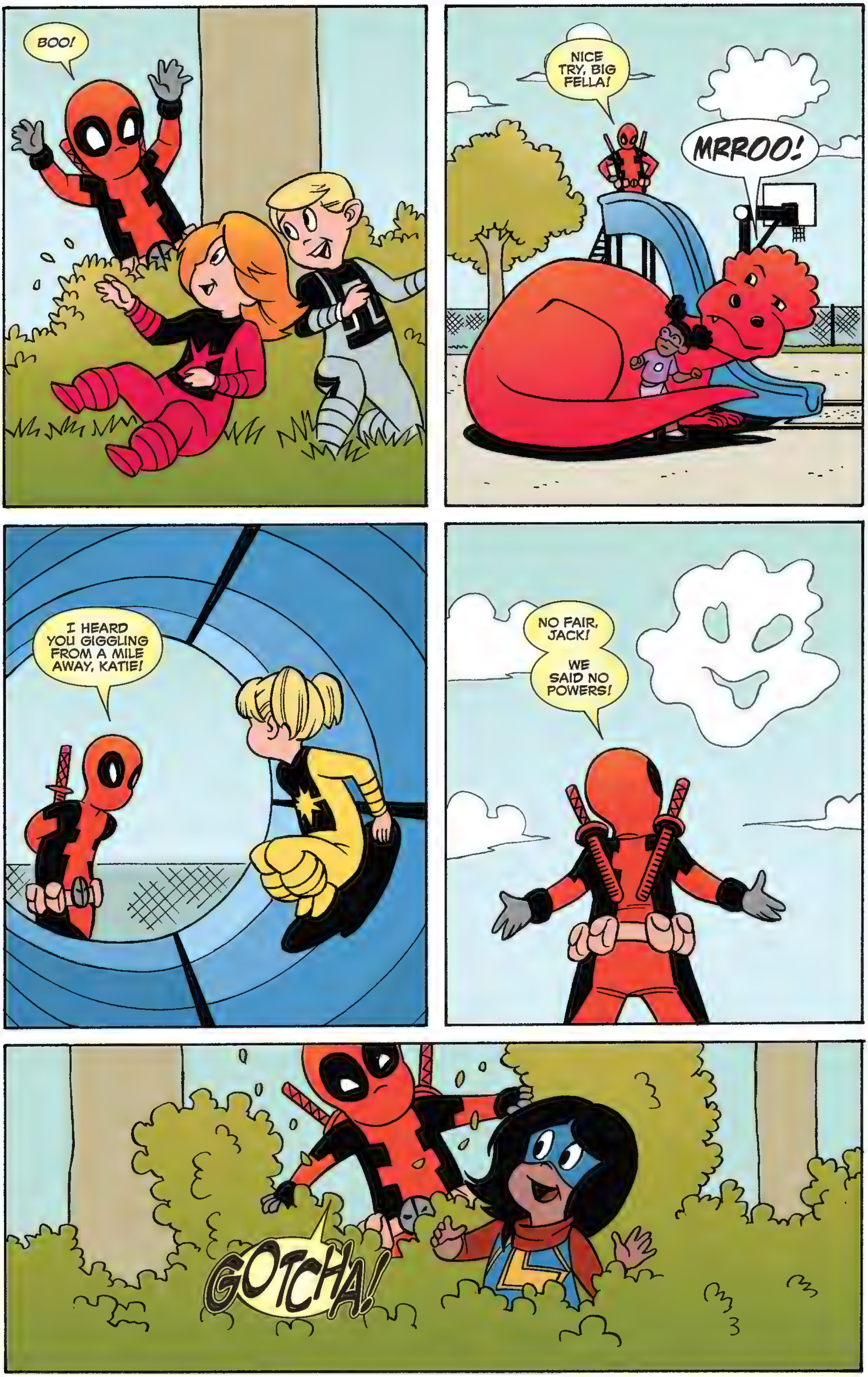

MOON GIRL AND DEVIL DINOSAUR.
MS. MARVEL.
HIDE!
HIDE!
HE'S COMING!
POWER PACK.

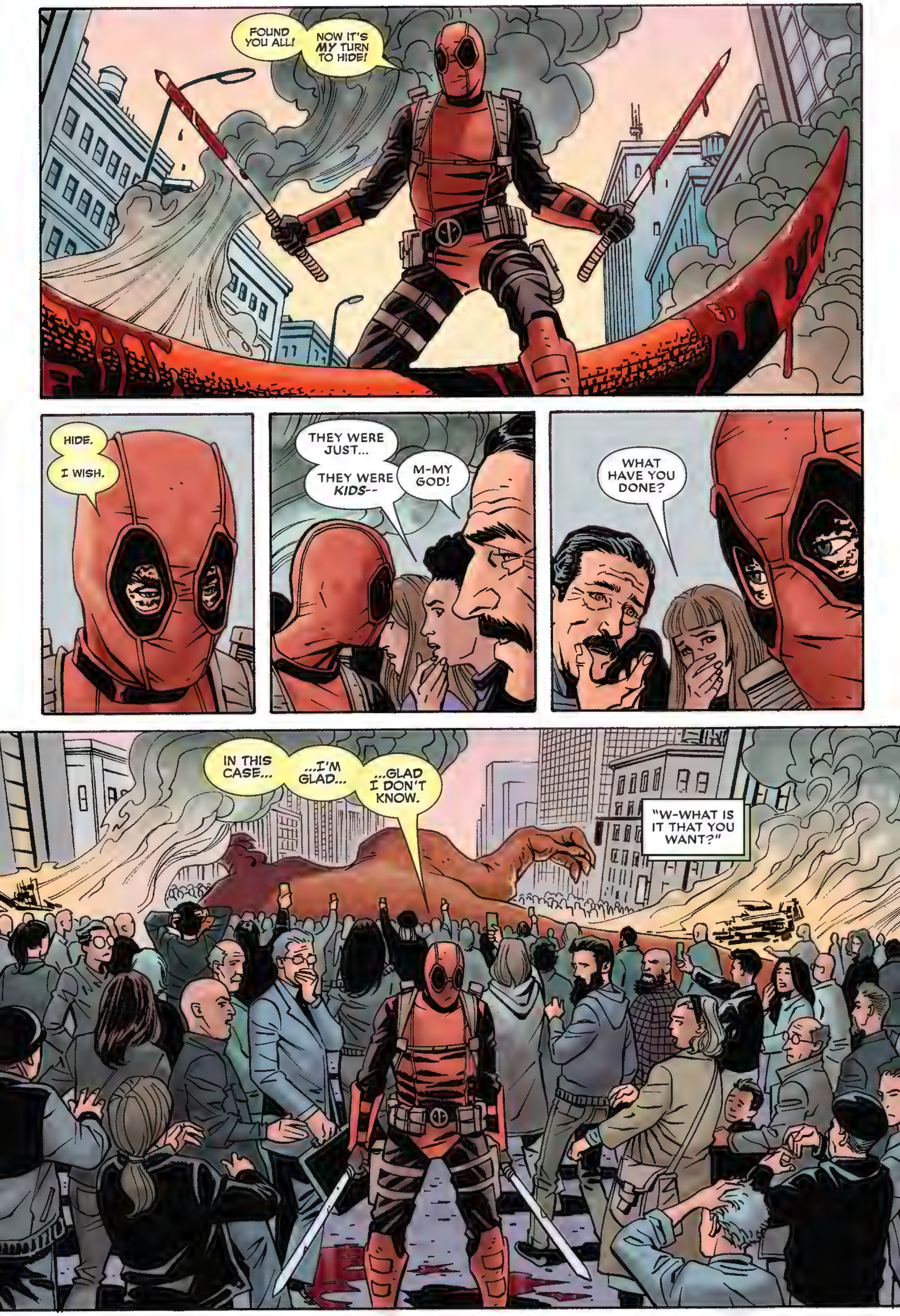

16... 17...18...19... 20!

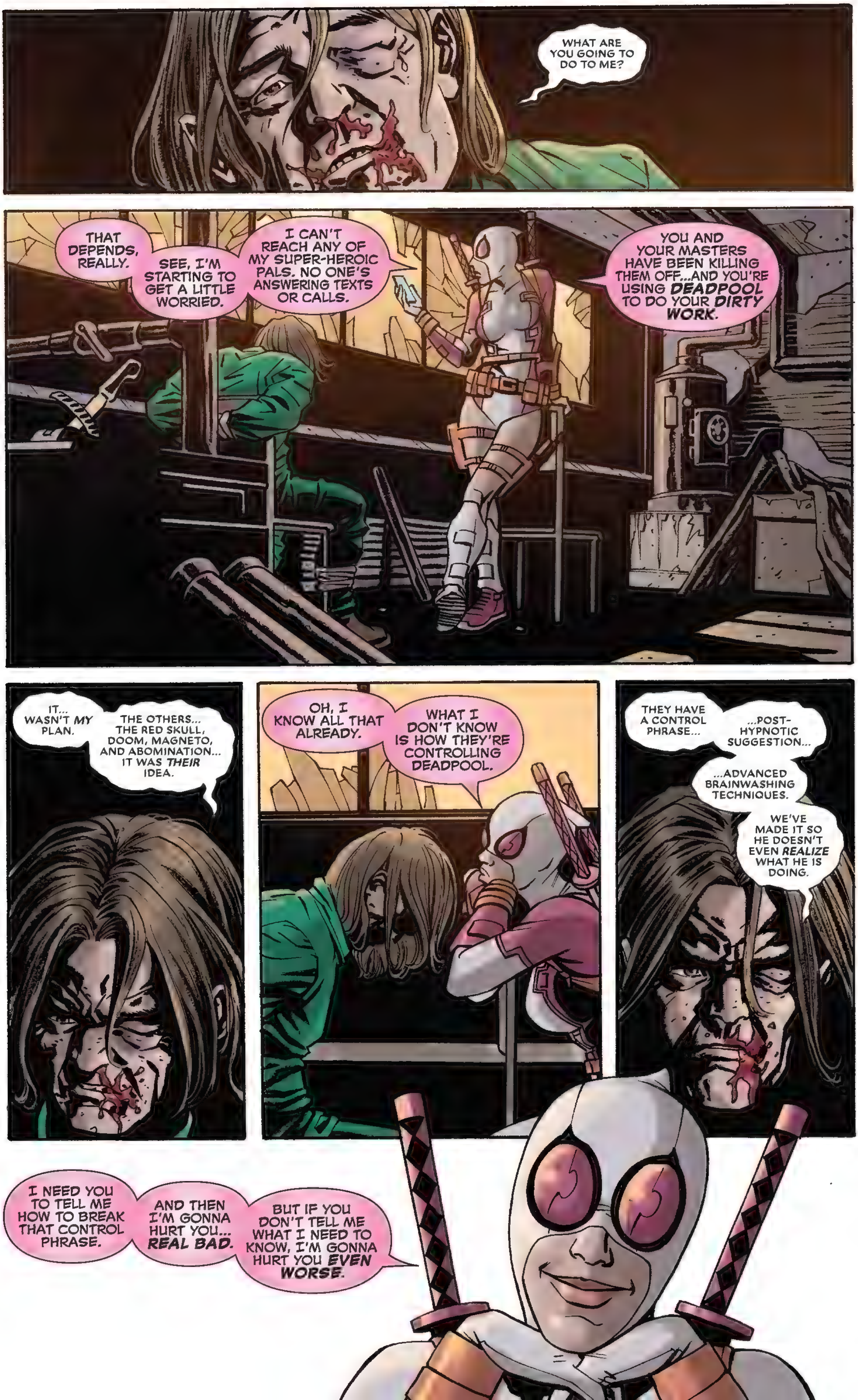

READY OR NOT, HERE I COME!

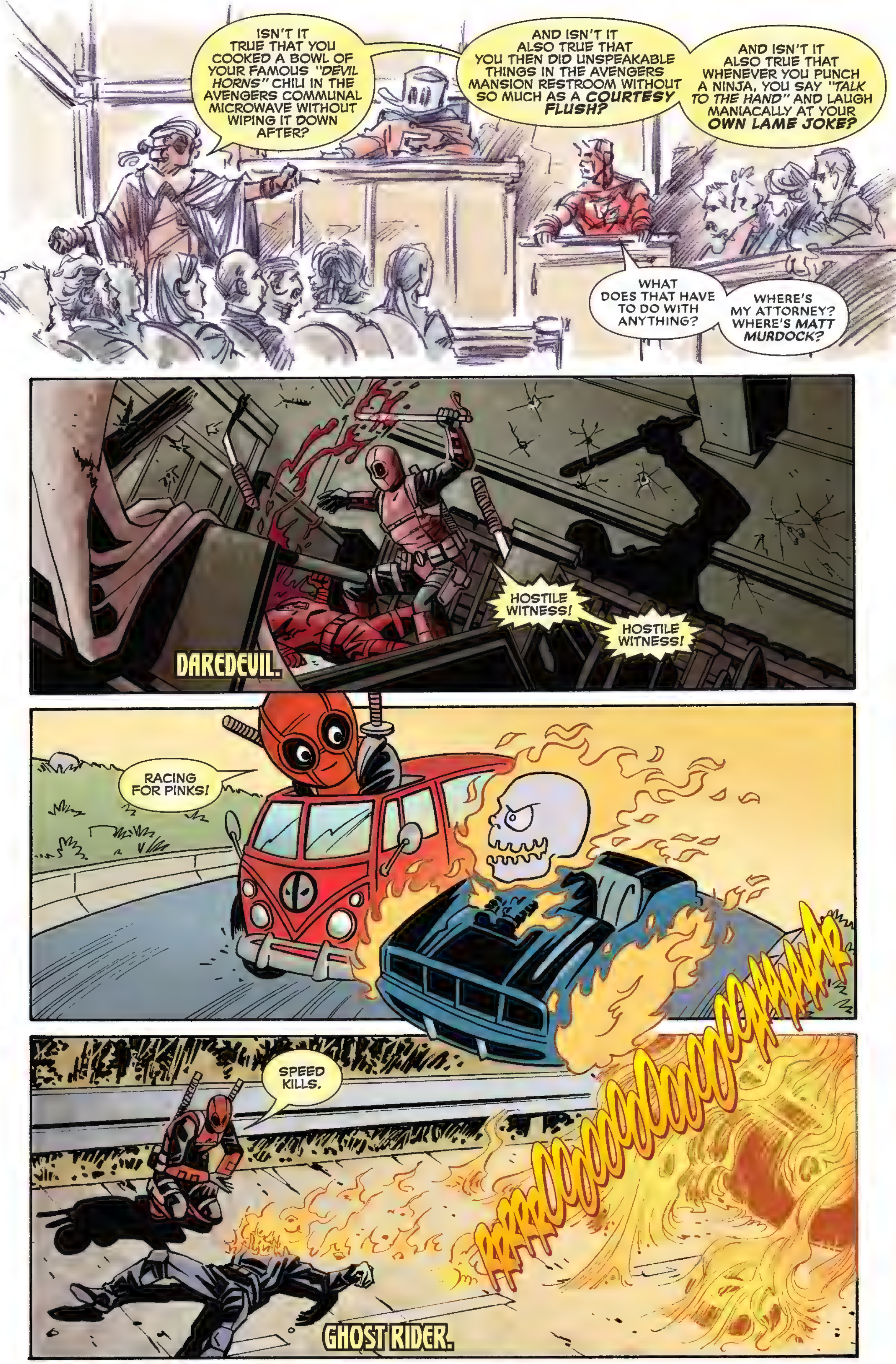

OLLY OLLY OXEN FREE!

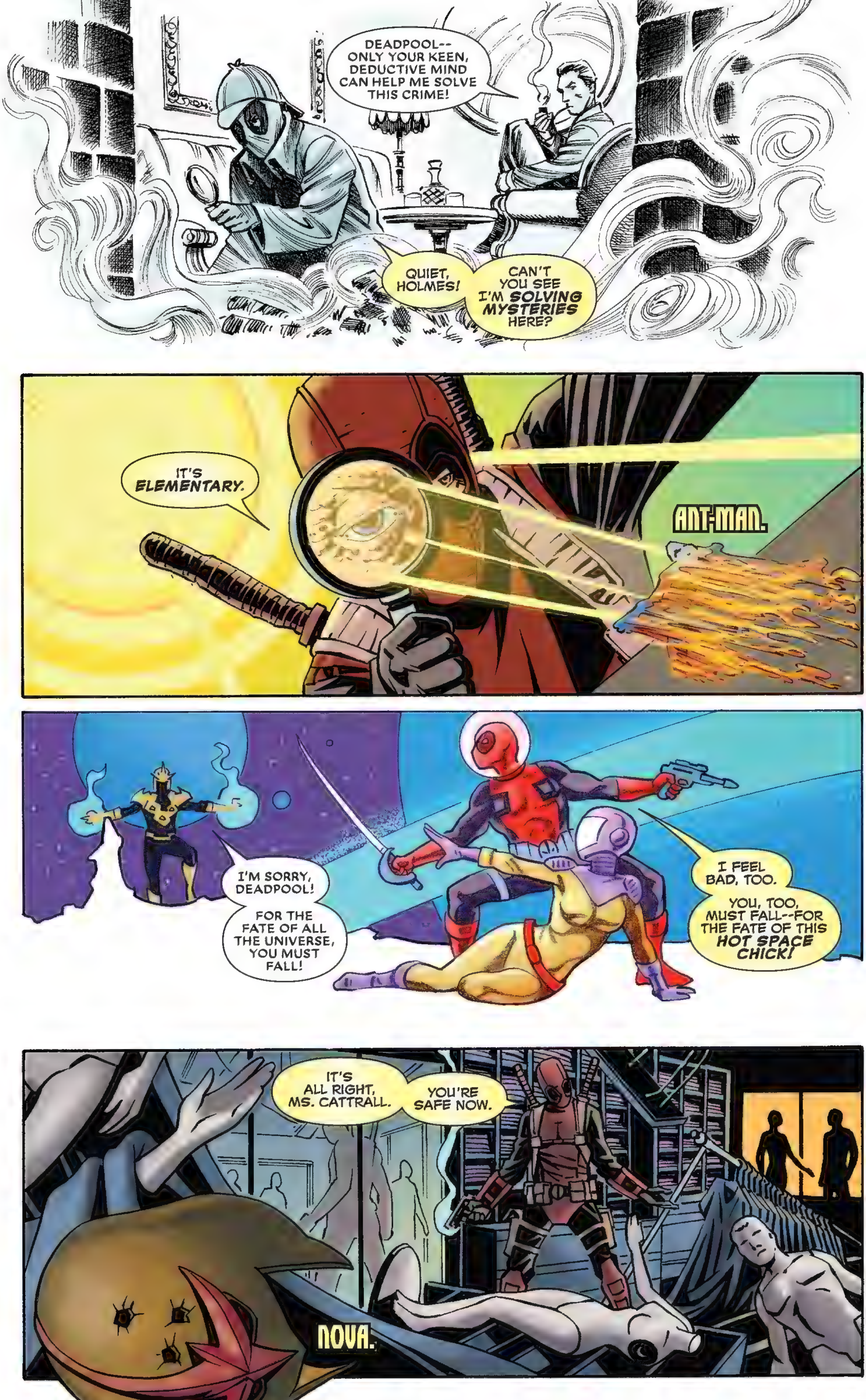

COME OUT, COME OUT, WHEREVER YOU ARE!

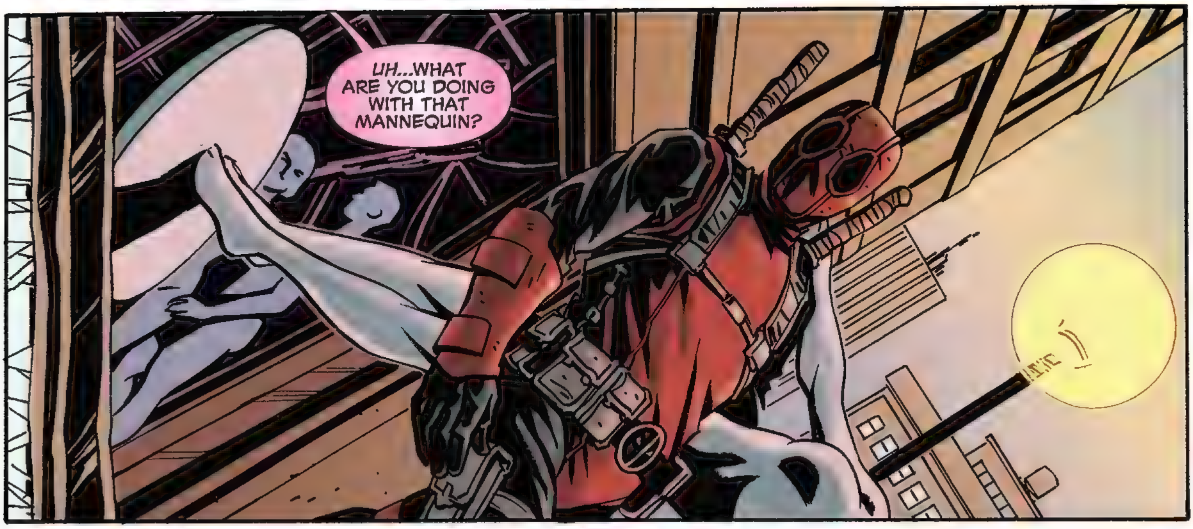

BOO!
NICE TRY, BIG FELLA!
MRROO!
I HEARD YOU GIGGLING FROM A MILE AWAY, KATIE!
NO FAIR, JACK!
WE SAID NO POWERS!
GOTCHA!

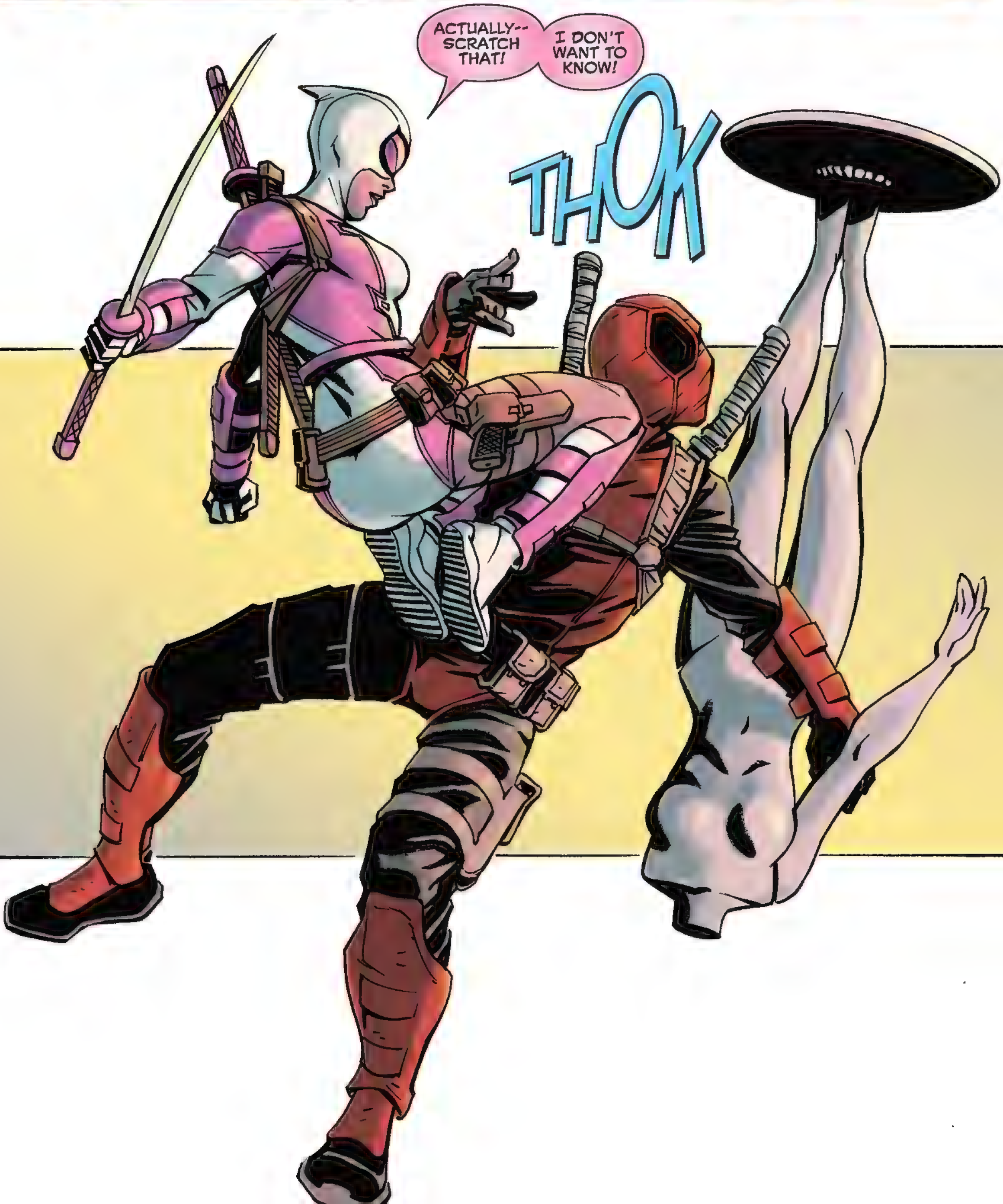

FOUND YOU ALL!
NOW IT'S *MY* TURN TO HIDE!
HIDE.
I WISH.
THEY WERE JUST...
THEY WERE *KIDS*--
M-MY GOD!
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?
IN THIS CASE...
...I'M GLAD...
...GLAD I DON'T KNOW.
"W-WHAT IS IT THAT YOU WANT?"

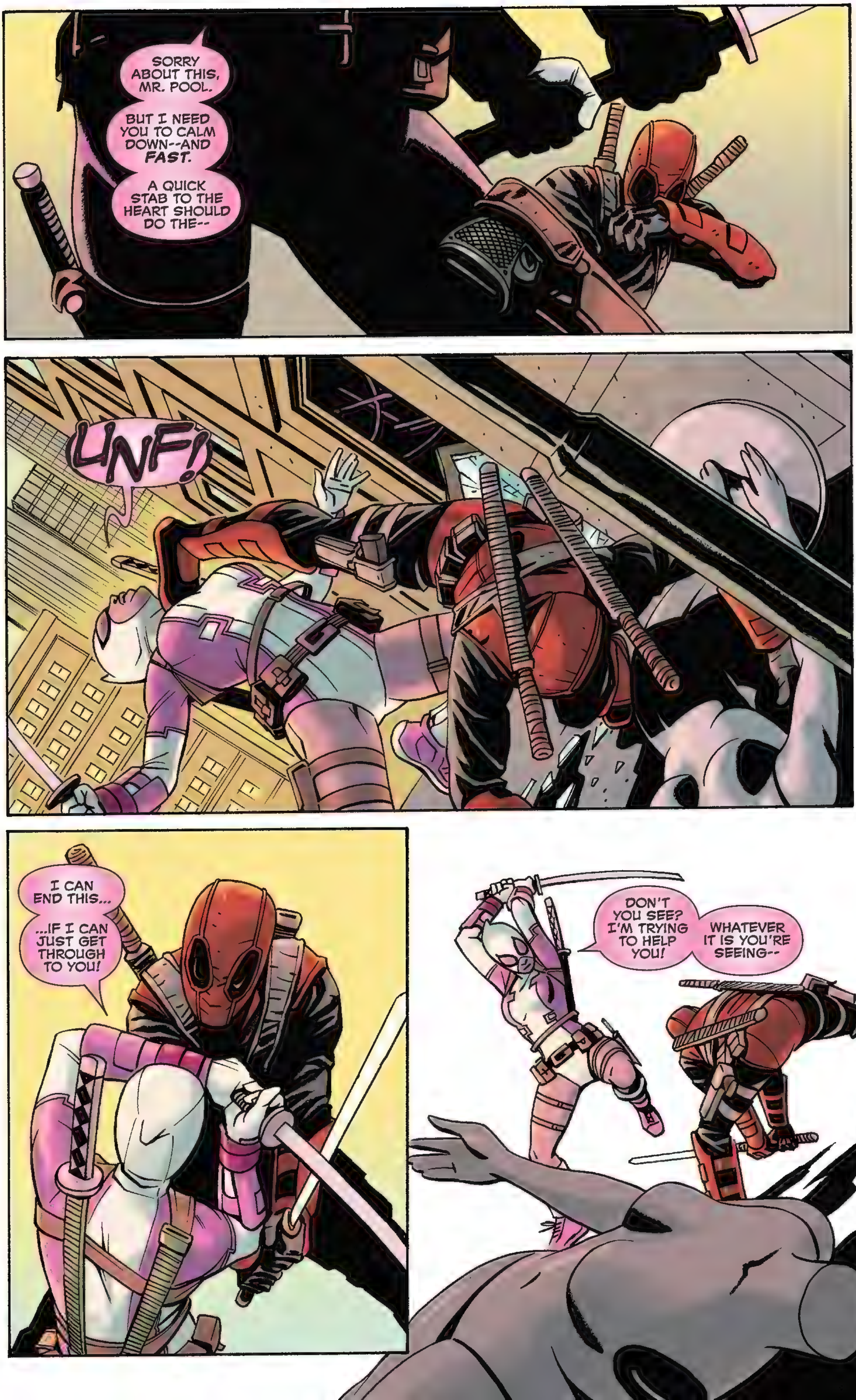

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TO ME?
THAT DEPENDS, REALLY.
SEE, I'M STARTING TO GET A LITTLE WORRIED.
I CAN'T REACH ANY OF MY SUPER-HEROIC PALS. NO ONE'S ANSWERING TEXTS OR CALLS.
YOU AND YOUR MASTERS HAVE BEEN KILLING THEM OFF...AND YOU'RE USING **DEADPOOL** TO DO YOUR **DIRTY WORK.**
IT... WASN'T *MY* PLAN.
THE OTHERS... THE RED SKULL, DOOM, MAGNETO, AND ABOMINATION... IT WAS *THEIR* IDEA.
OH, I KNOW ALL THAT ALREADY.
WHAT I DON'T KNOW IS HOW THEY'RE CONTROLLING DEADPOOL.
THEY HAVE A CONTROL PHRASE...
...POST-HYPNOTIC SUGGESTION...
...ADVANCED BRAINWASHING TECHNIQUES.
WE'VE MADE IT SO HE DOESN'T EVEN *REALIZE* WHAT HE IS DOING.
I NEED YOU TO TELL ME HOW TO BREAK THAT CONTROL PHRASE.
AND THEN I'M GONNA HURT YOU... **REAL BAD.**
BUT IF YOU DON'T TELL ME WHAT I NEED TO KNOW, I'M GONNA HURT YOU **EVEN WORSE.**

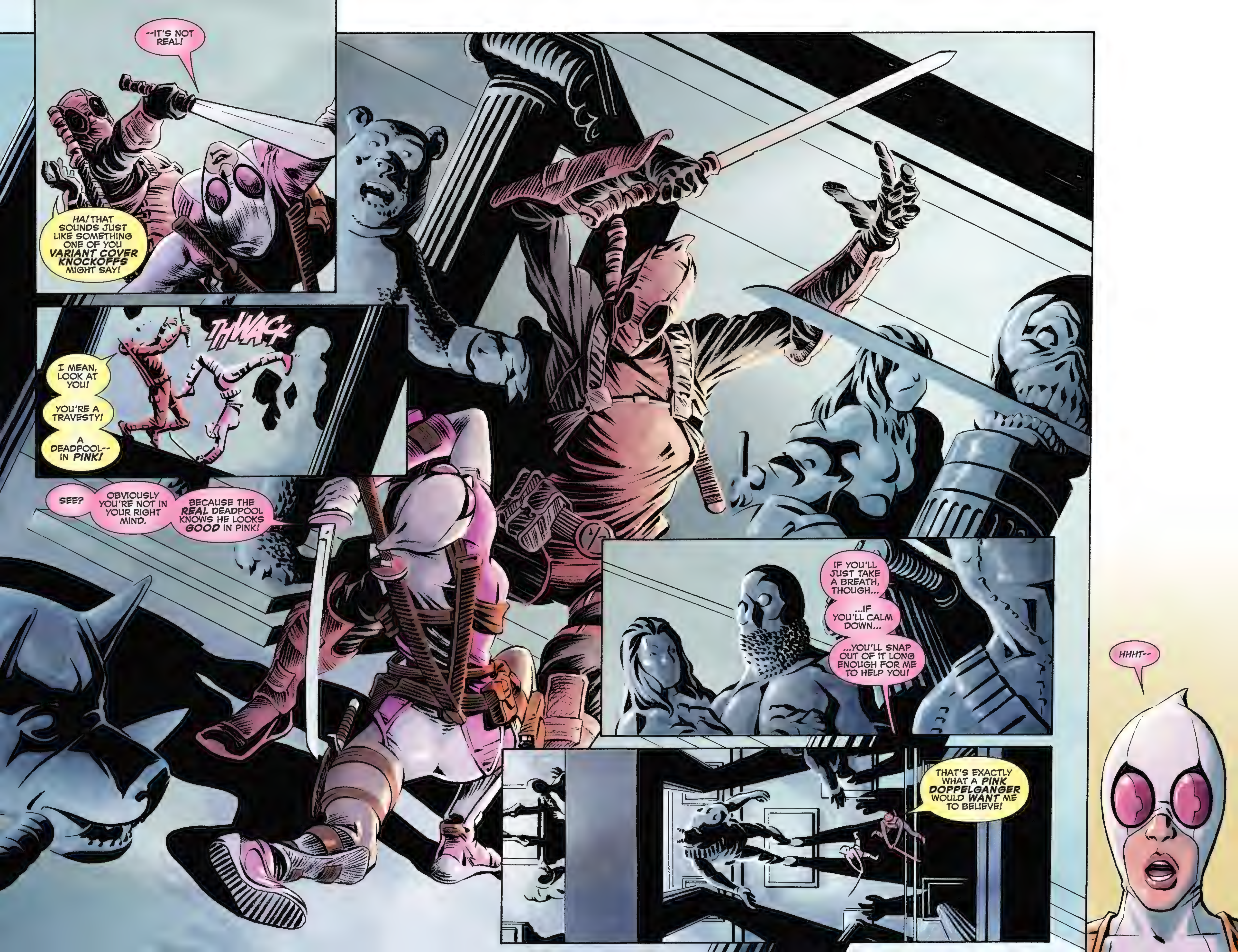

ISN'T IT TRUE THAT YOU COOKED A BOWL OF YOUR FAMOUS "DEVIL HORNS" CHILI IN THE AVENGERS COMMUNAL MICROWAVE WITHOUT WIPING IT DOWN AFTER?
AND ISN'T IT ALSO TRUE THAT YOU THEN DID UNSPEAKABLE THINGS IN THE AVENGERS MANSION RESTROOM WITHOUT SO MUCH AS A COURTESY FLUSH?
AND ISN'T IT ALSO TRUE THAT WHENEVER YOU PUNCH A NINJA, YOU SAY "TALK TO THE HAND" AND LAUGH MANIACALLY AT YOUR OWN LAME JOKE?
WHAT DOES THAT HAVE TO DO WITH ANYTHING?
WHERE'S MY ATTORNEY? WHERE'S MATT MURDOCK?
HOSTILE WITNESS!
HOSTILE WITNESS!
DAREDEVIL.
RACING FOR PINKS!
RRRROOOOOOOOOOOOOOOAAAAAAAR
SPEED KILLS.
GHOST RIDER.

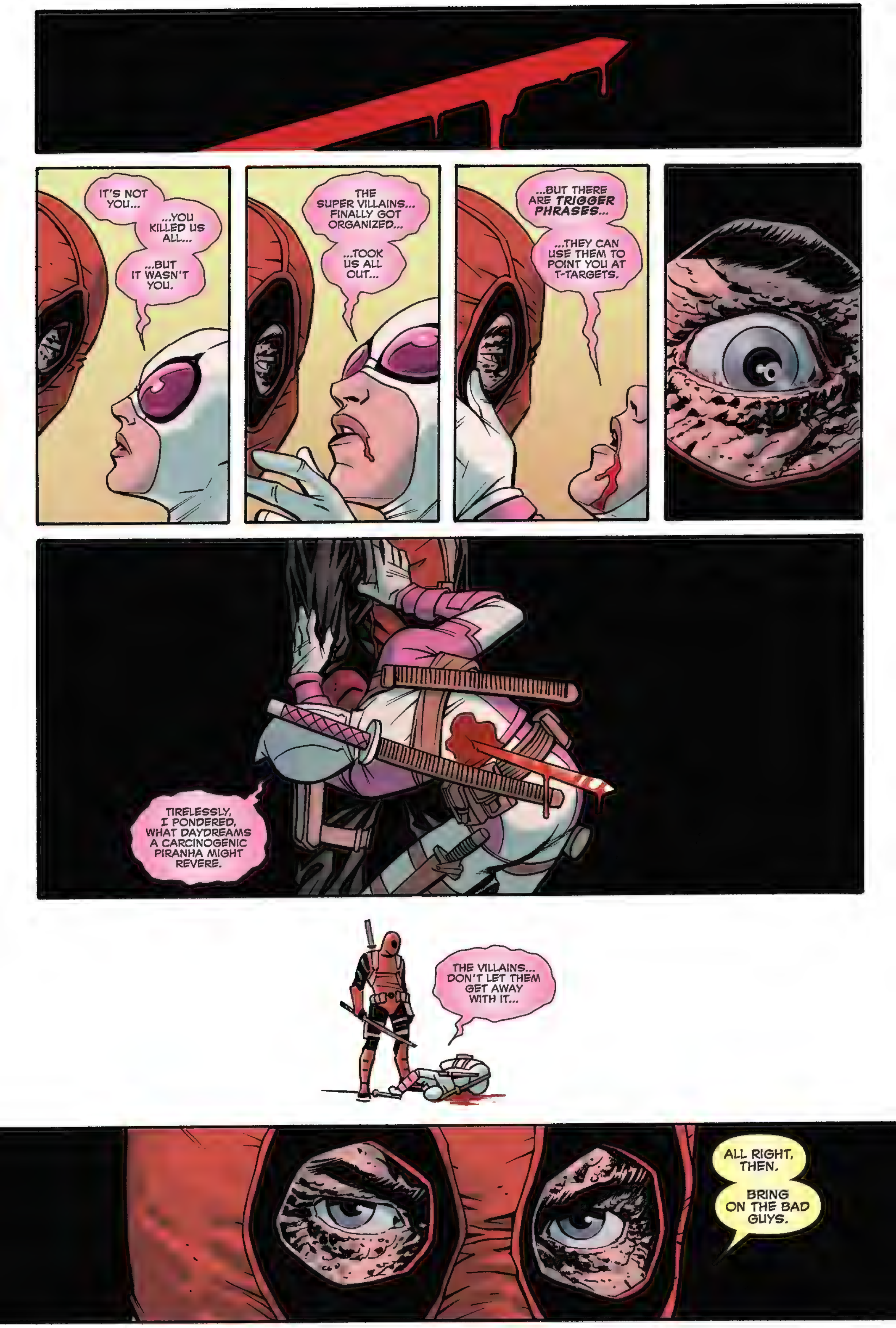

DEADPOOL-- ONLY YOUR KEEN, DEDUCTIVE MIND CAN HELP ME SOLVE THIS CRIME!
QUIET, HOLMES!
CAN'T YOU SEE I'M *SOLVING MYSTERIES* HERE?
IT'S *ELEMENTARY.*
ANT-MAN.
I'M SORRY, DEADPOOL!
FOR THE FATE OF ALL THE UNIVERSE, YOU MUST FALL!
I FEEL BAD, TOO.
YOU, TOO, MUST FALL--FOR THE FATE OF THIS *HOT SPACE CHICK!*
IT'S ALL RIGHT, MS. CATTRALL.
YOU'RE SAFE NOW.
NOVA.


UH...WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT MANNEQUIN?

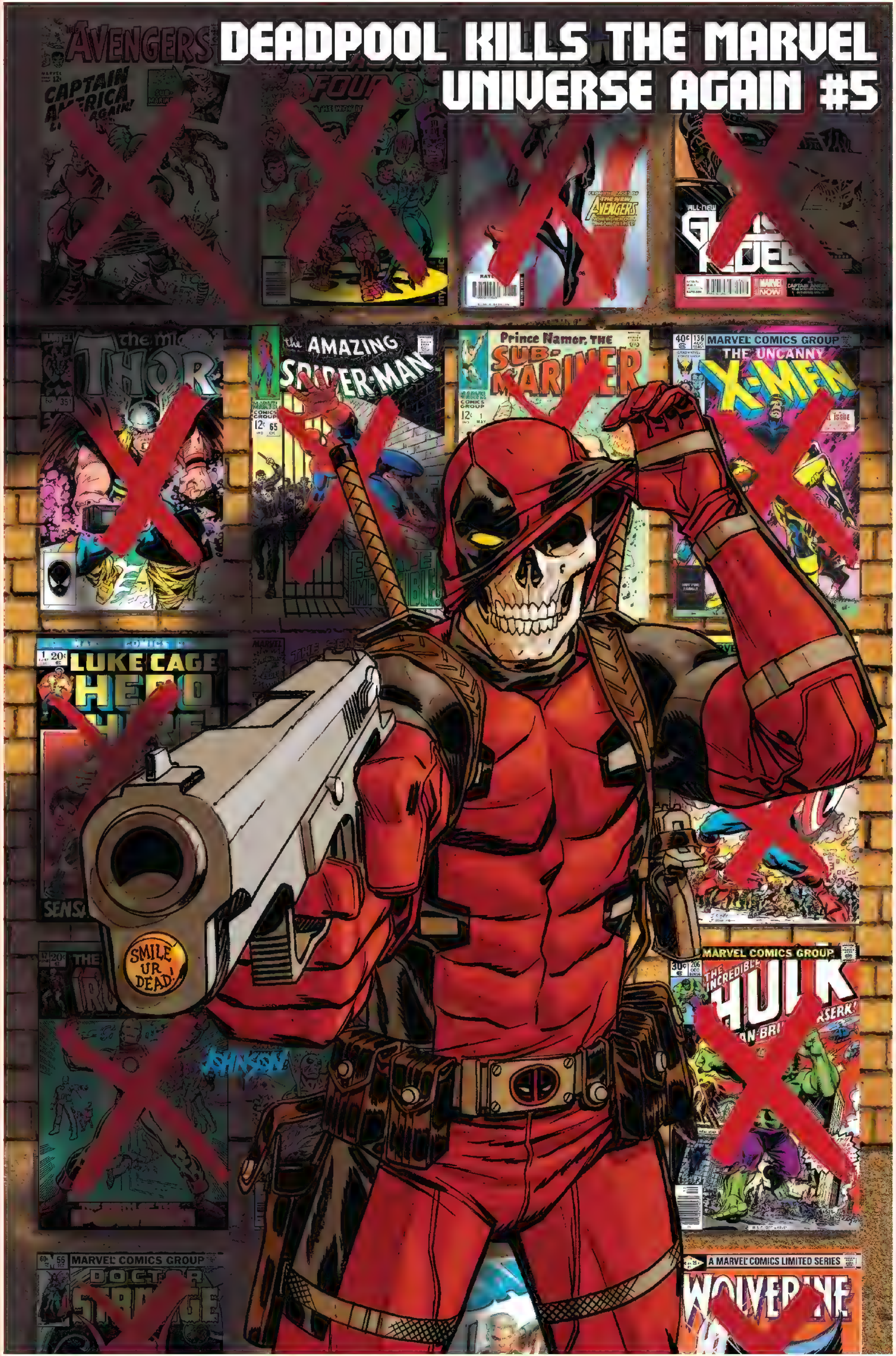

ACTUALLY-- SCRATCH THAT!
I DON'T WANT TO KNOW!
THOK

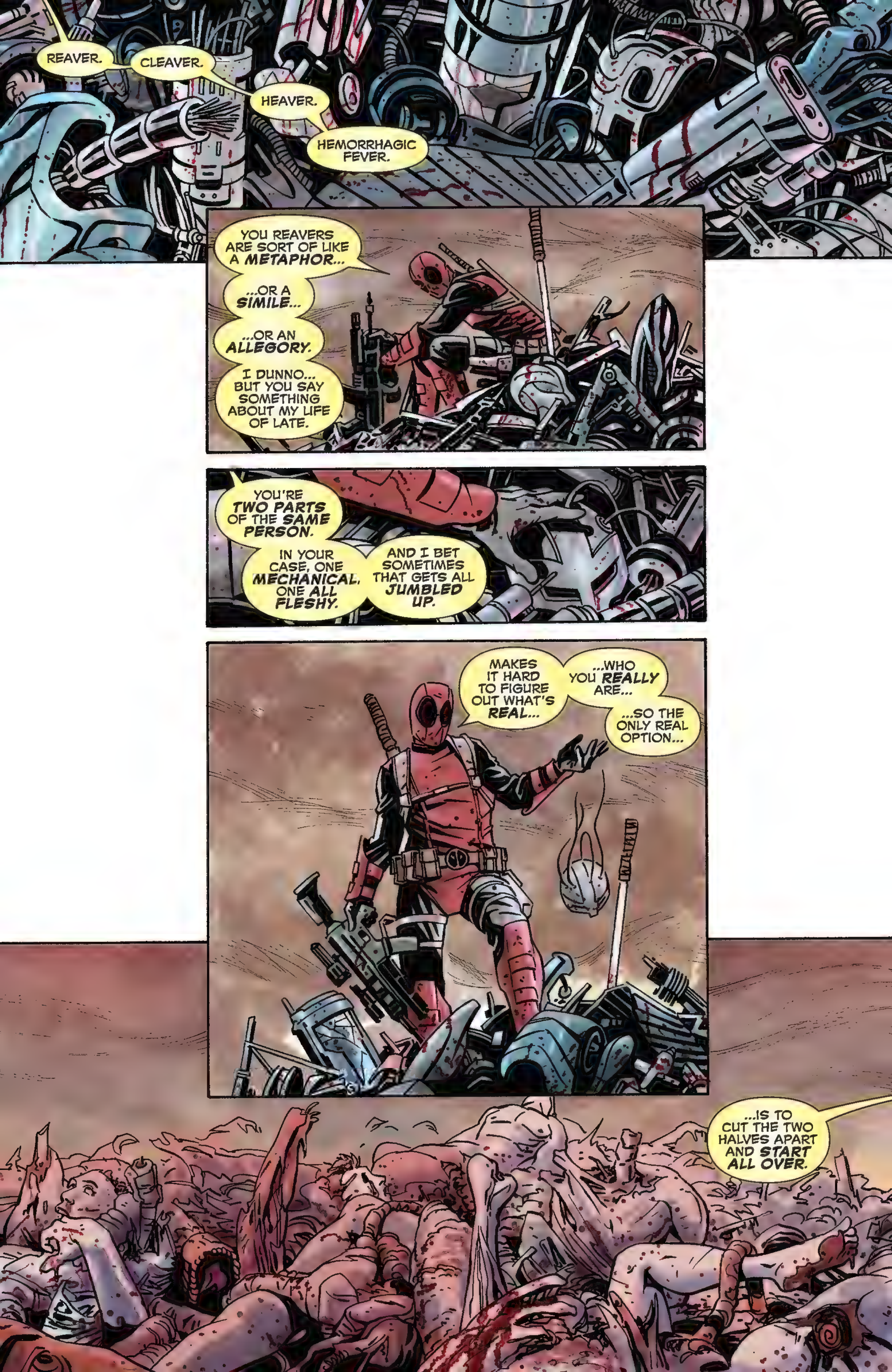

SORRY ABOUT THIS, MR. POOL.
BUT I NEED YOU TO CALM DOWN--AND *FAST.*
A QUICK STAB TO THE HEART SHOULD DO THE--
UNF!
I CAN END THIS...
...IF I CAN JUST GET THROUGH TO YOU!
DON'T YOU SEE? I'M TRYING TO HELP YOU!
WHATEVER IT IS YOU'RE SEEING--

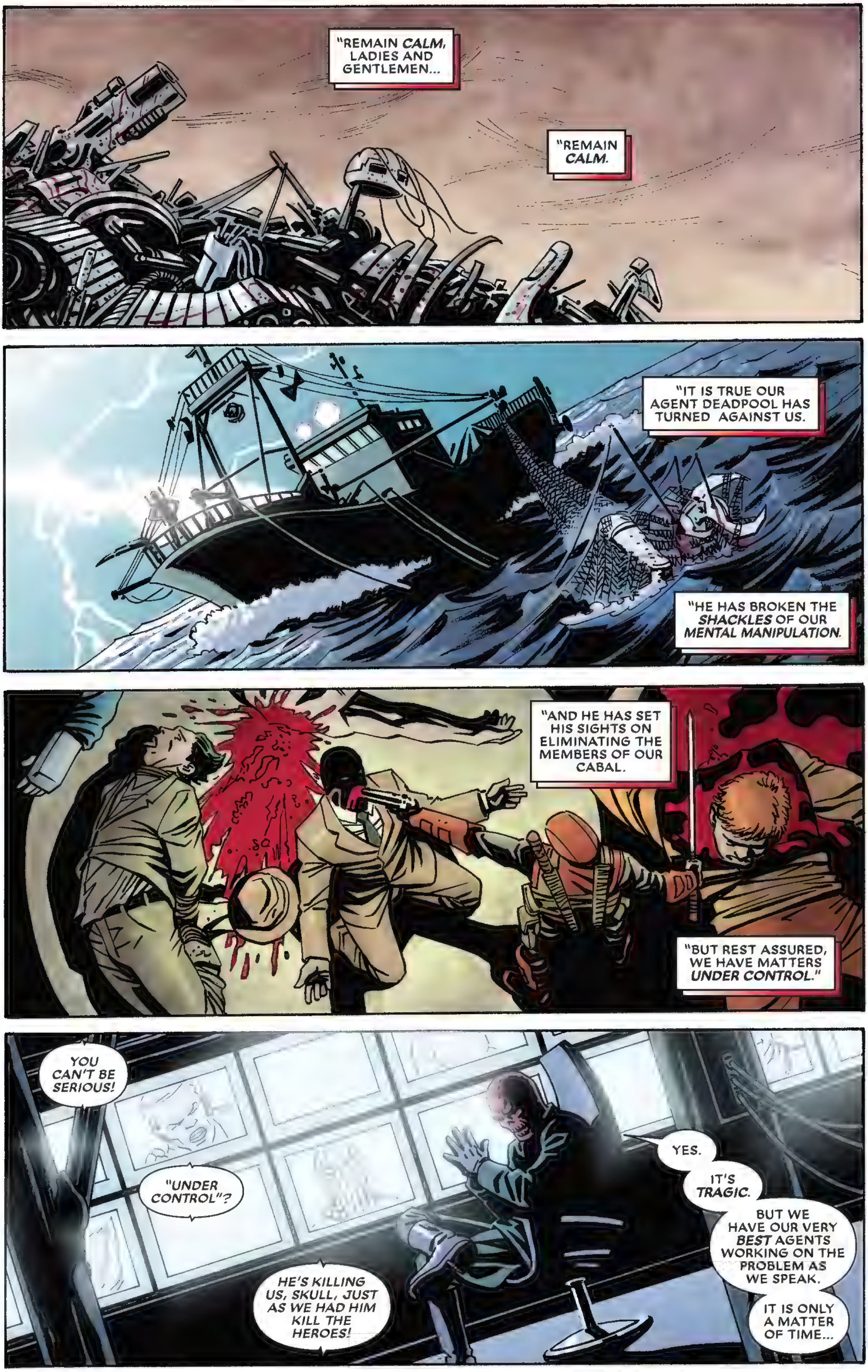

--IT'S NOT REAL!
HA! THAT SOUNDS JUST LIKE SOMETHING ONE OF YOU VARIANT COVER KNOCKOFFS MIGHT SAY!
THWACK
I MEAN, LOOK AT YOU!
YOU'RE A TRAVESTY!
A DEADPOOL--IN PINK!
SEE?
OBVIOUSLY YOU'RE NOT IN YOUR RIGHT MIND.
BECAUSE THE REAL DEADPOOL KNOWS HE LOOKS GOOD IN PINK!
IF YOU'LL JUST TAKE A BREATH, THOUGH...
...IF YOU'LL CALM DOWN...
...YOU'LL SNAP OUT OF IT LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO HELP YOU!
THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT A PINK DOPPELGANGER WOULD WANT ME TO BELIEVE!
HHHT--

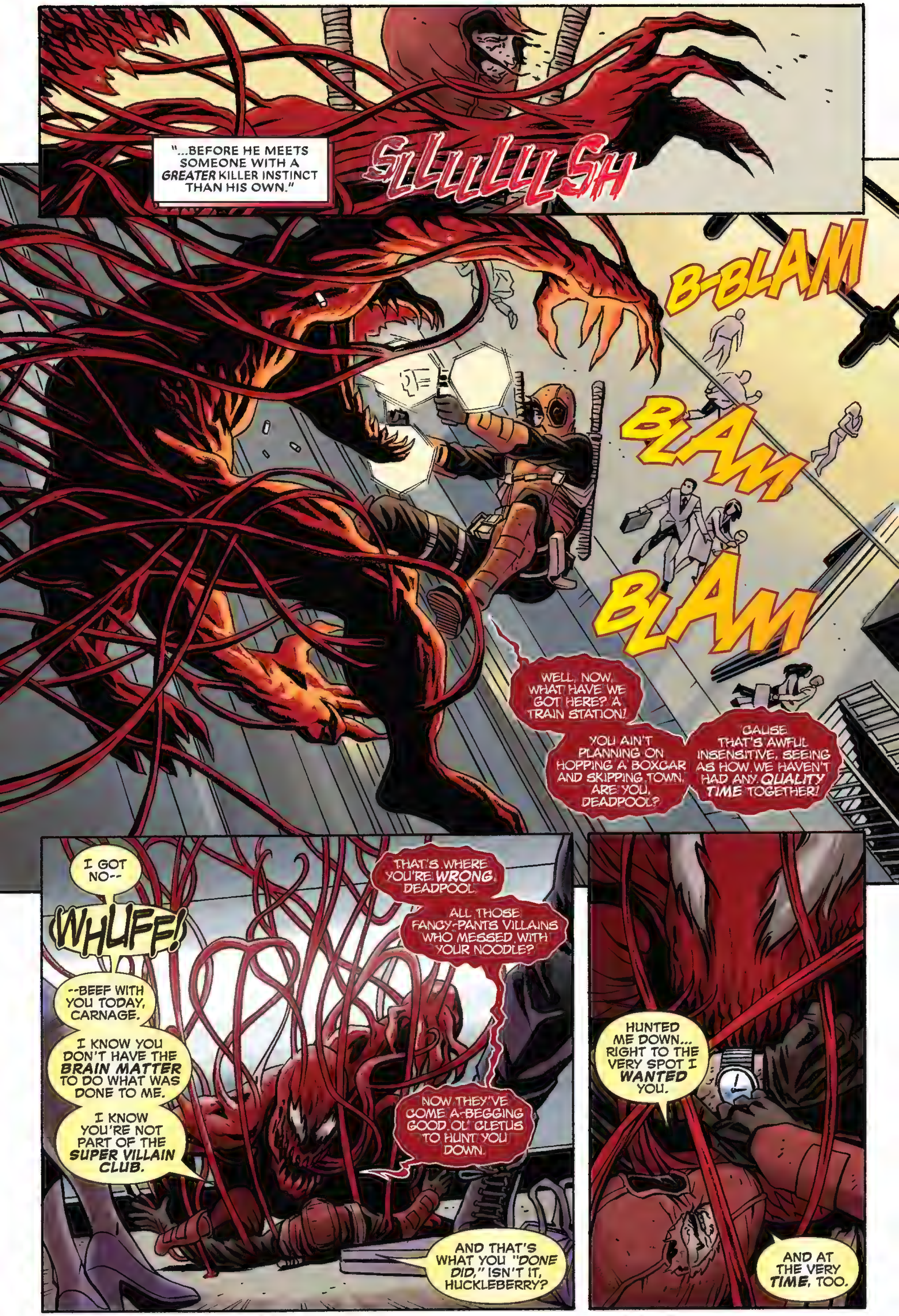

IT'S NOT YOU...
...YOU KILLED US ALL...
...BUT IT WASN'T YOU.
THE SUPER VILLAINS... FINALLY GOT ORGANIZED...
...TOOK US ALL OUT...
...BUT THERE ARE ***TRIGGER PHRASES***...
...THEY CAN USE THEM TO POINT YOU AT T-TARGETS.
TIRELESSLY, I PONDERED, WHAT DAYDREAMS A CARCINOGENIC PIRANHA MIGHT REVERE.
THE VILLAINS... DON'T LET THEM GET AWAY WITH IT...
ALL RIGHT, THEN.
BRING ON THE BAD GUYS.

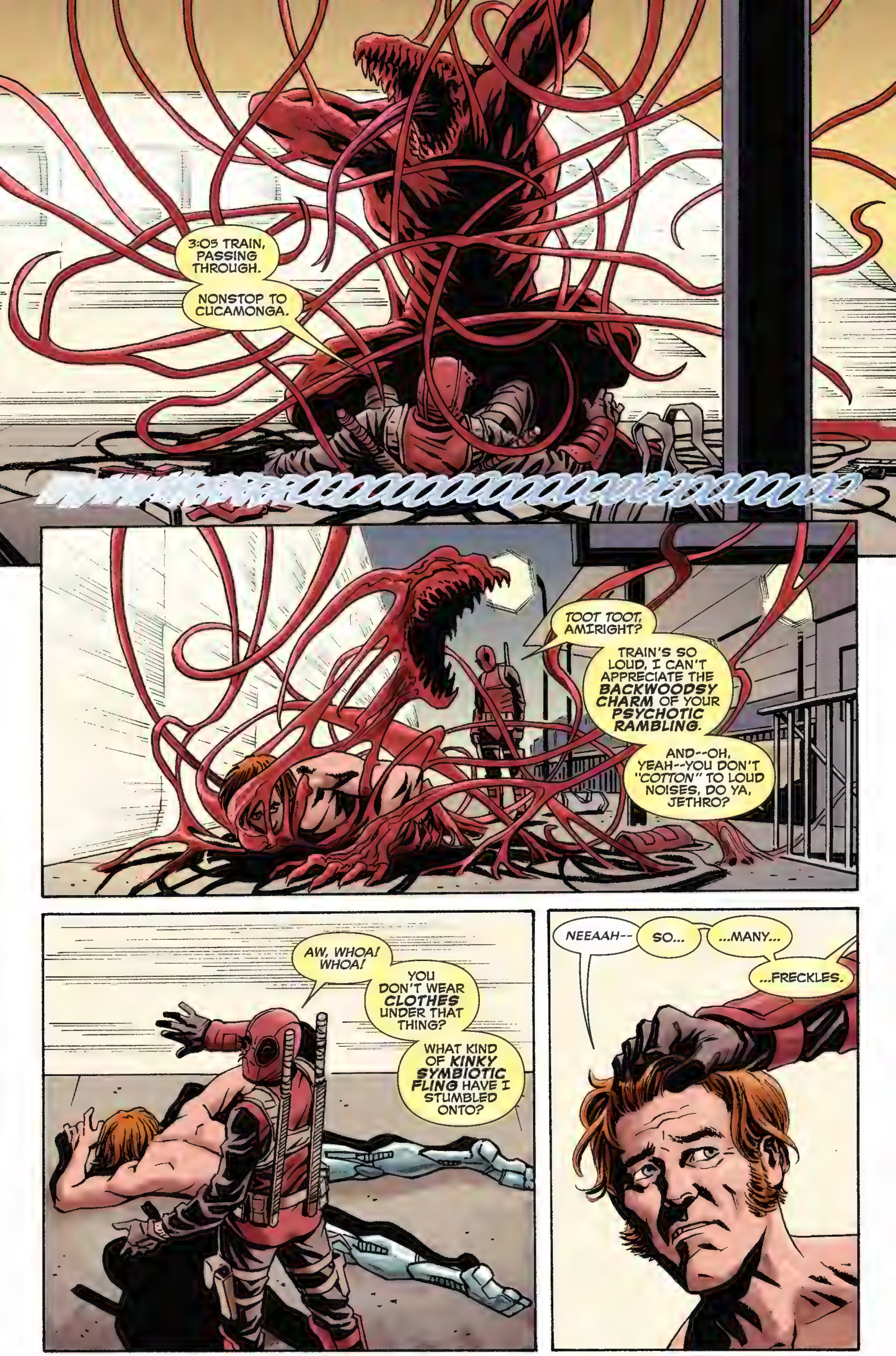
DEADPOOL KILLS THE MARVEL UNIVERSE AGAIN #5

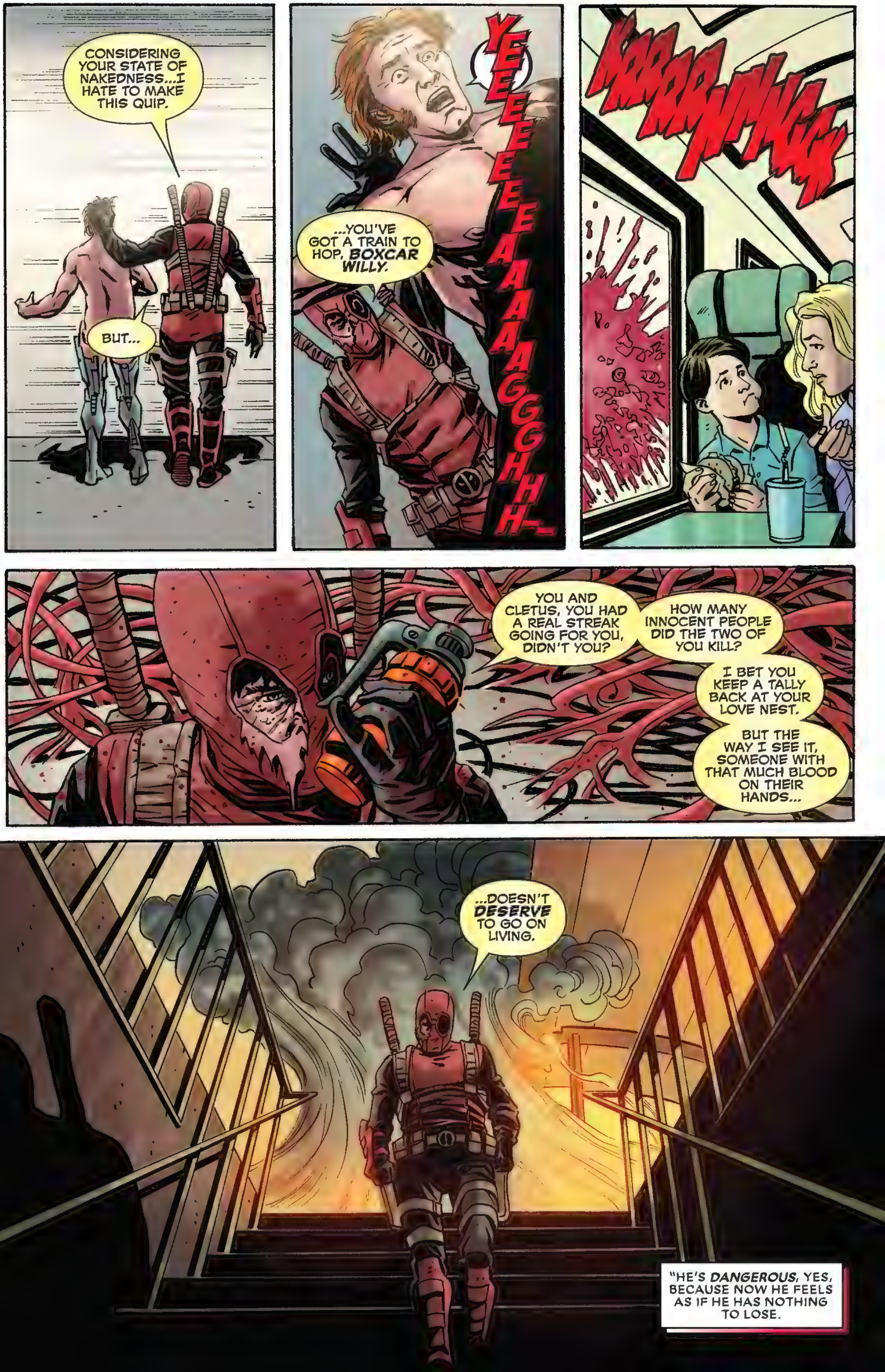

AVENGERS
CAPTAIN AMERICA
FANTASTIC FOUR
THE NEW AVENGERS
ALL-NEW GHOST RIDER
MARVEL NOW
THOR
THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN
Prince Namor, THE SUB-MARINER
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
THE UNCANNY X-MEN
LUKE CAGE HERO FOR HIRE
SMILE UR DEAD
JOHNSON
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
THE INCREDIBLE HULK
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
DOCTOR STRANGE
A MARVEL COMICS LIMITED SERIES
WOLVERINE

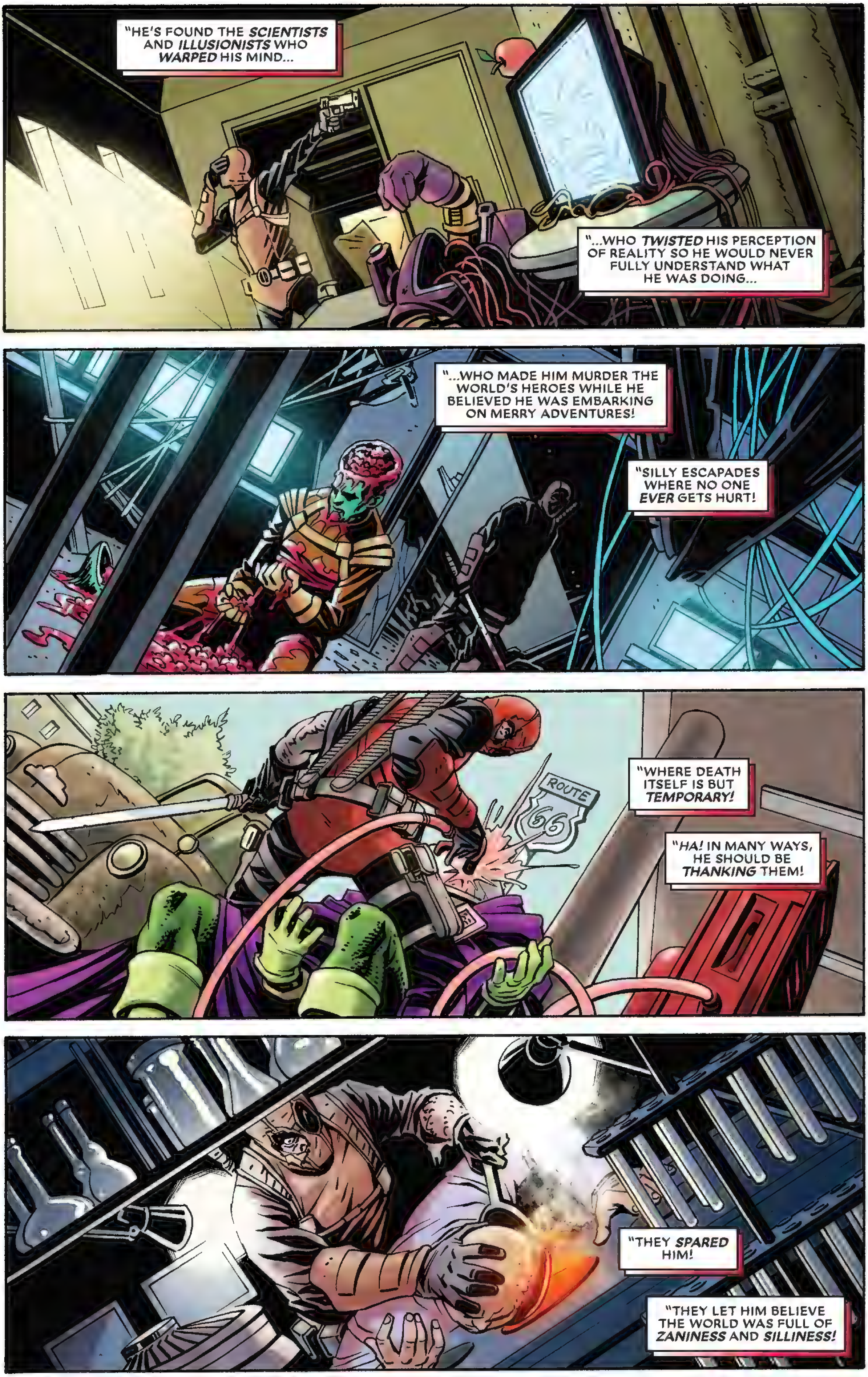

REAVER.
CLEAVER.
HEAVER.
HEMORRHAGIC FEVER.
YOU REAVERS ARE SORT OF LIKE A **METAPHOR**...
...OR A **SIMILE**...
...OR AN **ALLEGORY**.
I DUNNO... BUT YOU SAY SOMETHING ABOUT MY LIFE OF LATE.
YOU'RE **TWO PARTS** OF THE **SAME PERSON**.
IN YOUR CASE, ONE **MECHANICAL**, ONE **ALL FLESHY**.
AND I BET SOMETIMES THAT GETS ALL **JUMBLED UP**.
MAKES IT HARD TO FIGURE OUT WHAT'S **REAL**...
...WHO YOU **REALLY** ARE...
...SO THE ONLY REAL OPTION...
...IS TO CUT THE TWO HALVES APART AND **START ALL OVER**.

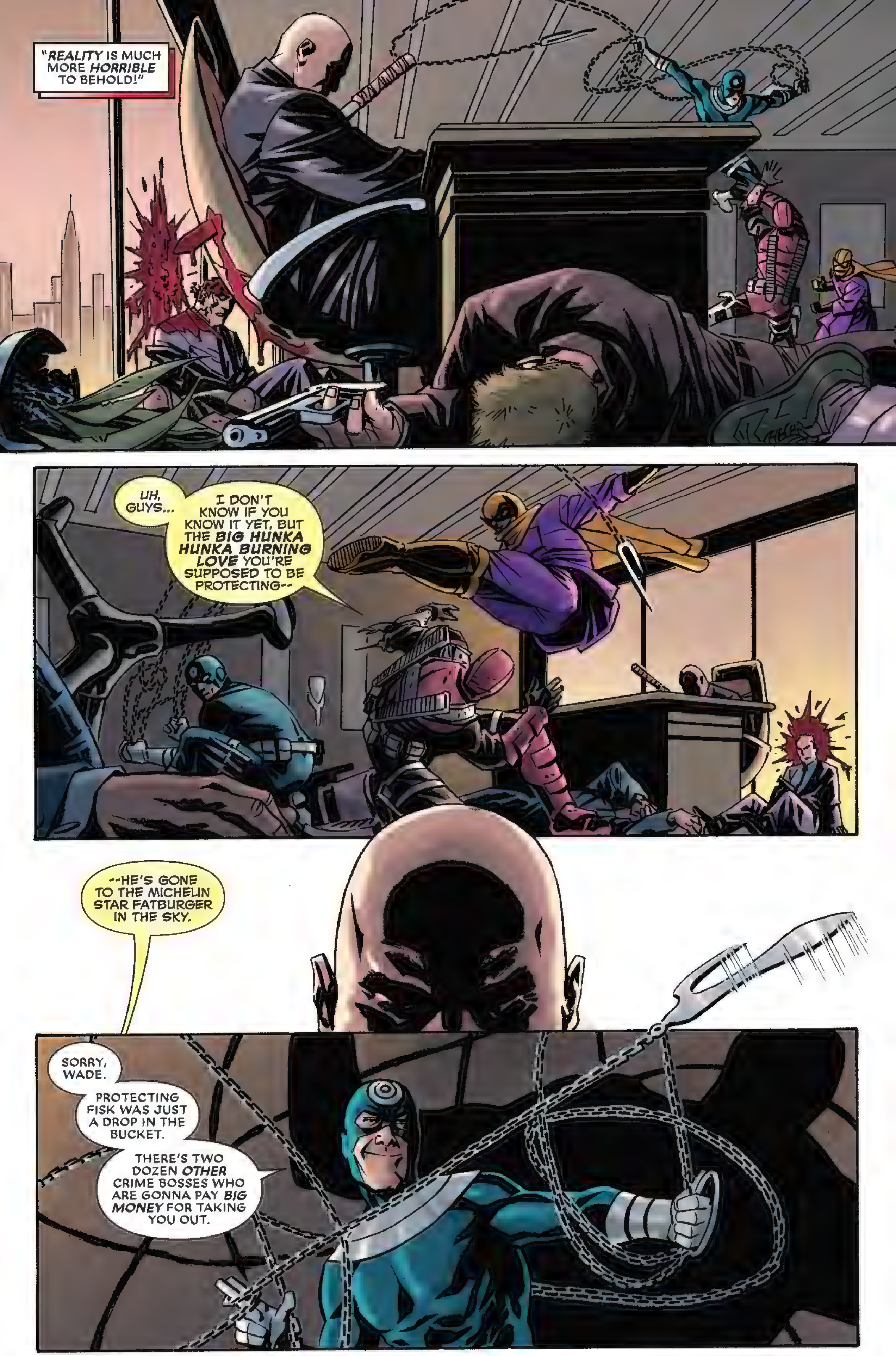

"REMAIN *CALM*, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...
"REMAIN *CALM*.
"IT IS TRUE OUR AGENT DEADPOOL HAS TURNED AGAINST US.
"HE HAS BROKEN THE *SHACKLES* OF OUR *MENTAL MANIPULATION*.
"AND HE HAS SET HIS SIGHTS ON ELIMINATING THE MEMBERS OF OUR CABAL.
"BUT REST ASSURED, WE HAVE MATTERS *UNDER CONTROL*."
YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS!
"UNDER CONTROL"?
HE'S KILLING US, SKULL, JUST AS WE HAD HIM KILL THE HEROES!
YES.
IT'S *TRAGIC*.
BUT WE HAVE OUR VERY *BEST* AGENTS WORKING ON THE PROBLEM AS WE SPEAK.
IT IS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME...

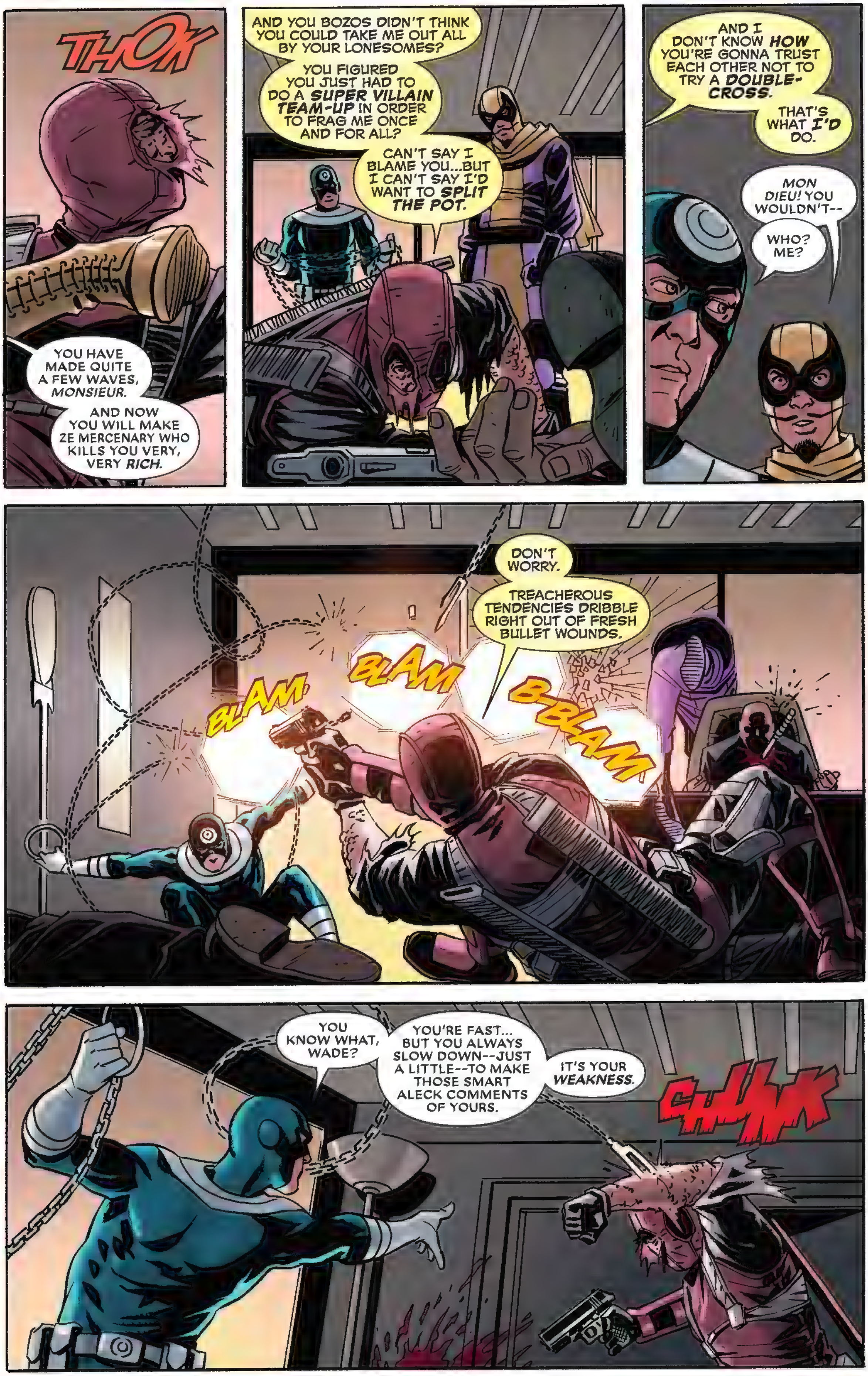

"...BEFORE HE MEETS SOMEONE WITH A *GREATER* KILLER INSTINCT THAN HIS OWN."
SLLLLLLSH
B-BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
WELL, NOW, WHAT HAVE WE GOT HERE? A TRAIN STATION!
YOU AIN'T PLANNING ON HOPPING A BOXCAR AND SKIPPING TOWN, ARE YOU, DEADPOOL?
'CAUSE THAT'S AWFUL INSENSITIVE, SEEING AS HOW WE HAVEN'T HAD ANY *QUALITY TIME* TOGETHER!
I GOT NO--
WHUFF!
--BEEF WITH YOU TODAY, CARNAGE.
I KNOW YOU DON'T HAVE THE *BRAIN MATTER* TO DO WHAT WAS DONE TO ME.
I KNOW YOU'RE NOT PART OF THE *SUPER VILLAIN CLUB.*
THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE *WRONG,* DEADPOOL.
ALL THOSE FANCY-PANTS VILLAINS WHO MESSED WITH YOUR NOODLE?
NOW THEY'VE COME A-BEGGING GOOD OL' CLETUS TO HUNT YOU DOWN.
AND THAT'S WHAT YOU "*DONE DID,*" ISN'T IT, HUCKLEBERRY?
HUNTED ME DOWN... RIGHT TO THE VERY SPOT I *WANTED* YOU.
AND AT THE VERY *TIME,* TOO.

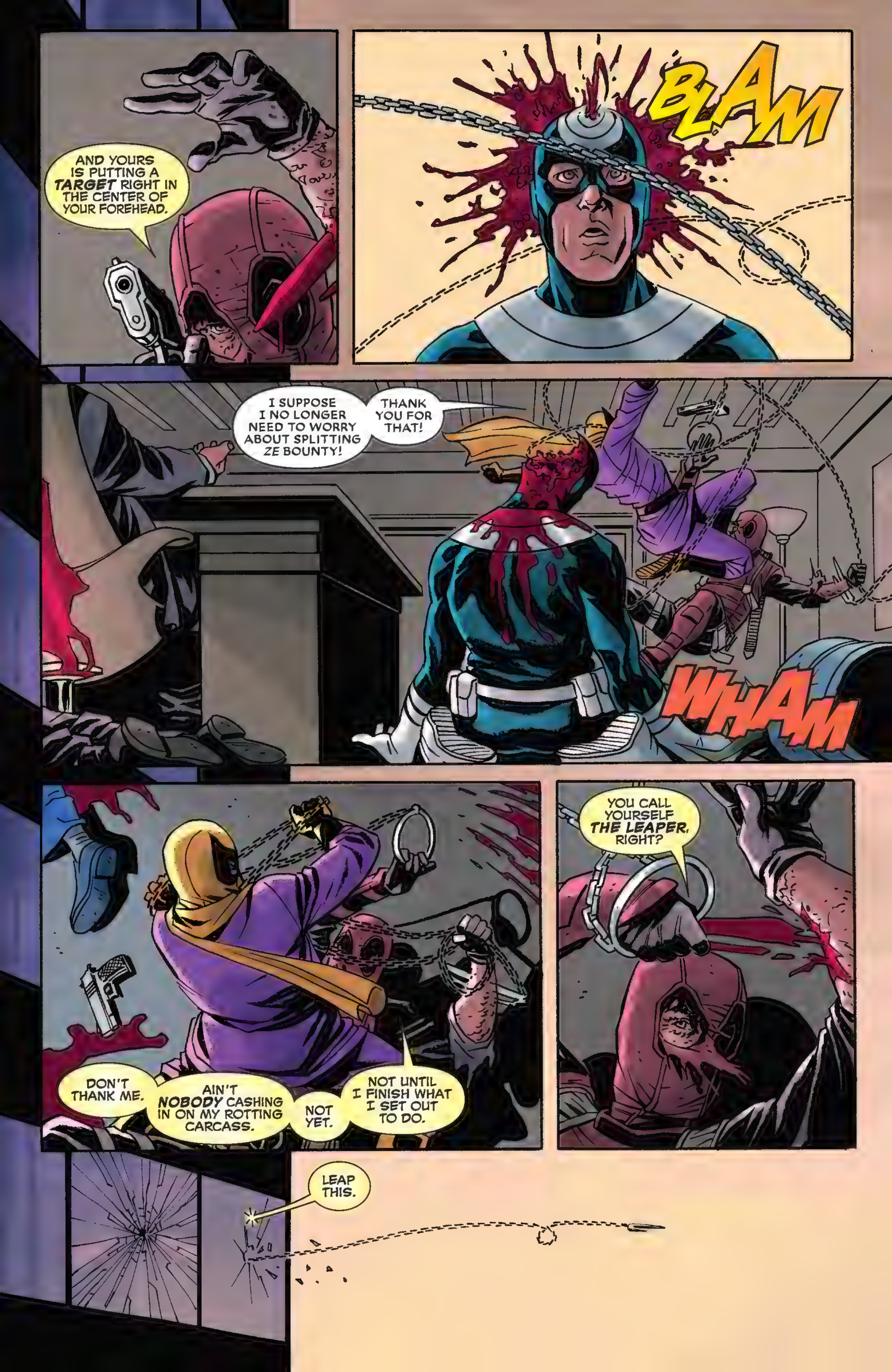

3:05 TRAIN, PASSING THROUGH.
NONSTOP TO CUCAMONGA.
TOOT TOOT, AMIRIGHT?
TRAIN'S SO LOUD, I CAN'T APPRECIATE THE **BACKWOODSY CHARM** OF YOUR **PSYCHOTIC RAMBLING.**
AND--OH, YEAH--YOU DON'T "COTTON" TO LOUD NOISES, DO YA, JETHRO?
AW, WHOA! WHOA!
YOU DON'T WEAR **CLOTHES** UNDER THAT THING?
WHAT KIND OF **KINKY SYMBIOTIC FLING** HAVE I STUMBLED ONTO?
NEEAAH--
SO...
...MANY...
...FRECKLES.

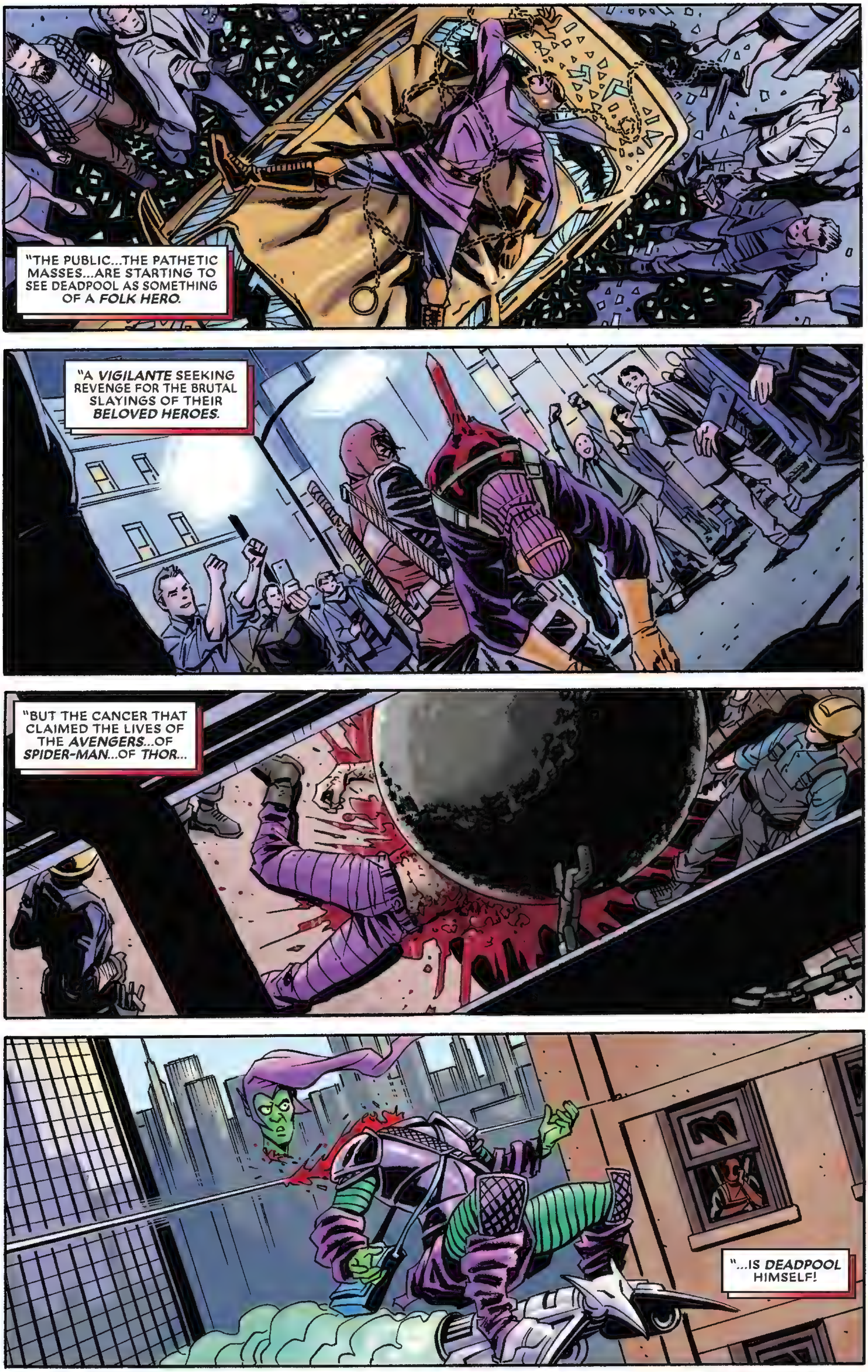

CONSIDERING YOUR STATE OF NAKEDNESS...I HATE TO MAKE THIS QUIP.
BUT...
...YOU'VE GOT A TRAIN TO HOP, **BOXCAR WILLY.**
YEEEEEEEAAAAAGGGHHH—
KRRRRANNNGGK
YOU AND CLETUS, YOU HAD A REAL STREAK GOING FOR YOU, DIDN'T YOU?
HOW MANY INNOCENT PEOPLE DID THE TWO OF YOU KILL?
I BET YOU KEEP A TALLY BACK AT YOUR LOVE NEST.
BUT THE WAY I SEE IT, SOMEONE WITH THAT MUCH BLOOD ON THEIR HANDS...
...DOESN'T ***DESERVE*** TO GO ON LIVING.
"HE'S *DANGEROUS*, YES, BECAUSE NOW HE FEELS AS IF HE HAS NOTHING TO LOSE.

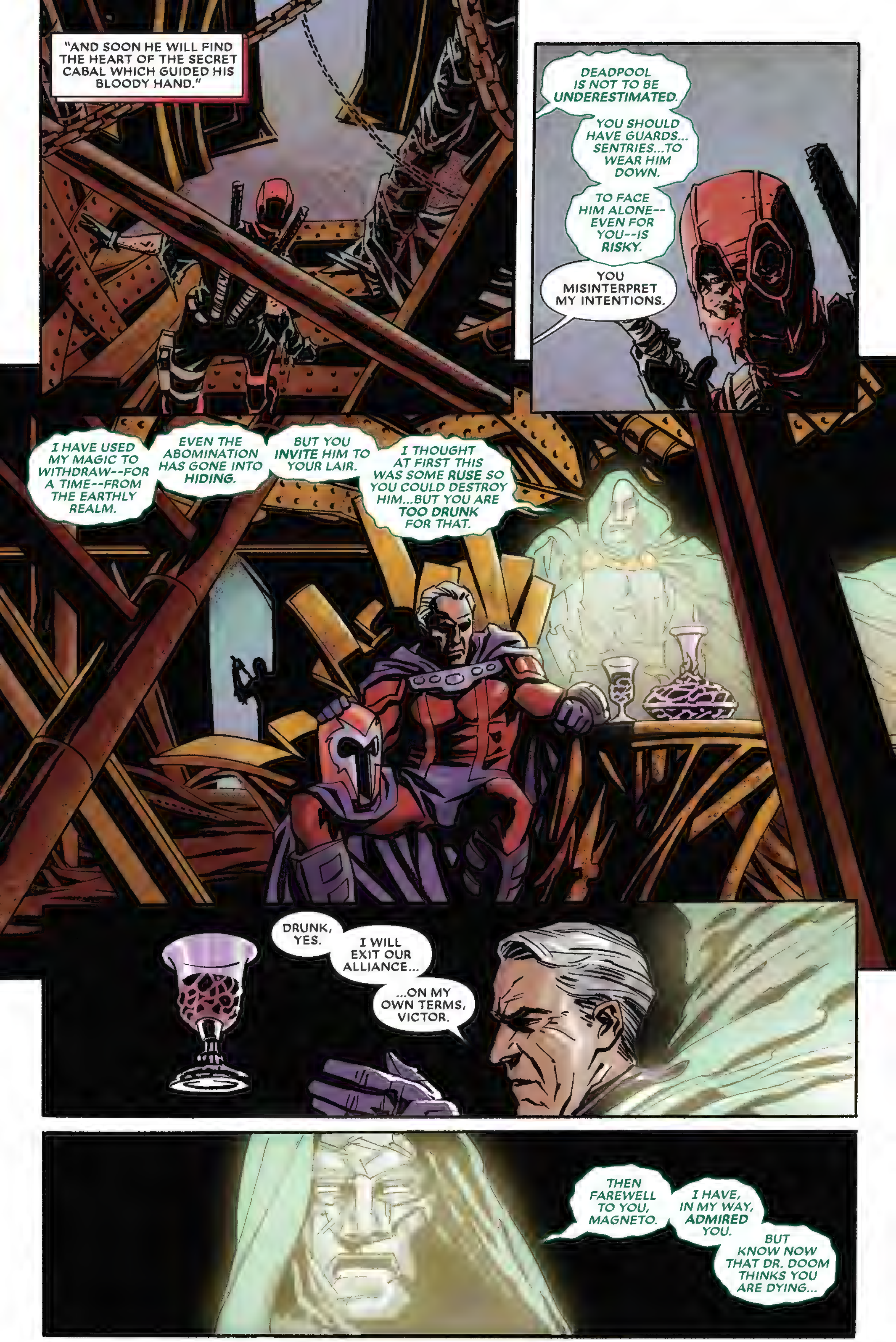

"HE'S FOUND THE *SCIENTISTS* AND *ILLUSIONISTS* WHO *WARPED* HIS MIND...
"...WHO *TWISTED* HIS PERCEPTION OF REALITY SO HE WOULD NEVER FULLY UNDERSTAND WHAT HE WAS DOING...
"...WHO MADE HIM MURDER THE WORLD'S HEROES WHILE HE BELIEVED HE WAS EMBARKING ON MERRY ADVENTURES!
"SILLY ESCAPADES WHERE NO ONE *EVER* GETS HURT!
ROUTE 66
"WHERE DEATH ITSELF IS BUT *TEMPORARY!*
"*HA!* IN MANY WAYS, HE SHOULD BE *THANKING* THEM!
"THEY *SPARED* HIM!
"THEY LET HIM BELIEVE THE WORLD WAS FULL OF *ZANINESS* AND *SILLINESS!*

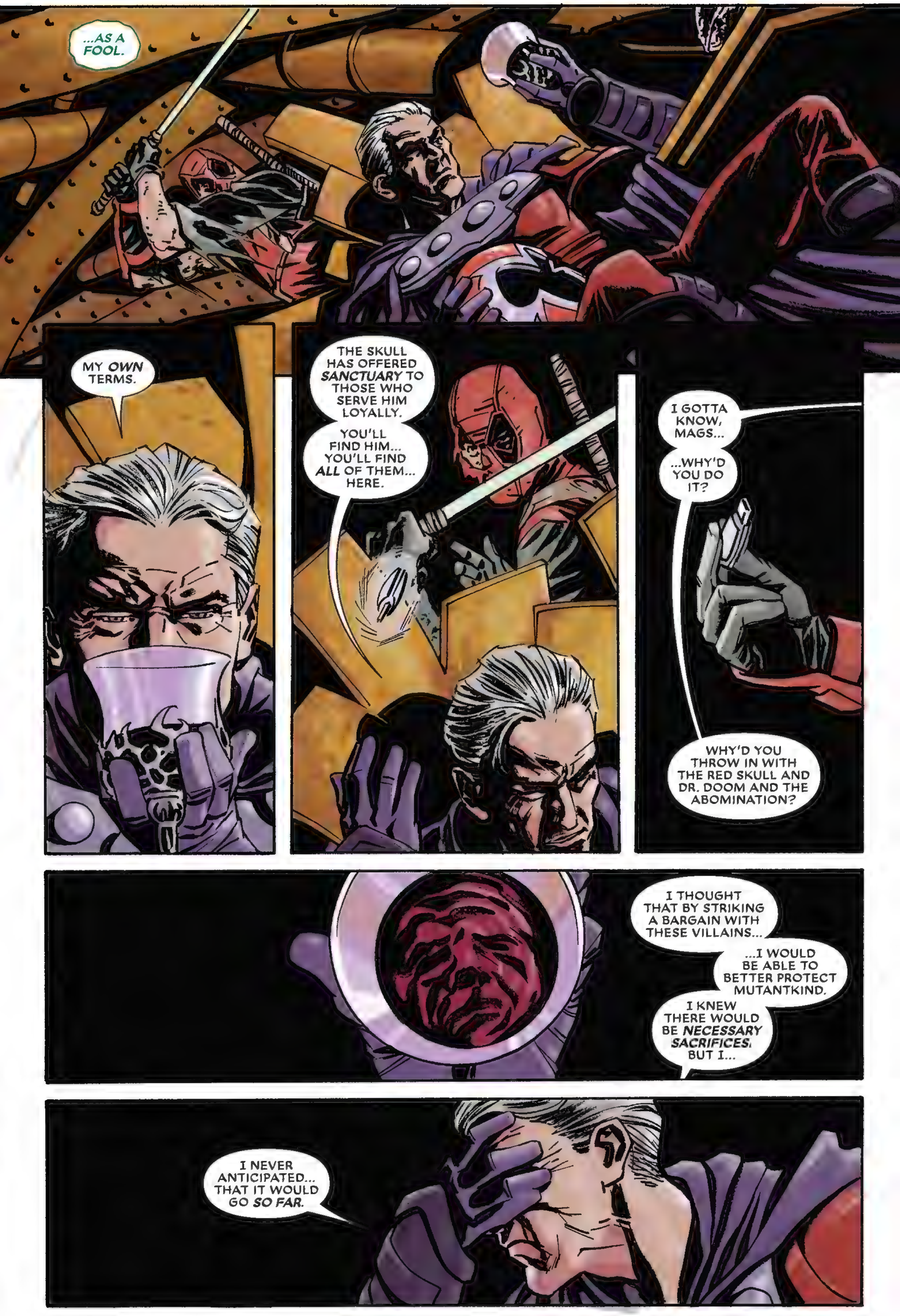

"*REALITY* IS MUCH MORE *HORRIBLE* TO BEHOLD!"
UH, GUYS...
I DON'T KNOW IF YOU KNOW IT YET, BUT THE ***BIG HUNKA HUNKA BURNING LOVE*** YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE PROTECTING--
--HE'S GONE TO THE MICHELIN STAR FATBURGER IN THE SKY.
SORRY, WADE.
PROTECTING FISK WAS JUST A DROP IN THE BUCKET.
THERE'S TWO DOZEN *OTHER* CRIME BOSSES WHO ARE GONNA PAY *BIG MONEY* FOR TAKING YOU OUT.

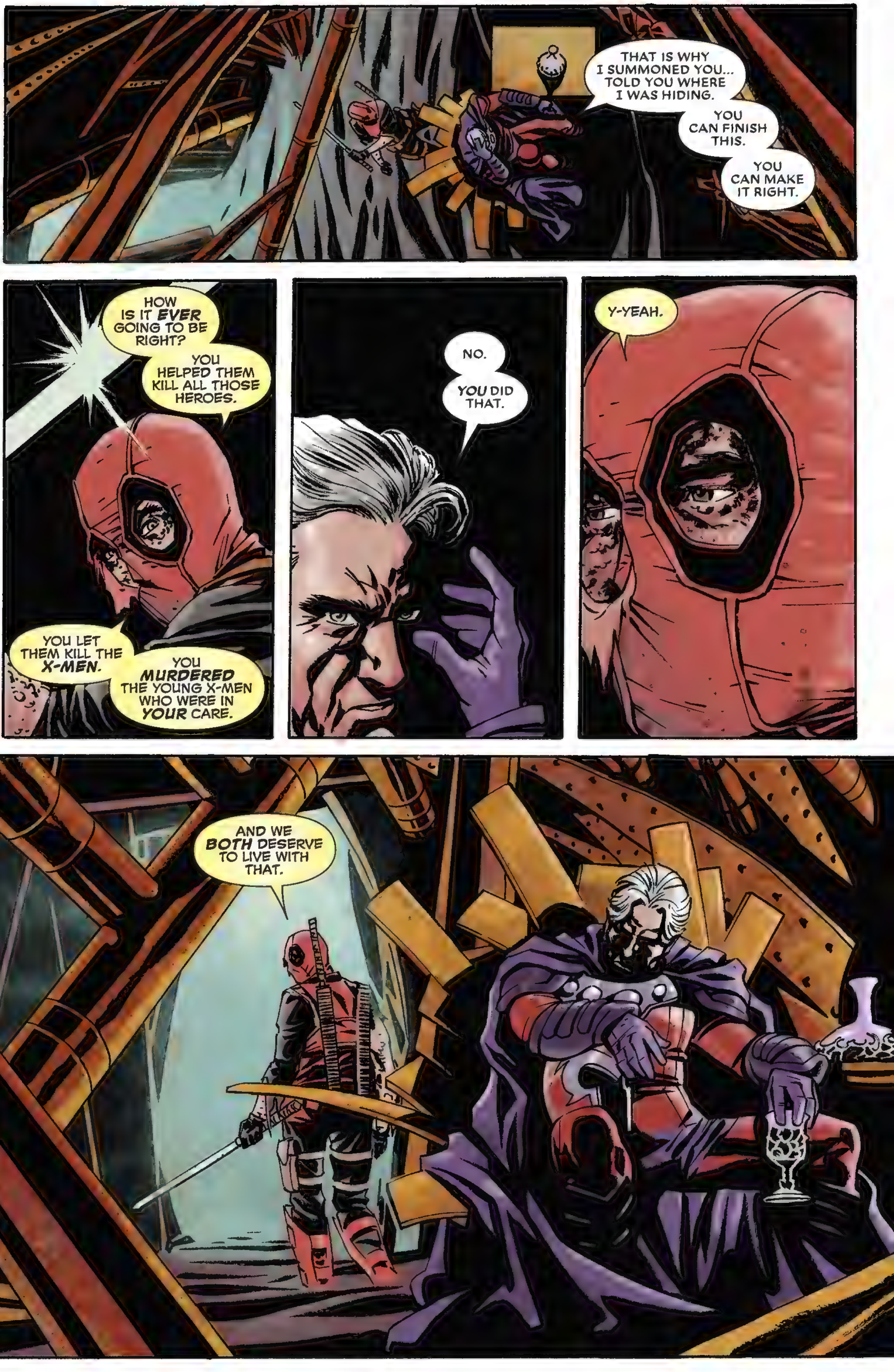

THOK
YOU HAVE MADE QUITE A FEW WAVES, *MONSIEUR.*
AND NOW YOU WILL MAKE ZE MERCENARY WHO KILLS YOU VERY, VERY *RICH.*
AND YOU BOZOS DIDN'T THINK YOU COULD TAKE ME OUT ALL BY YOUR LONESOMES?
YOU FIGURED YOU JUST HAD TO DO A ***SUPER VILLAIN TEAM-UP*** IN ORDER TO FRAG ME ONCE AND FOR ALL?
CAN'T SAY I BLAME YOU...BUT I CAN'T SAY I'D WANT TO ***SPLIT THE POT.***
AND I DON'T KNOW ***HOW*** YOU'RE GONNA TRUST EACH OTHER NOT TO TRY A ***DOUBLE-CROSS.***
THAT'S WHAT ***I'D*** DO.
MON DIEU! YOU WOULDN'T--
WHO? ME?
DON'T WORRY.
TREACHEROUS TENDENCIES DRIBBLE RIGHT OUT OF FRESH BULLET WOUNDS.
BLAM
BLAM
B-BLAM
YOU KNOW WHAT, WADE?
YOU'RE FAST... BUT YOU ALWAYS SLOW DOWN--JUST A LITTLE--TO MAKE THOSE SMART ALECK COMMENTS OF YOURS.
IT'S YOUR *WEAKNESS.*
CHUNK

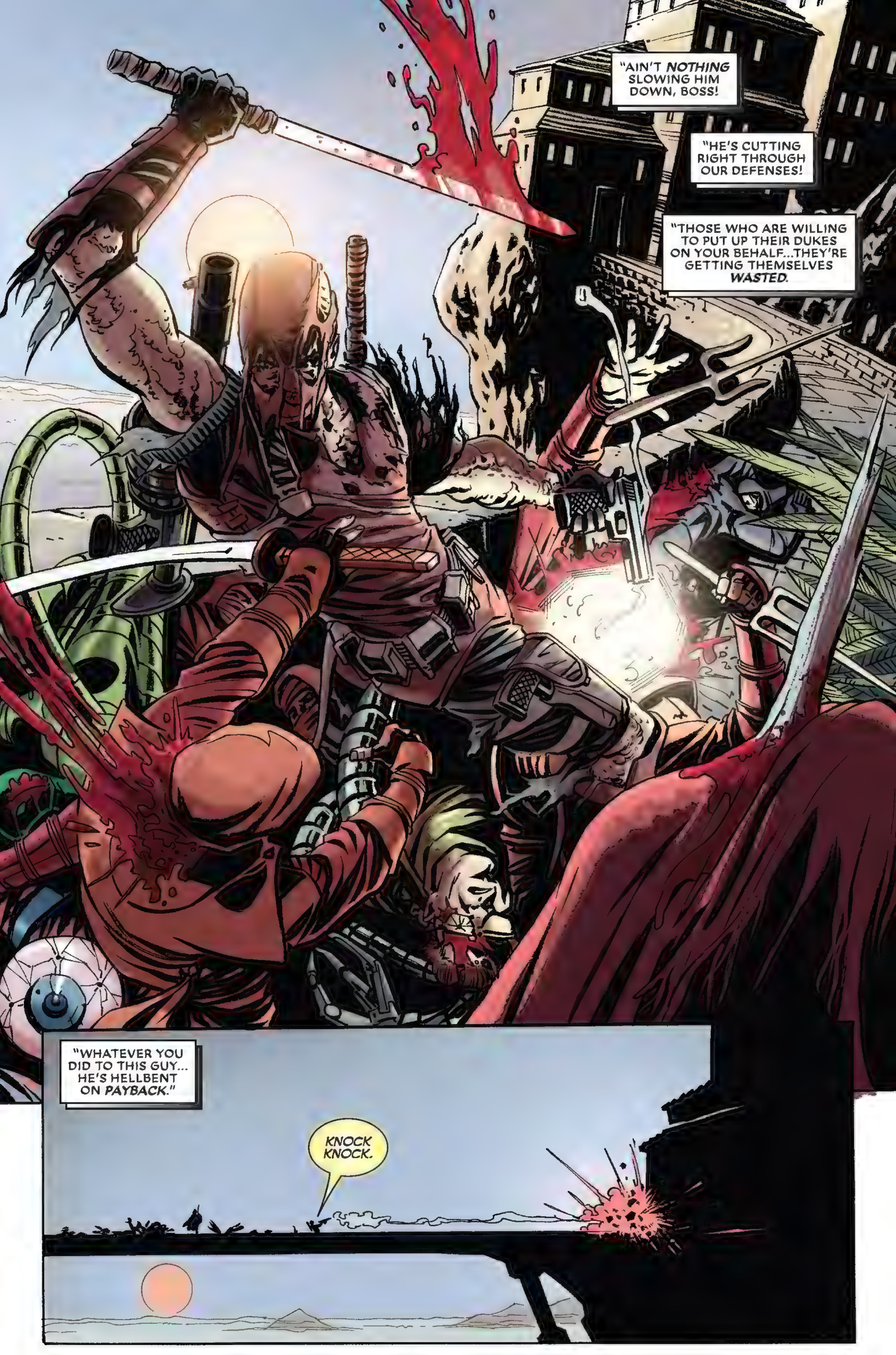

AND YOURS IS PUTTING A *TARGET* RIGHT IN THE CENTER OF YOUR FOREHEAD.
BLAM
I SUPPOSE I NO LONGER NEED TO WORRY ABOUT SPLITTING *ZE* BOUNTY!
THANK YOU FOR THAT!
WHAM
DON'T THANK ME.
AIN'T *NOBODY* CASHING IN ON MY ROTTING CARCASS.
NOT YET.
NOT UNTIL I FINISH WHAT I SET OUT TO DO.
YOU CALL YOURSELF *THE LEAPER*, RIGHT?
LEAP THIS.

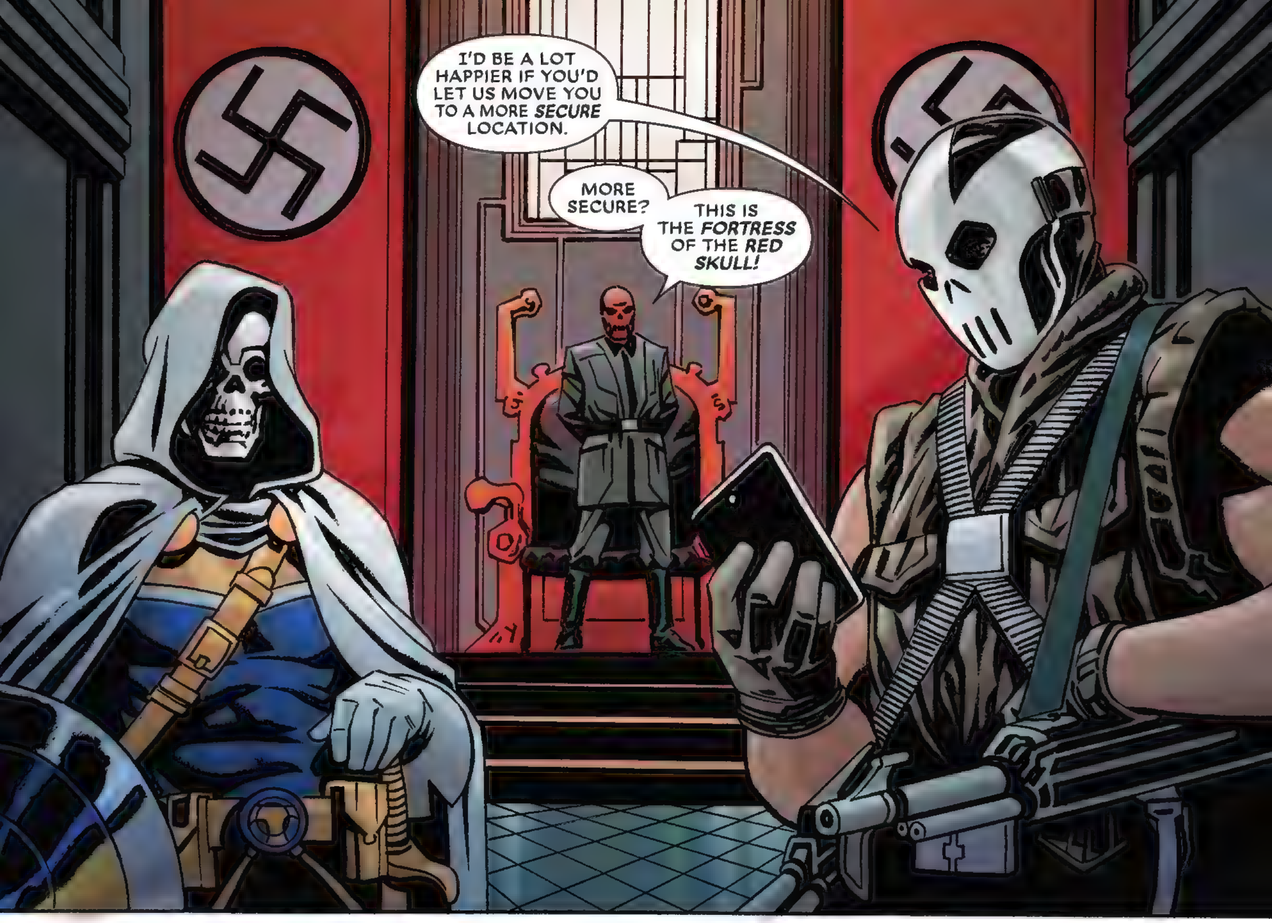

"THE PUBLIC...THE PATHETIC MASSES...ARE STARTING TO SEE DEADPOOL AS SOMETHING OF A *FOLK HERO.*
"A *VIGILANTE* SEEKING REVENGE FOR THE BRUTAL SLAYINGS OF THEIR *BELOVED HEROES.*
"BUT THE CANCER THAT CLAIMED THE LIVES OF THE *AVENGERS*...OF *SPIDER-MAN*...OF *THOR*...
"...IS *DEADPOOL* HIMSELF!

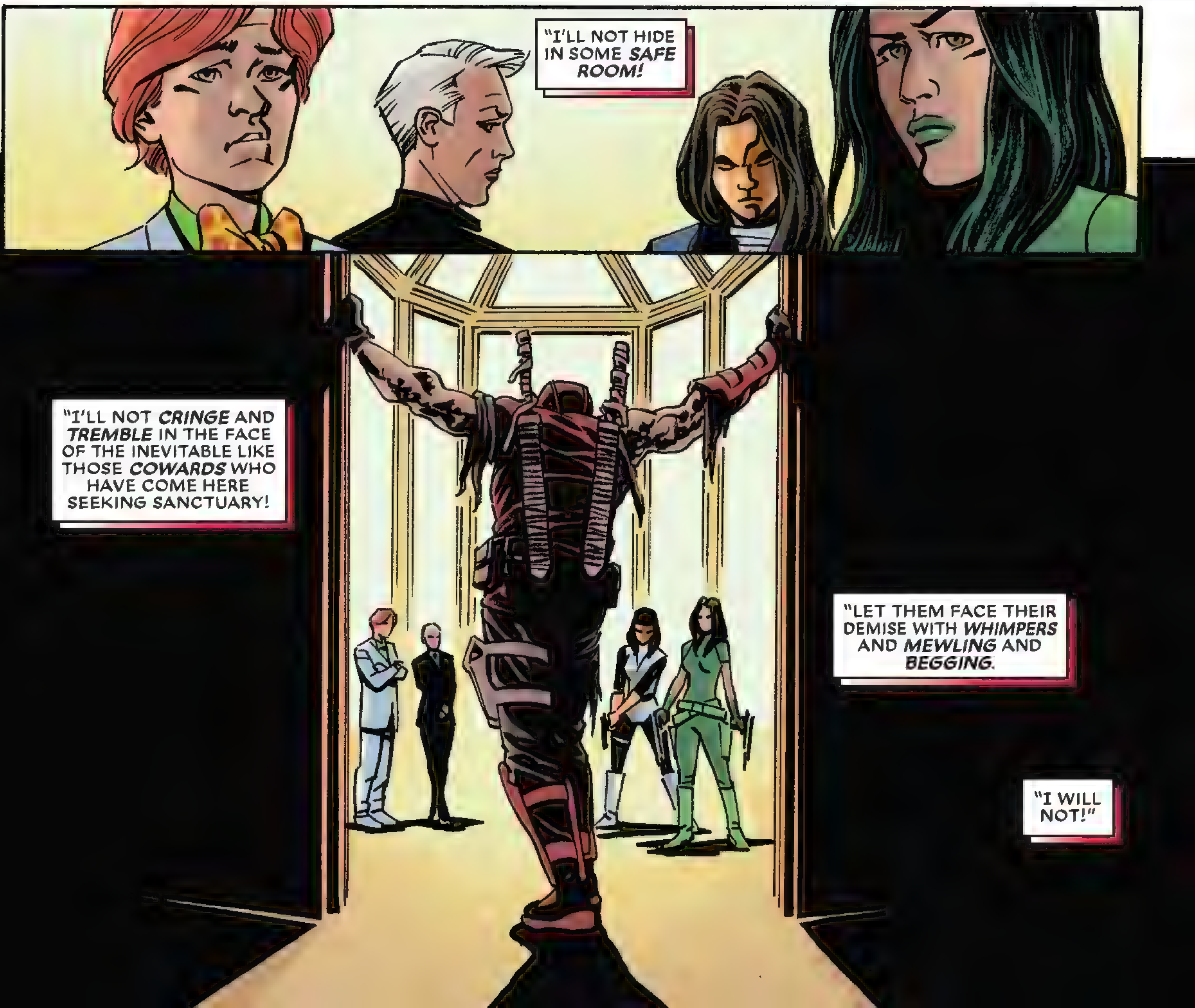

"AND SOON HE WILL FIND THE HEART OF THE SECRET CABAL WHICH GUIDED HIS BLOODY HAND."
DEADPOOL IS NOT TO BE **UNDERESTIMATED.**
YOU SHOULD HAVE GUARDS... SENTRIES...TO WEAR HIM DOWN.
TO FACE HIM ALONE-- EVEN FOR YOU--IS **RISKY.**
YOU MISINTERPRET MY INTENTIONS.
I HAVE USED MY MAGIC TO WITHDRAW--FOR A TIME--FROM THE EARTHLY REALM.
EVEN THE ABOMINATION HAS GONE INTO **HIDING.**
BUT YOU **INVITE** HIM TO YOUR LAIR.
I THOUGHT AT FIRST THIS WAS SOME **RUSE** SO YOU COULD DESTROY HIM...BUT YOU ARE **TOO DRUNK** FOR THAT.
DRUNK, YES.
I WILL EXIT OUR ALLIANCE...
...ON MY OWN TERMS, VICTOR.
THEN FAREWELL TO YOU, MAGNETO.
I HAVE, IN MY WAY, **ADMIRED** YOU.
BUT KNOW NOW THAT DR. DOOM THINKS YOU ARE DYING...

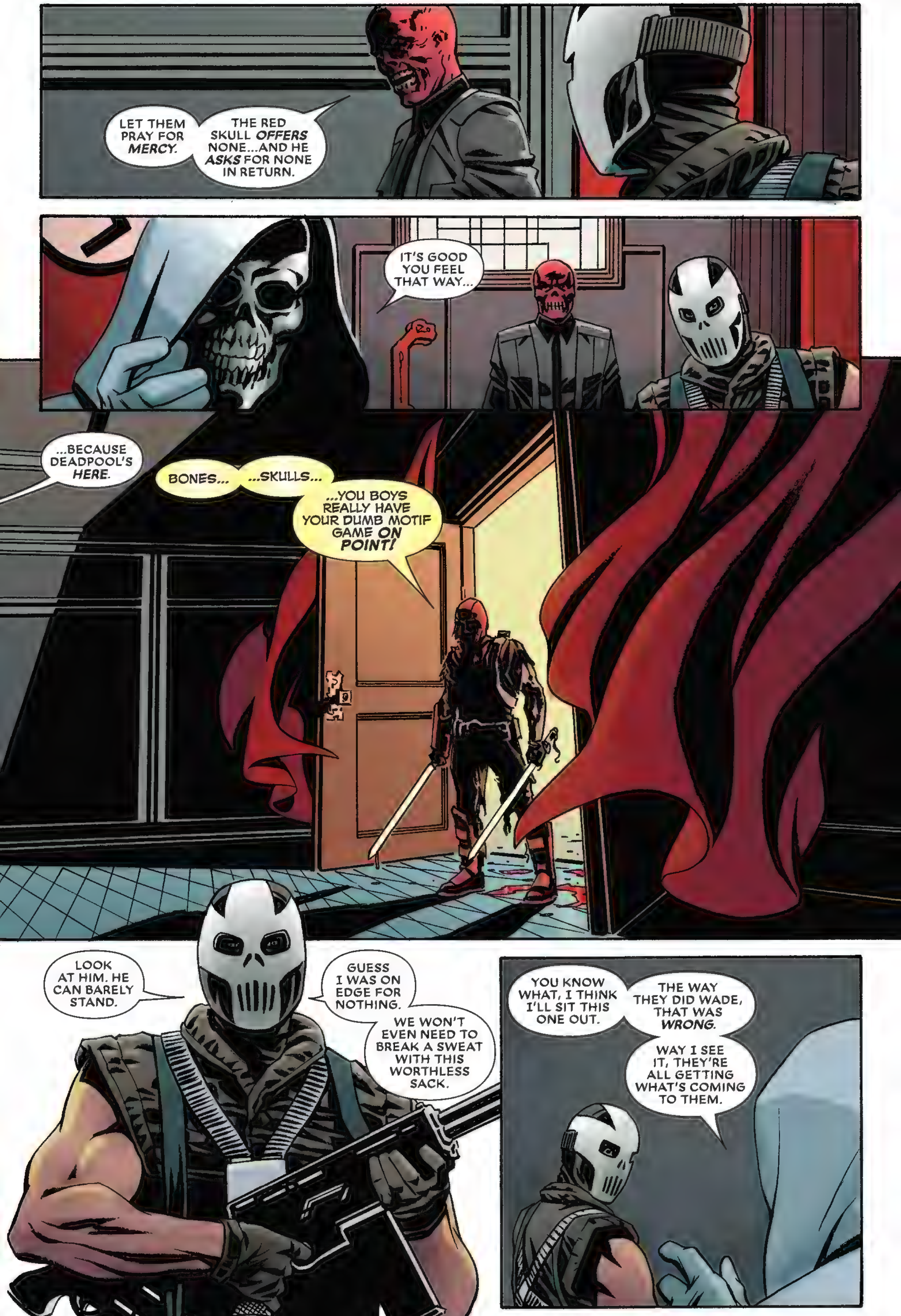

...AS A FOOL.
MY OWN TERMS.
THE SKULL HAS OFFERED SANCTUARY TO THOSE WHO SERVE HIM LOYALLY.
YOU'LL FIND HIM... YOU'LL FIND ALL OF THEM... HERE.
I GOTTA KNOW, MAGS...
...WHY'D YOU DO IT?
WHY'D YOU THROW IN WITH THE RED SKULL AND DR. DOOM AND THE ABOMINATION?
I THOUGHT THAT BY STRIKING A BARGAIN WITH THESE VILLAINS...
...I WOULD BE ABLE TO BETTER PROTECT MUTANTKIND.
I KNEW THERE WOULD BE NECESSARY SACRIFICES. BUT I...
I NEVER ANTICIPATED... THAT IT WOULD GO SO FAR.

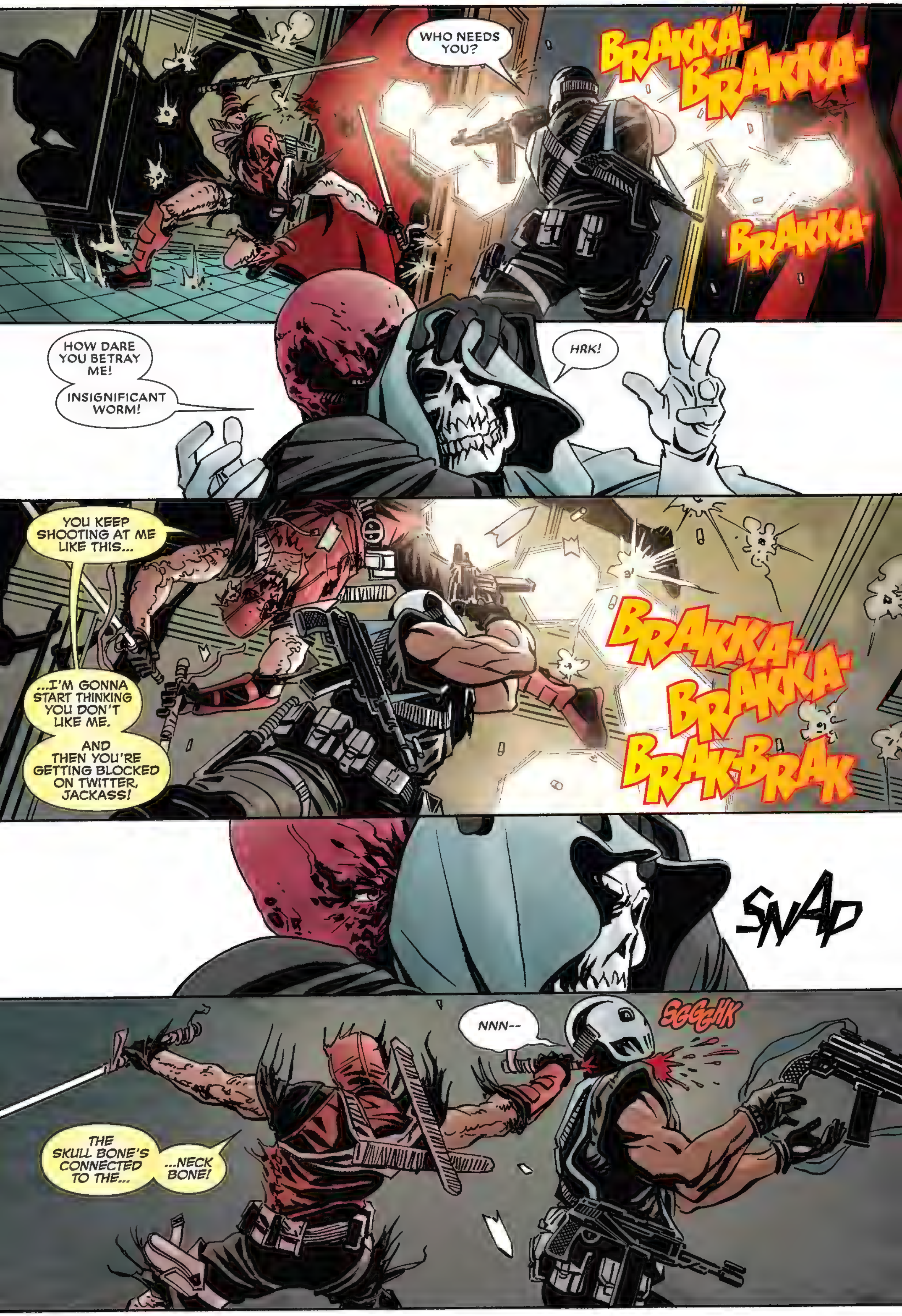

THAT IS WHY I SUMMONED YOU... TOLD YOU WHERE I WAS HIDING.
YOU CAN FINISH THIS.
YOU CAN MAKE IT RIGHT.
HOW IS IT **EVER** GOING TO BE RIGHT?
YOU HELPED THEM KILL ALL THOSE HEROES.
YOU LET THEM KILL THE ***X-MEN.***
YOU ***MURDERED*** THE YOUNG X-MEN WHO WERE IN ***YOUR*** CARE.
NO.
YOU DID THAT.
Y-YEAH.
AND WE ***BOTH*** DESERVE TO LIVE WITH THAT.

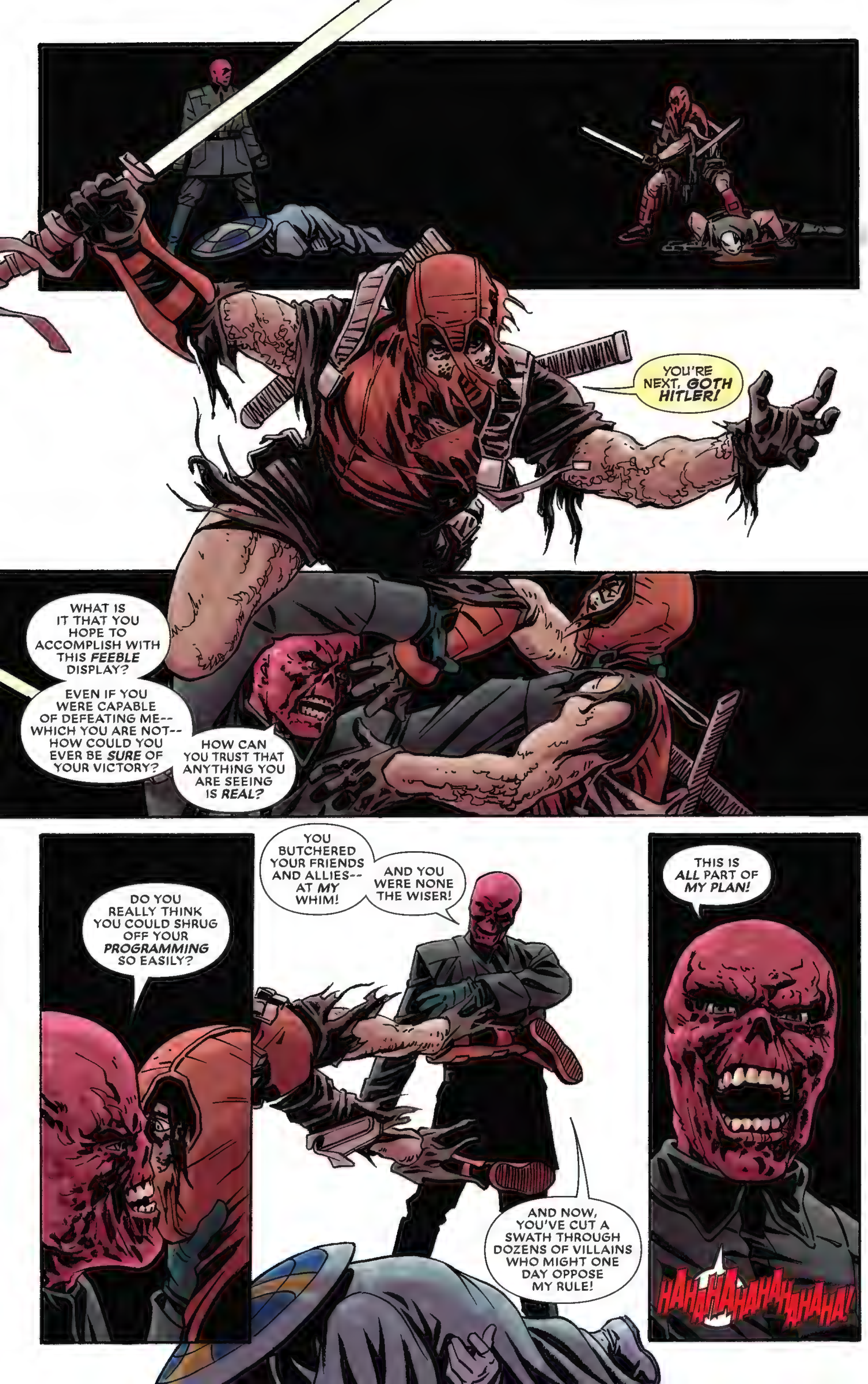

"AIN'T *NOTHING* SLOWING HIM DOWN, BOSS!
"HE'S CUTTING RIGHT THROUGH OUR DEFENSES!
"THOSE WHO ARE WILLING TO PUT UP THEIR DUKES ON YOUR BEHALF...THEY'RE GETTING THEMSELVES *WASTED.*
"WHATEVER YOU DID TO THIS GUY... HE'S HELLBENT ON *PAYBACK.*"
KNOCK KNOCK.

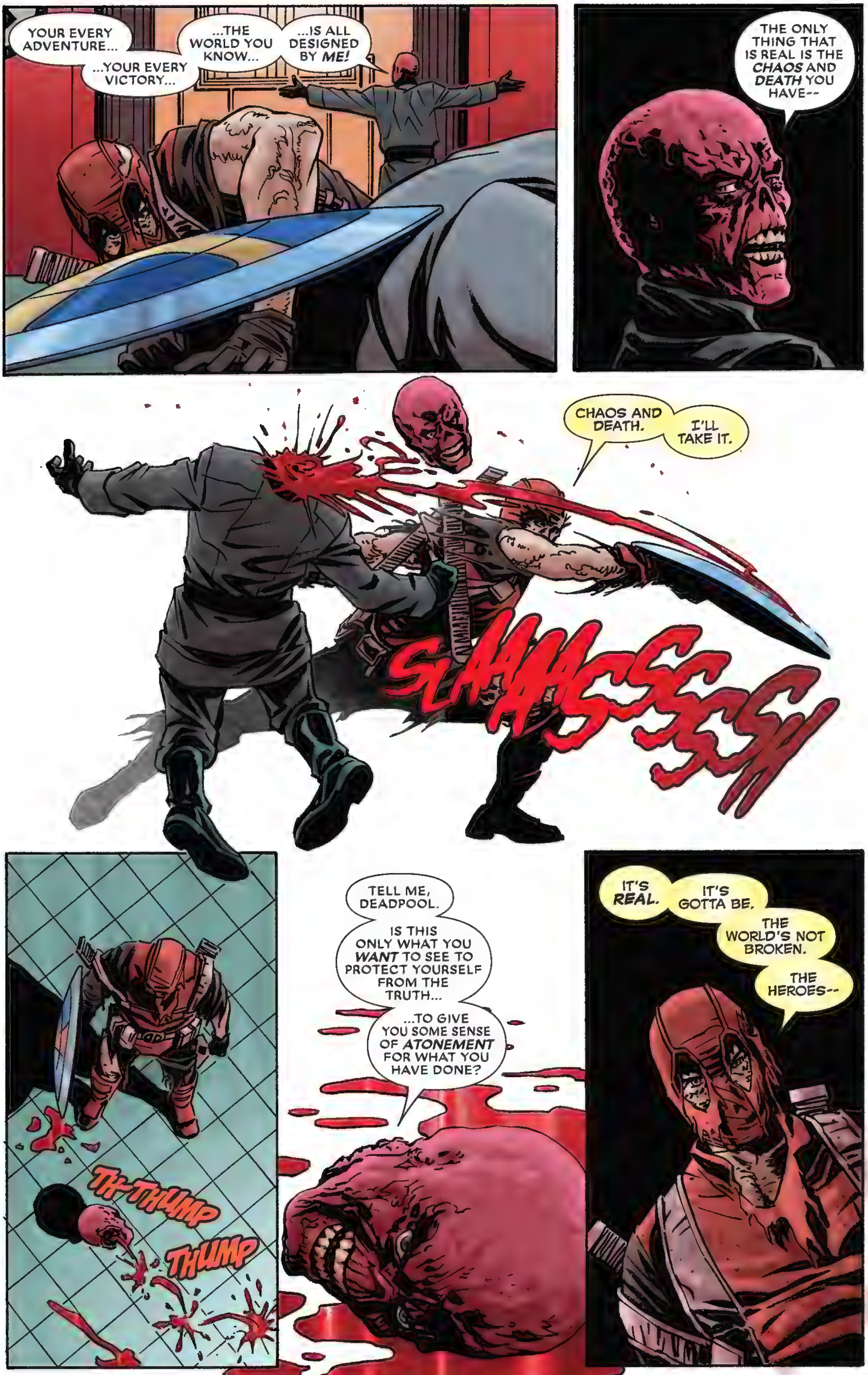

I'D BE A LOT HAPPIER IF YOU'D LET US MOVE YOU TO A MORE *SECURE* LOCATION.
MORE SECURE?
THIS IS THE *FORTRESS* OF THE *RED SKULL!*

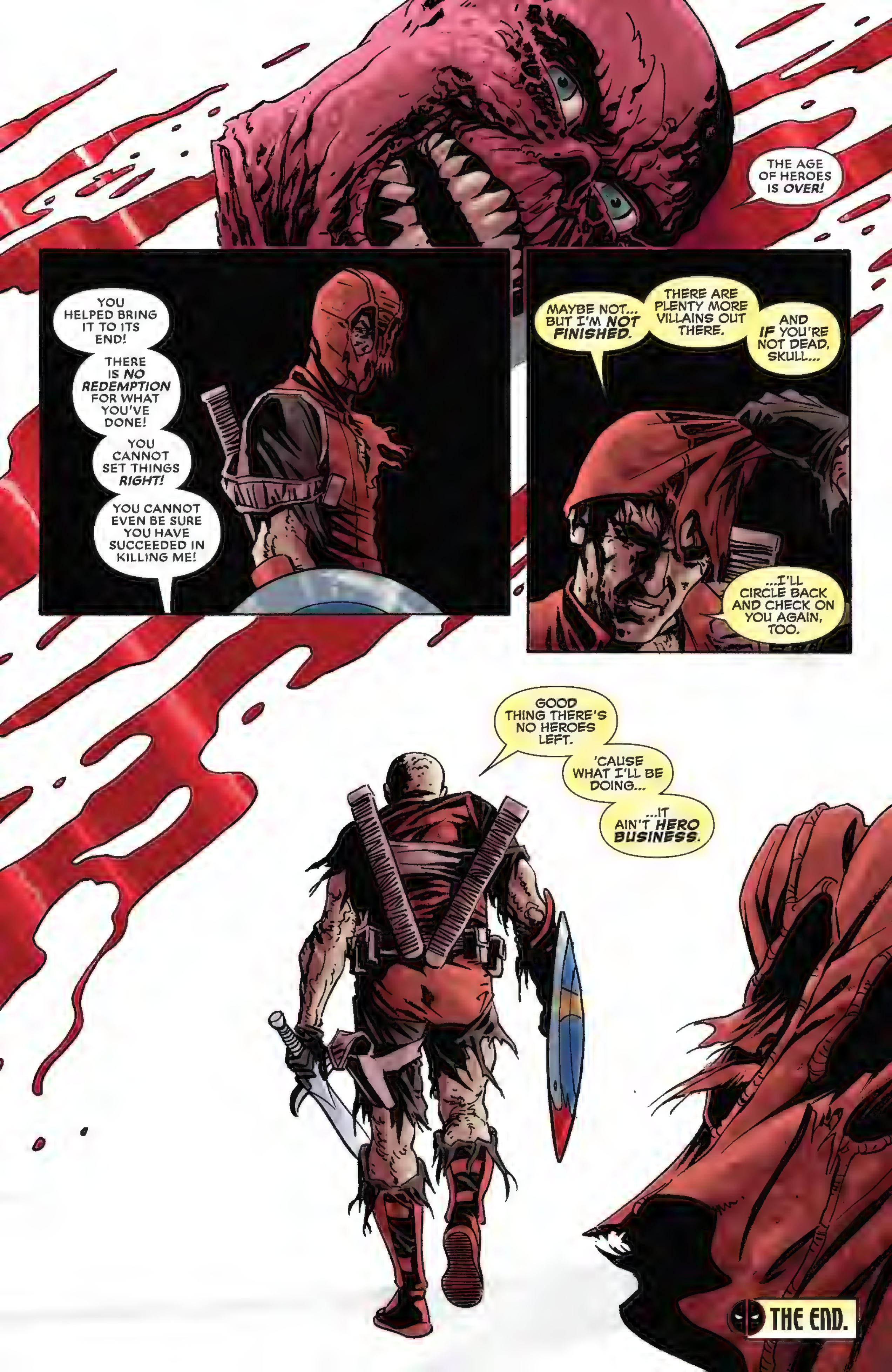

"I'LL NOT HIDE IN SOME *SAFE ROOM!*
"I'LL NOT *CRINGE* AND *TREMBLE* IN THE FACE OF THE INEVITABLE LIKE THOSE *COWARDS* WHO HAVE COME HERE SEEKING SANCTUARY!
"LET THEM FACE THEIR DEMISE WITH *WHIMPERS* AND *MEWLING* AND *BEGGING*.
"I WILL NOT!"

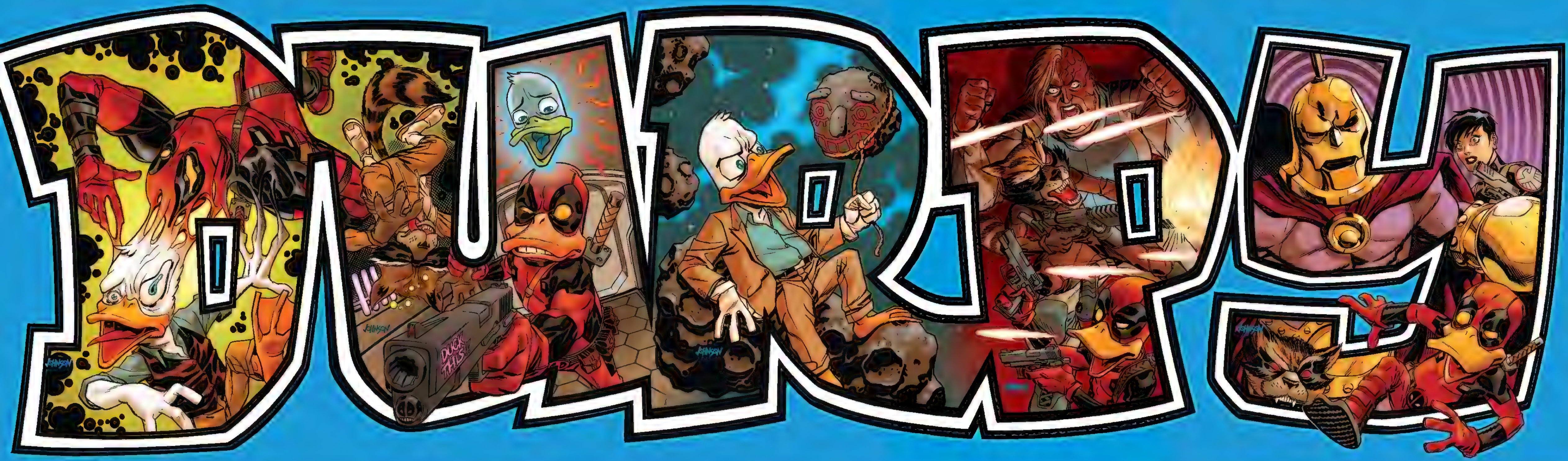

LET THEM PRAY FOR *MERCY*.
THE RED SKULL *OFFERS* NONE...AND HE *ASKS* FOR NONE IN RETURN.
IT'S GOOD YOU FEEL THAT WAY...
...BECAUSE DEADPOOL'S *HERE*.
BONES...
...SKULLS...
...YOU BOYS REALLY HAVE YOUR DUMB MOTIF GAME *ON POINT!*
LOOK AT HIM. HE CAN BARELY STAND.
GUESS I WAS ON EDGE FOR NOTHING.
WE WON'T EVEN NEED TO BREAK A SWEAT WITH THIS WORTHLESS SACK.
YOU KNOW WHAT, I THINK I'LL SIT THIS ONE OUT.
THE WAY THEY DID WADE, THAT WAS *WRONG*.
WAY I SEE IT, THEY'RE ALL GETTING WHAT'S COMING TO THEM.


WHO NEEDS YOU?
BRAKKA-
BRAKKA-
BRAKKA-
HOW DARE YOU BETRAY ME!
INSIGNIFICANT WORM!
HRK!
YOU KEEP SHOOTING AT ME LIKE THIS...
...I'M GONNA START THINKING YOU DON'T LIKE ME.
AND THEN YOU'RE GETTING BLOCKED ON TWITTER, JACKASS!
BRAKKA-
BRAKKA-
BRAK-BRAK
SNAP
NNN--
SGGGHK
THE SKULL BONE'S CONNECTED TO THE...
...NECK BONE!

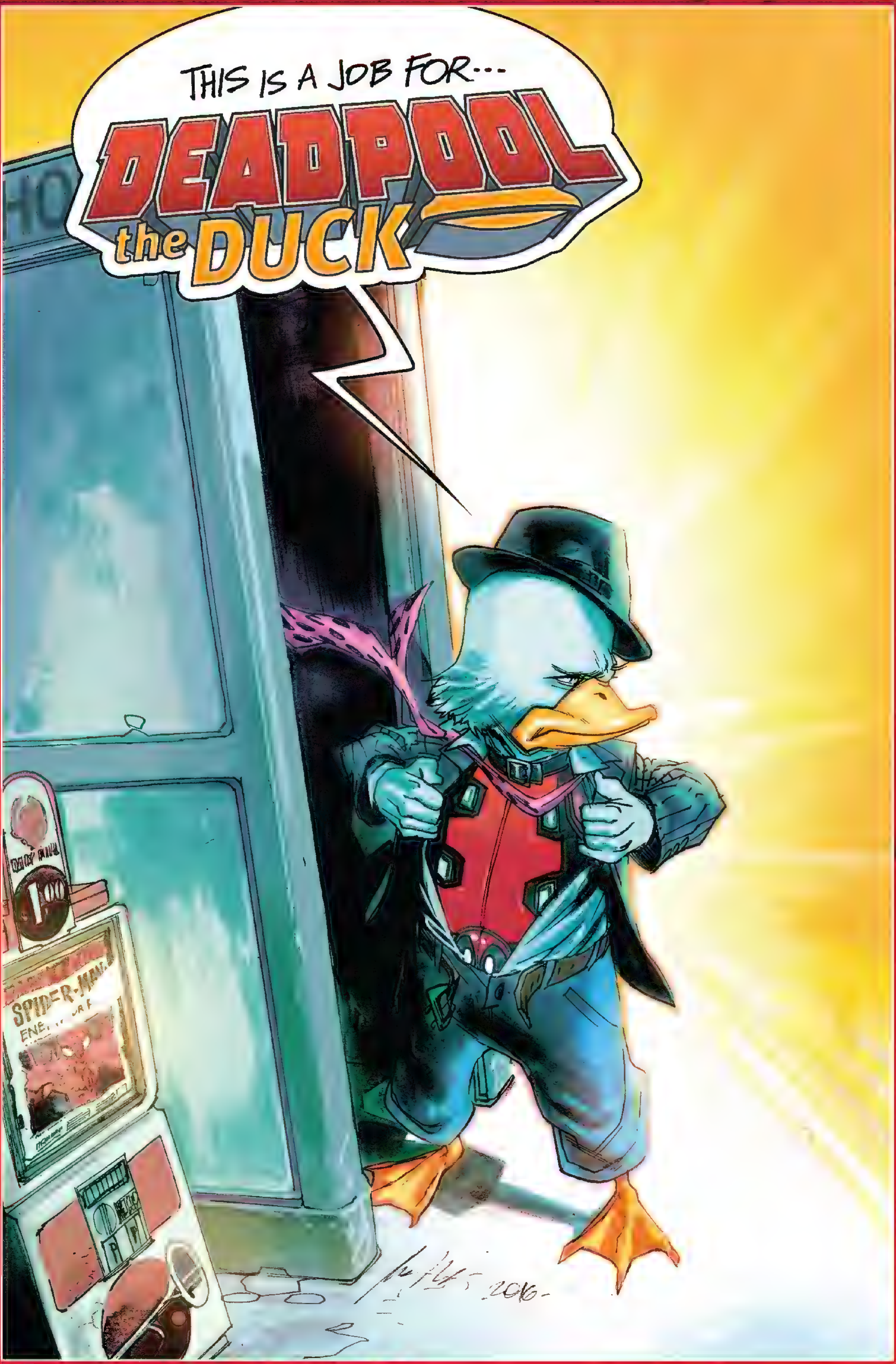

YOU'RE NEXT, GOTH HITLER!
WHAT IS IT THAT YOU HOPE TO ACCOMPLISH WITH THIS FEEBLE DISPLAY?
EVEN IF YOU WERE CAPABLE OF DEFEATING ME-- WHICH YOU ARE NOT-- HOW COULD YOU EVER BE SURE OF YOUR VICTORY?
HOW CAN YOU TRUST THAT ANYTHING YOU ARE SEEING IS REAL?
DO YOU REALLY THINK YOU COULD SHRUG OFF YOUR PROGRAMMING SO EASILY?
YOU BUTCHERED YOUR FRIENDS AND ALLIES-- AT MY WHIM!
AND YOU WERE NONE THE WISER!
AND NOW, YOU'VE CUT A SWATH THROUGH DOZENS OF VILLAINS WHO MIGHT ONE DAY OPPOSE MY RULE!
THIS IS ALL PART OF MY PLAN!
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!


YOUR EVERY ADVENTURE...
...YOUR EVERY VICTORY...
...THE WORLD YOU KNOW...
...IS ALL DESIGNED BY *ME!*
THE ONLY THING THAT IS REAL IS THE *CHAOS* AND *DEATH* YOU HAVE--
CHAOS AND DEATH.
I'LL TAKE IT.
SLAAASSSSSH
TH-THUMP
THUMP
TELL ME, DEADPOOL.
IS THIS ONLY WHAT YOU *WANT* TO SEE TO PROTECT YOURSELF FROM THE TRUTH...
...TO GIVE YOU SOME SENSE OF *ATONEMENT* FOR WHAT YOU HAVE DONE?
IT'S *REAL.*
IT'S GOTTA BE.
THE WORLD'S NOT BROKEN.
THE HEROES--

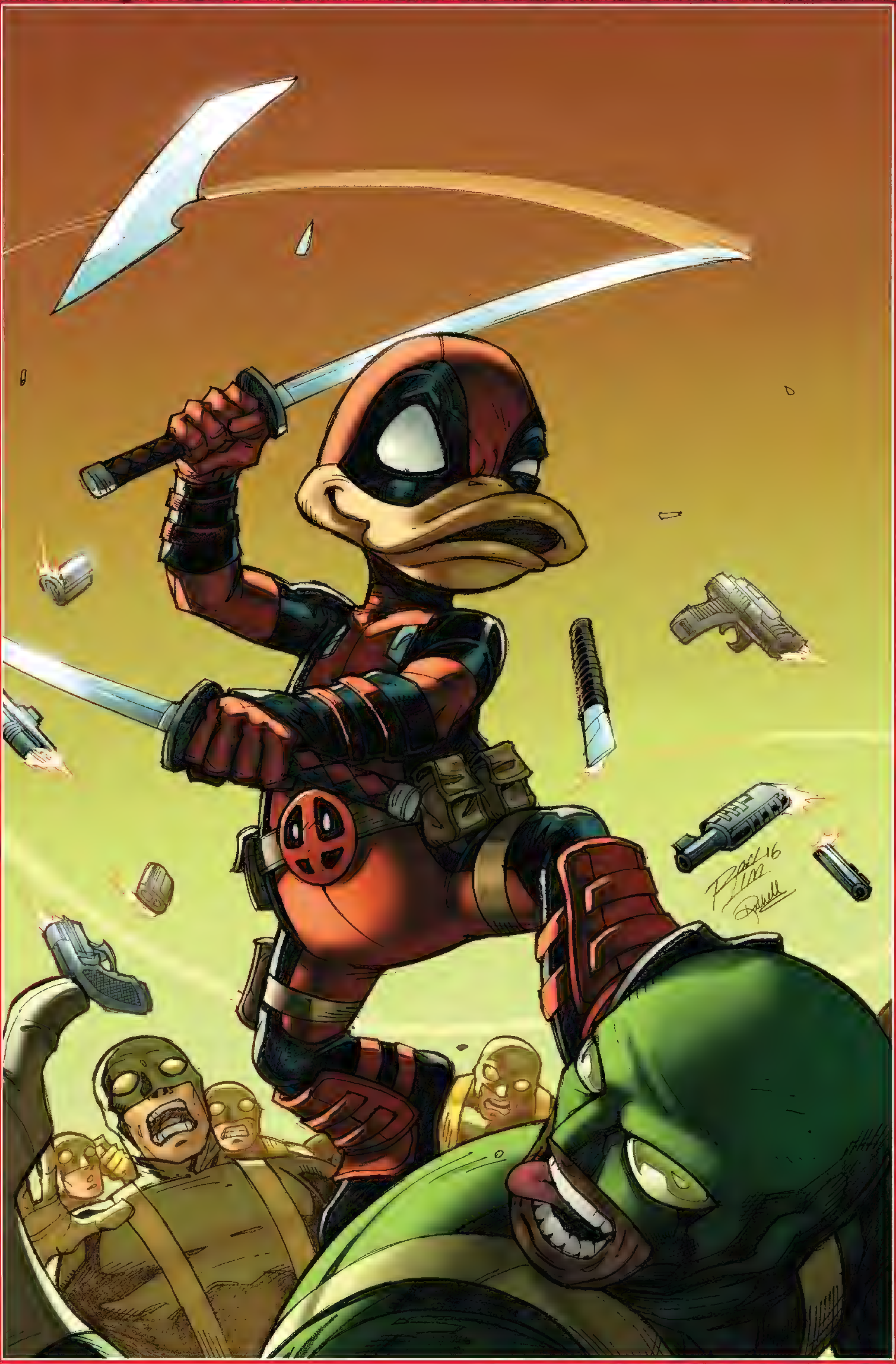

THE AGE OF HEROES IS *OVER!*
YOU HELPED BRING IT TO ITS END!
THERE IS ***NO REDEMPTION*** FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE!
YOU CANNOT SET THINGS ***RIGHT!***
YOU CANNOT EVEN BE SURE YOU HAVE SUCCEEDED IN KILLING ME!
MAYBE NOT... BUT I'M ***NOT FINISHED.***
THERE ARE PLENTY MORE VILLAINS OUT THERE.
AND ***IF*** YOU'RE NOT DEAD, SKULL...
...I'LL CIRCLE BACK AND CHECK ON YOU AGAIN, TOO.
GOOD THING THERE'S NO HEROES LEFT.
'CAUSE WHAT I'LL BE DOING...
...IT AIN'T ***HERO BUSINESS.***
THE END.


DUCK THIS
JOHNSON

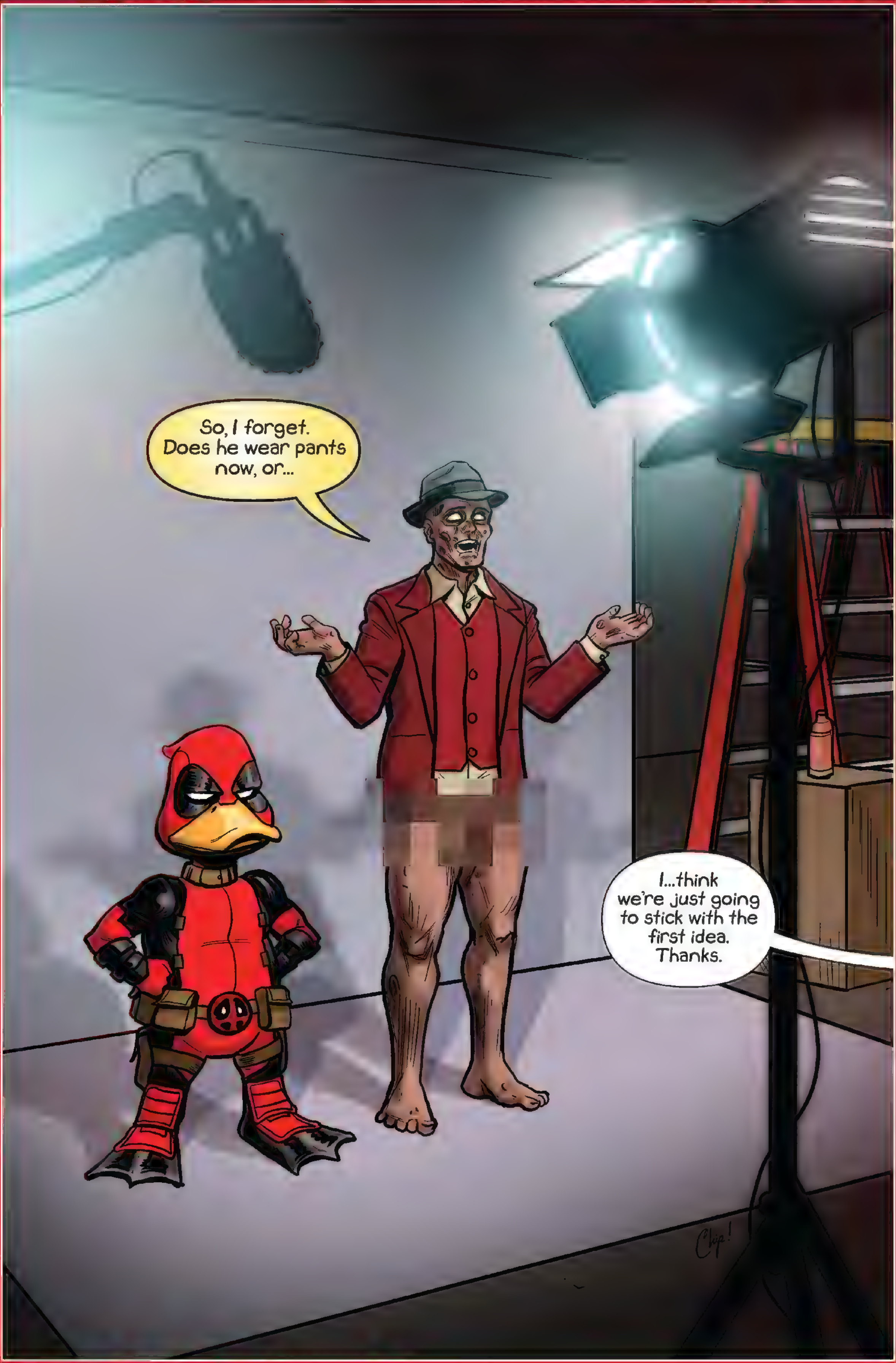
DEADPOOL THE DUCK #1-5 INTERLOCKING VARIANTS BY
DAVE JOHNSON


THIS IS A JOB FOR...
DEADPOOL
the DUCK
SPIDER-MAN
ENE
1.00
2016

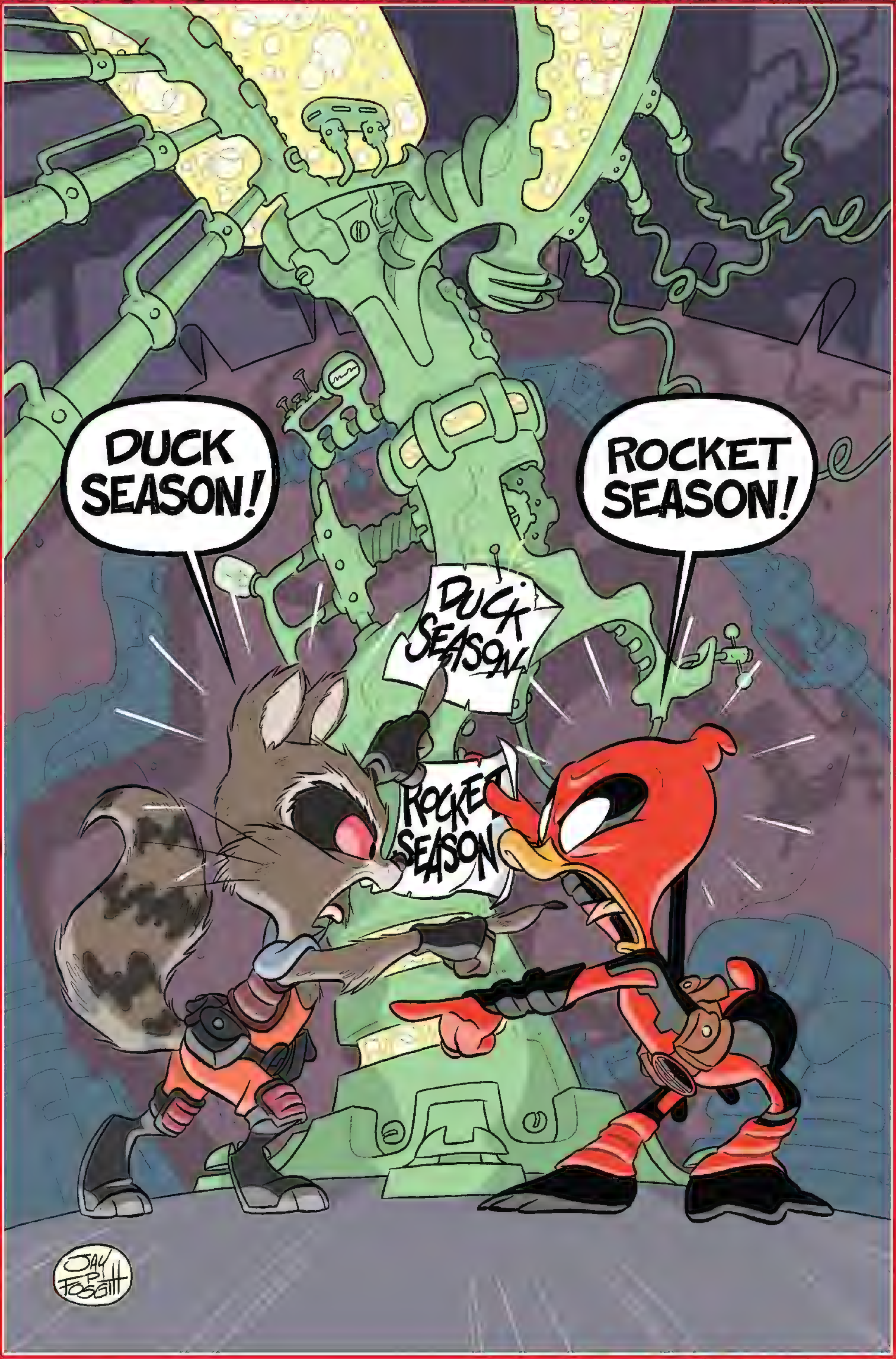
DEADPOOL THE DUCK #1 VARIANT BY
RAFAEL ALBUQUERQUE



DEADPOOL THE DUCK #1 VARIANT BY
RON LIM & RACHELLE ROSENBERG


So, I forget.
Does he wear pants now, or...
I...think we're just going to stick with the first idea. Thanks.
Chip!

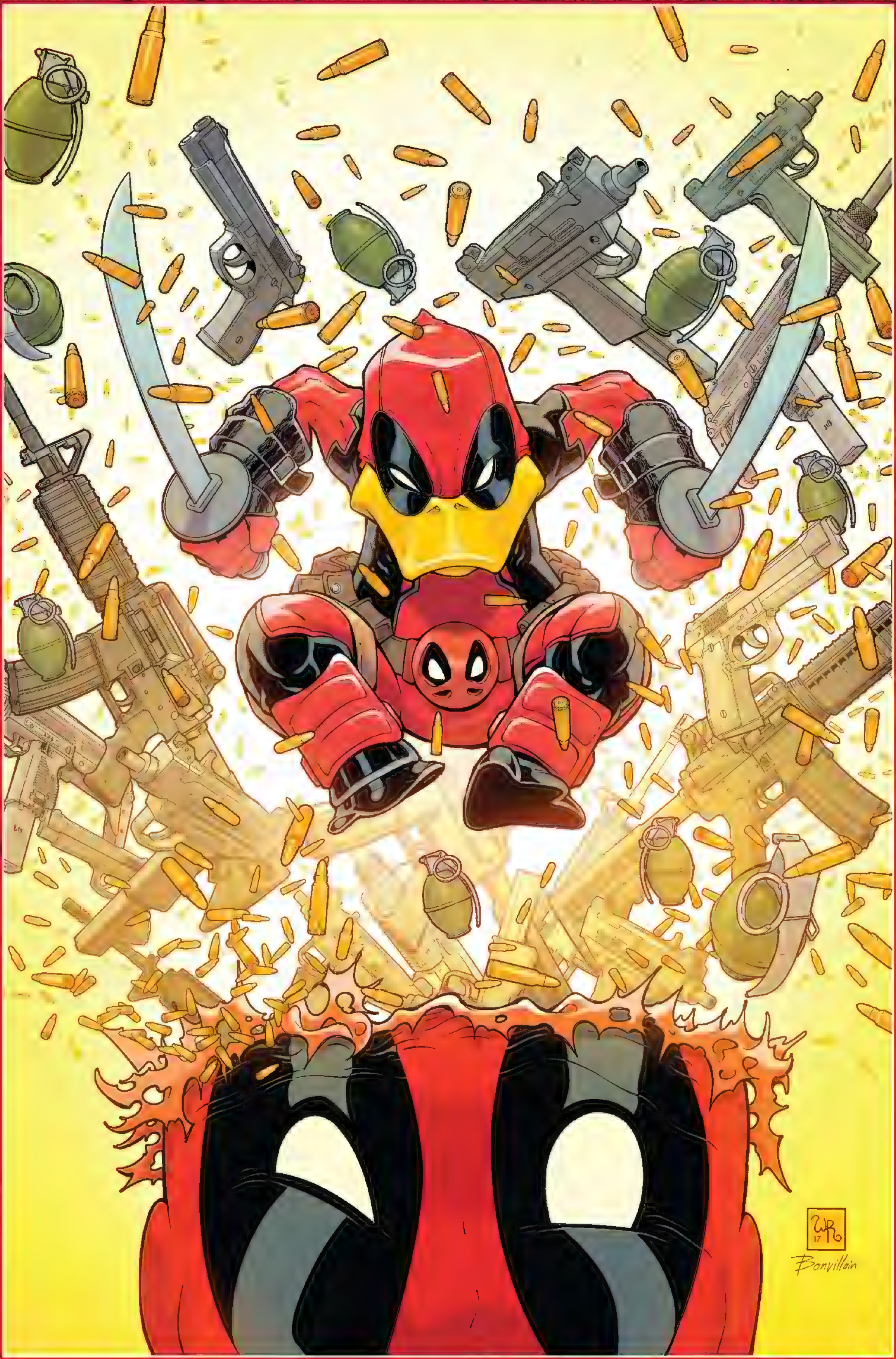
DEADPOOL THE DUCK #1 VARIANT BY CHIP ZDARSKY


DUCK SEASON!
ROCKET SEASON!
DUCK SEASON
ROCKET SEASON
JAY P FOSGITT

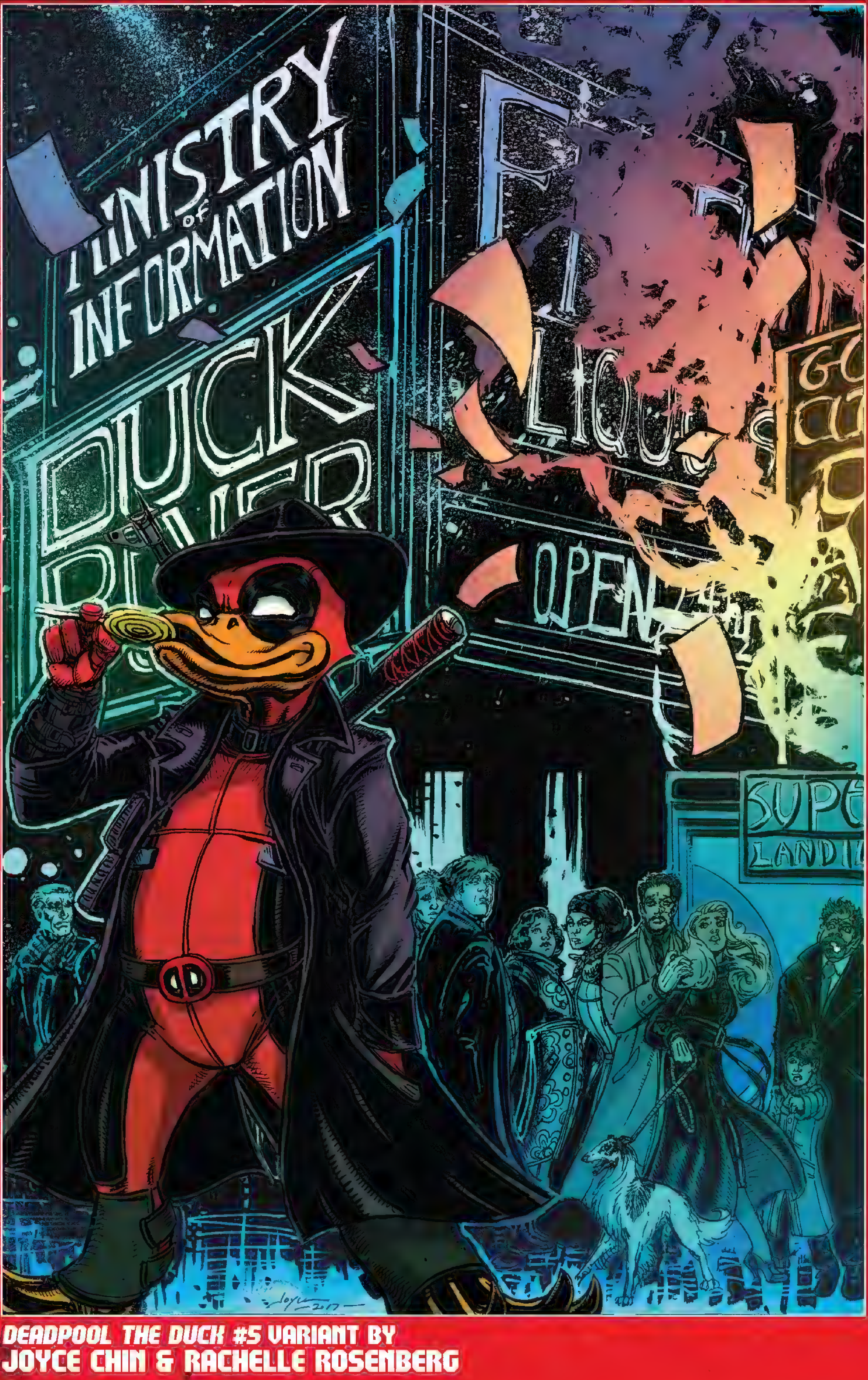
DEADPOOL THE DUCK #2 VARIANT BY JAY FOSGITT

BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG

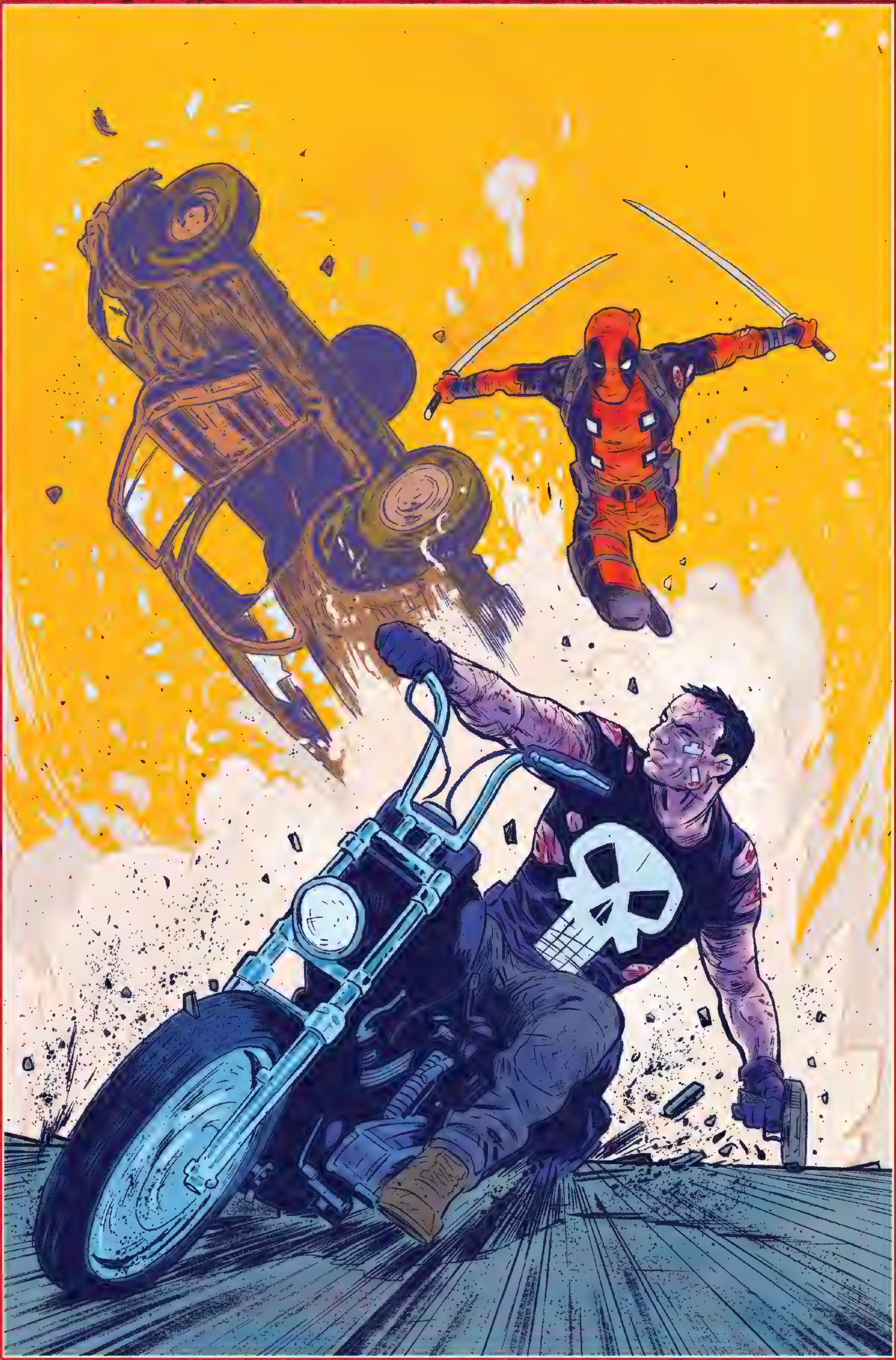
DEADPOOL THE DUCK #3 VARIANT BY
MICHAEL WALSH


WR 17
Bonvillain

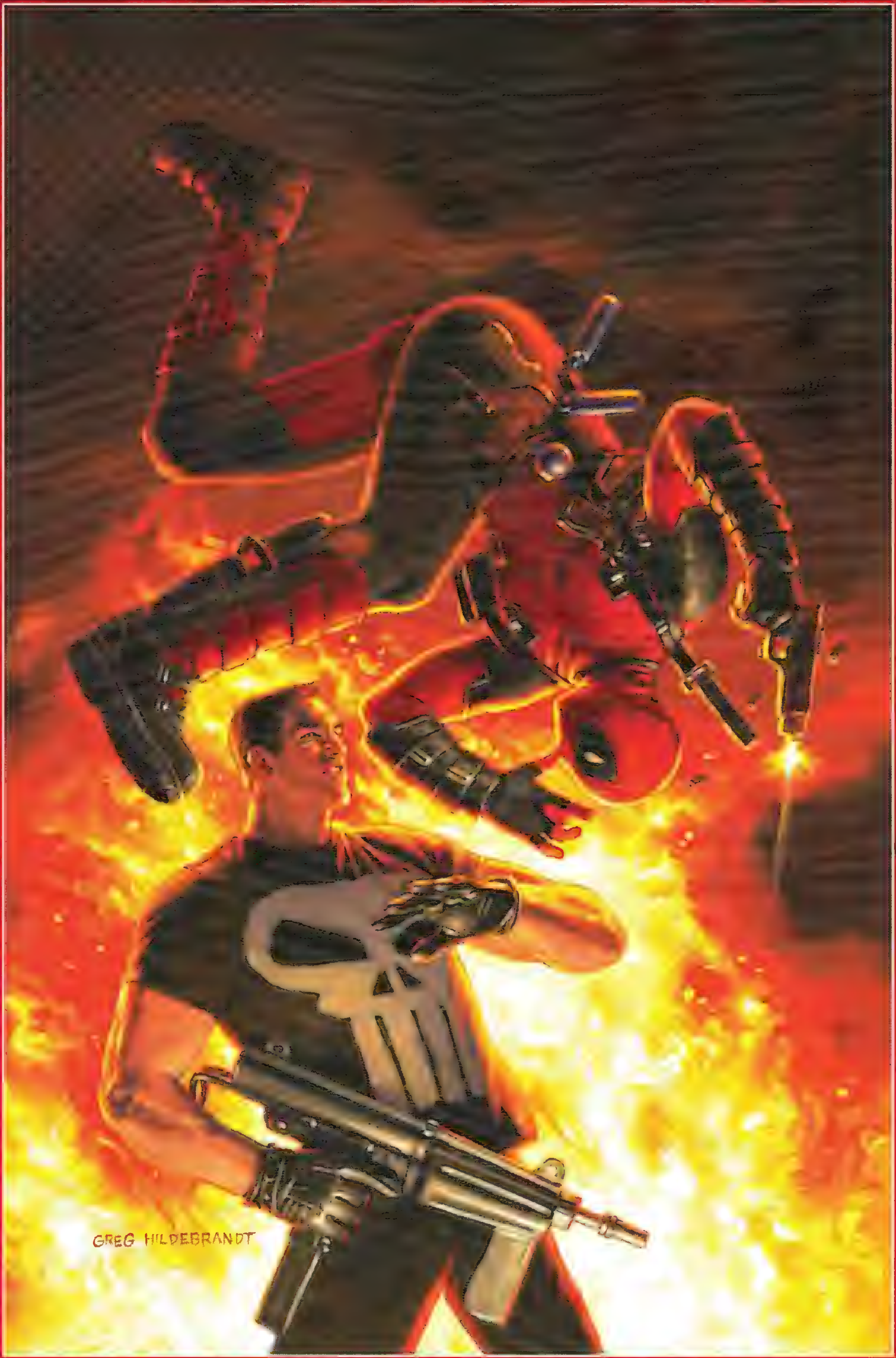
DEADPOOL THE DUCK #4 VARIANT BY
WILL ROBSON & TAMRA BONVILLAIN


MINISTRY of INFORMATION
DUCK POWER
LIQU
OPEN
SUPE
LANDI
Joyce 2017

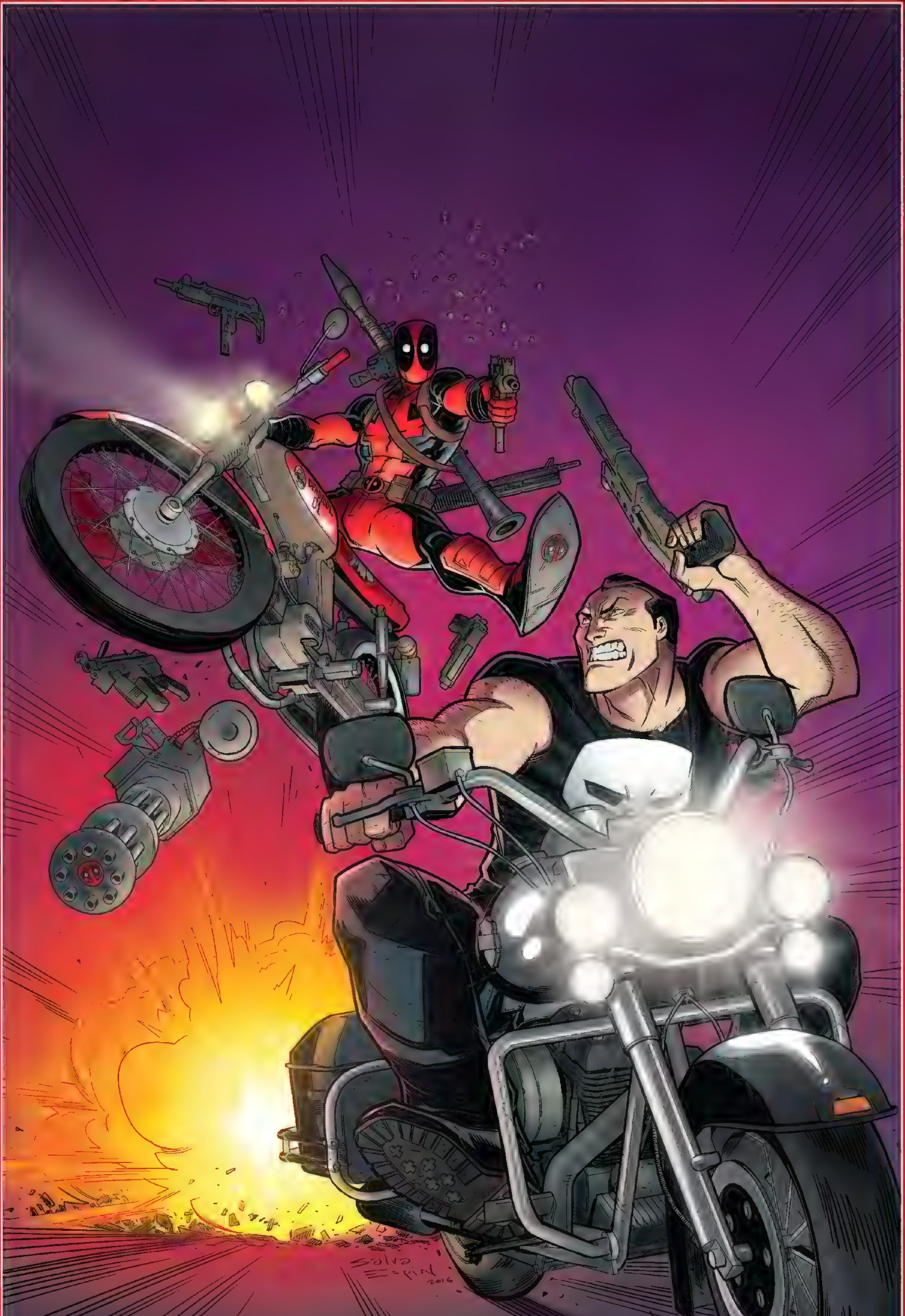
DEADPOOL THE DUCK #5 VARIANT BY
JOYCE CHIN & RACHELLE ROSENBERG



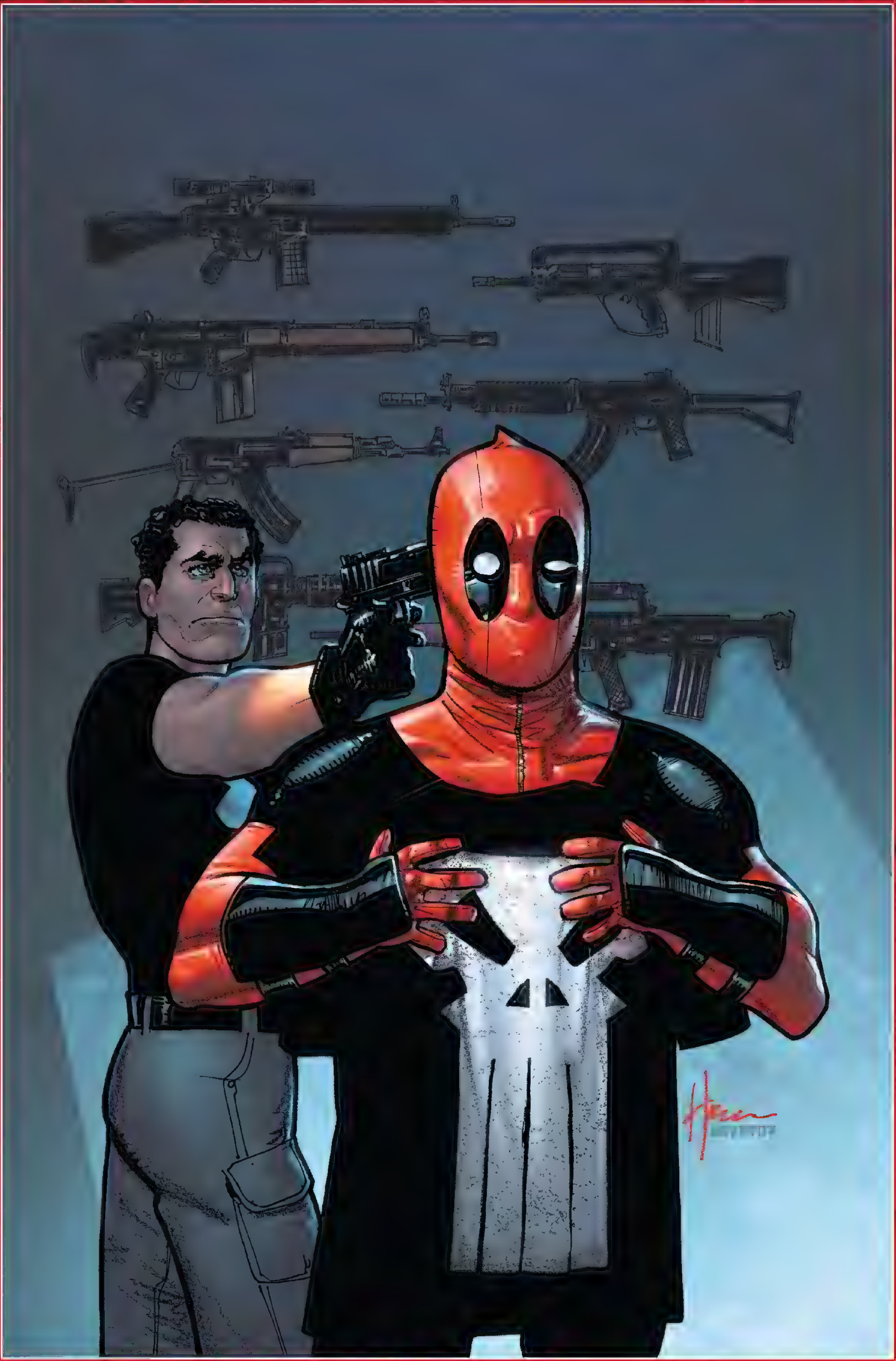
DEADPOOL VERSUS THE PUNISHER #1 VARIANT BY
MICHAEL WALSH


GREG HILDEBRANDT

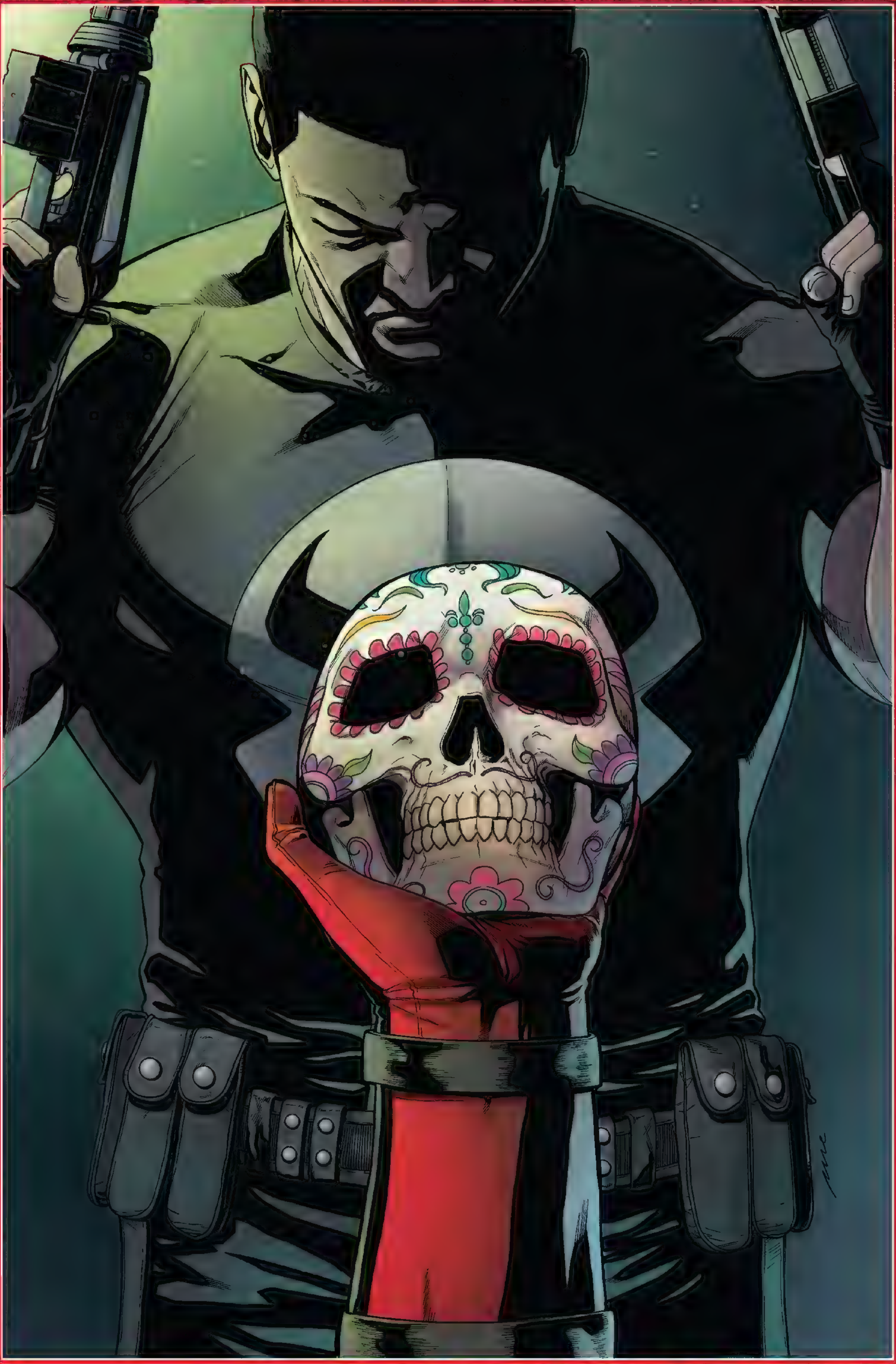
DEADPOOL VERSUS THE PUNISHER #1 VARIANT BY GREG HILDEBRANDT



DEADPOOL VERSUS THE PUNISHER #2 VARIANT BY SALVA ESPIN & RUTH REDMOND

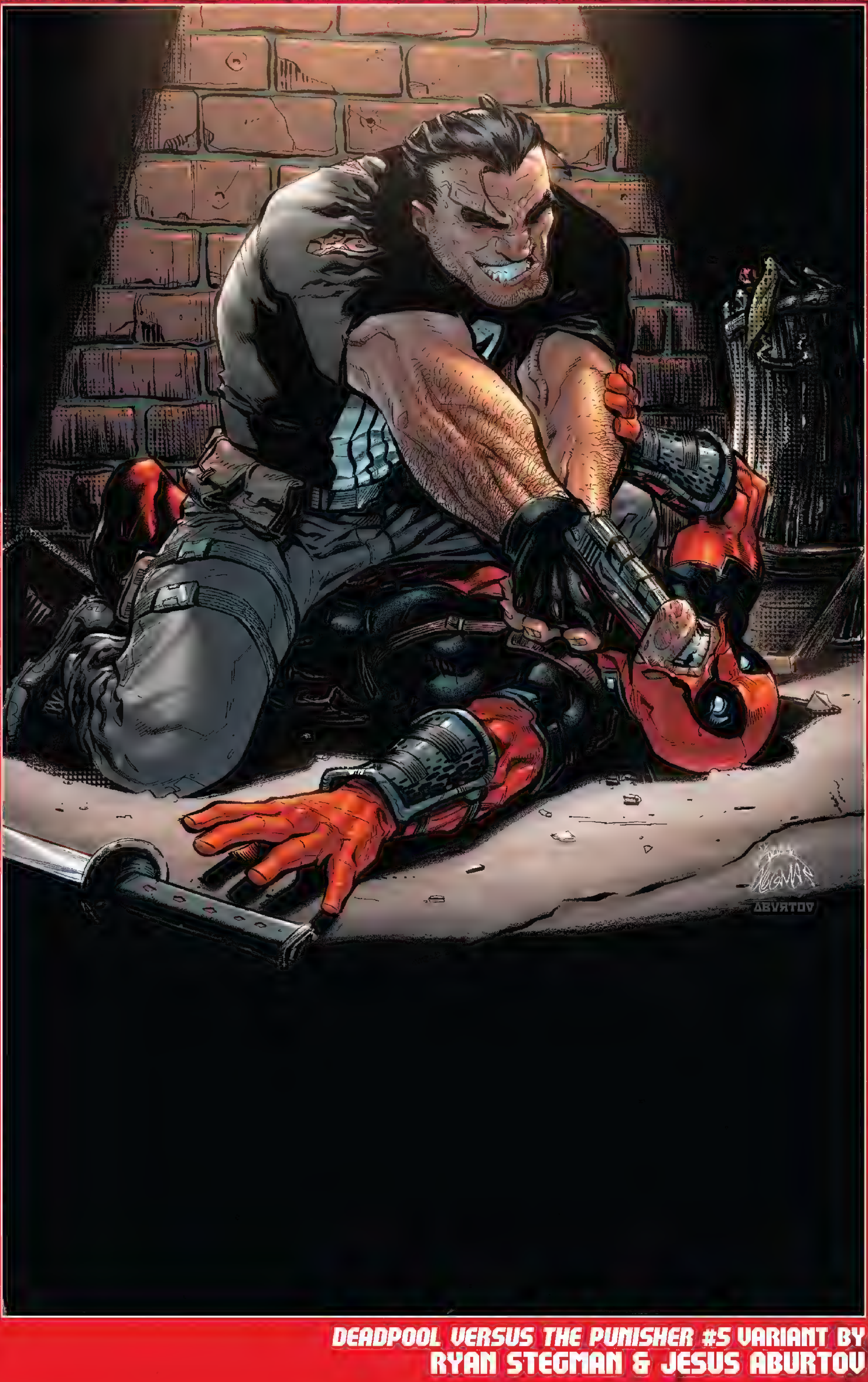


DEADPOOL VERSUS THE PUNISHER #2 VARIANT BY
HOWARD CHAYKIN & JESUS ABURTOV



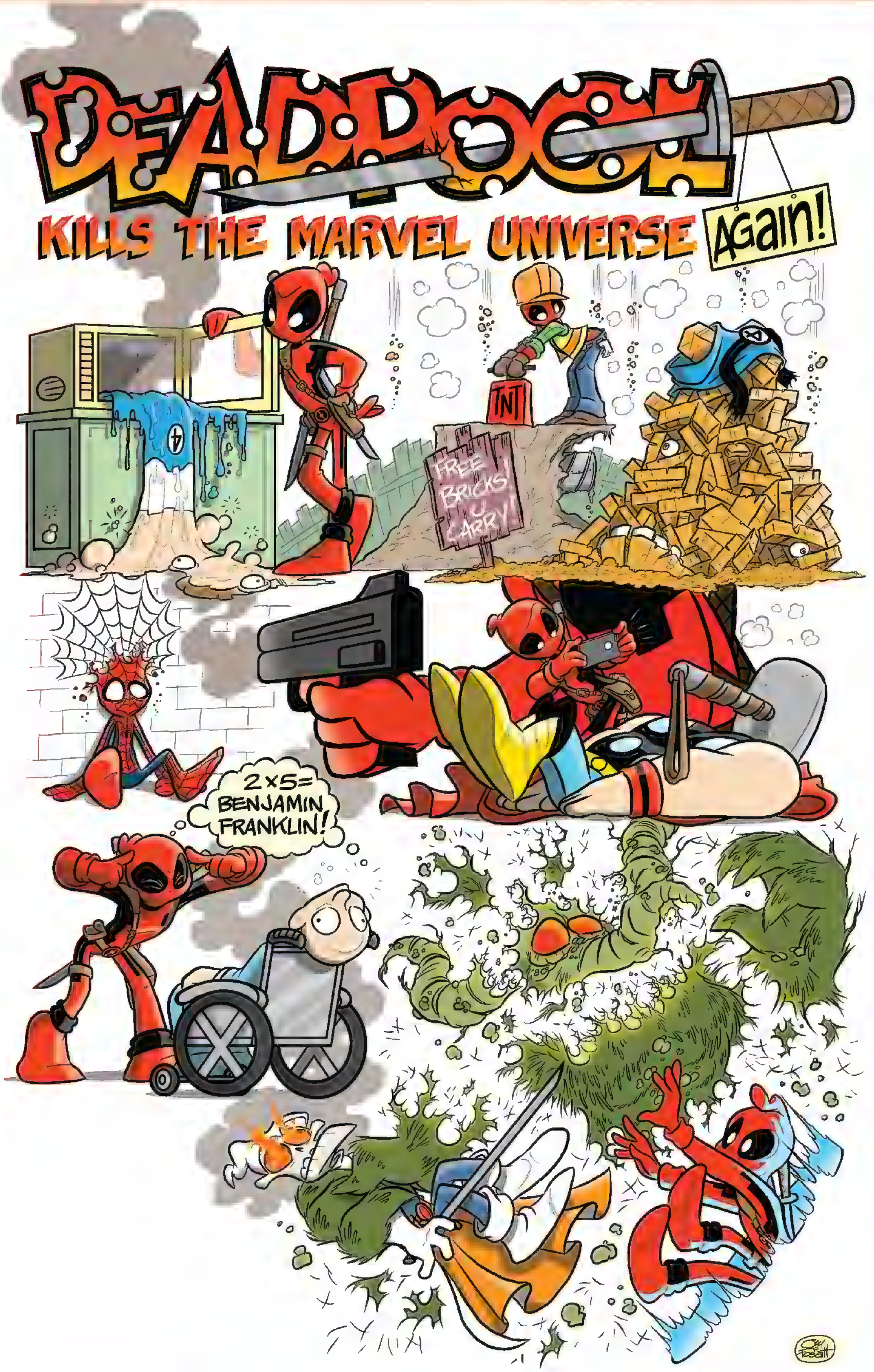
DEADPOOL VERSUS THE PUNISHER #3 VARIANT BY
PERE PÉREZ & RUTH REDMOND

DEADPOOL VERSUS THE PUNISHER #4 VARIANT BY
NICK ROCHE & JORDAN BOYD

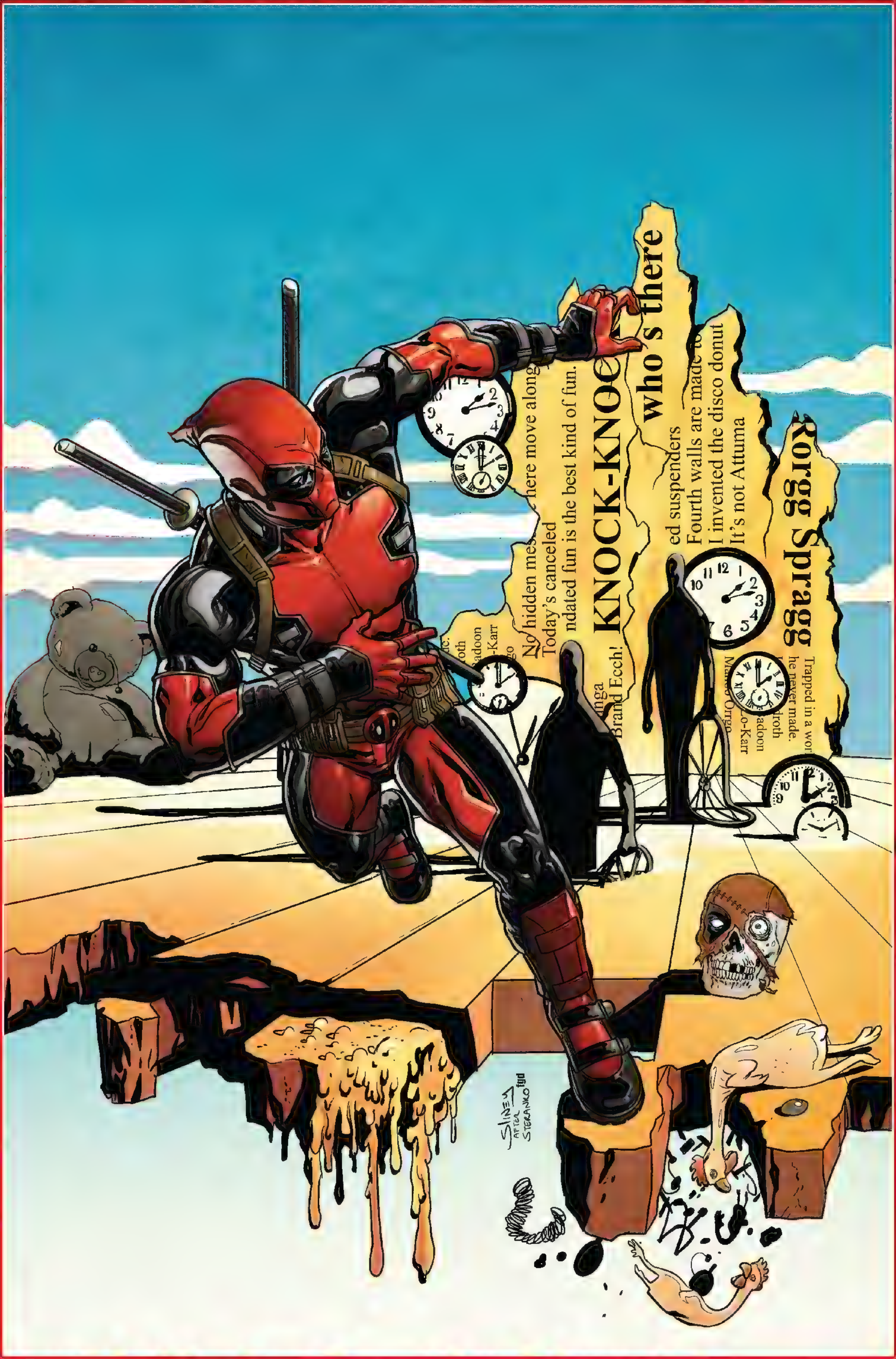


DEADPOOL VERSUS THE PUNISHER #5 VARIANT BY
RYAN STEGMAN & JESUS ABURTOV

DEADPOOL KILLS THE MARVEL UNIVERSE AGAIN #1 VARIANT BY
PEPE LARRAZ & DAVID CURIEL


DEADPOOL
KILLS THE MARVEL UNIVERSE Again!
4
TNT
FREE BRICKS U CARRY!
2×5= BENJAMIN FRANKLIN!
Jay Fosgitt

DEADPOOL KILLS THE MARVEL UNIVERSE AGAIN #1 VARIANT BY
JAY FOSGITT


who's there
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Brand Ecch!
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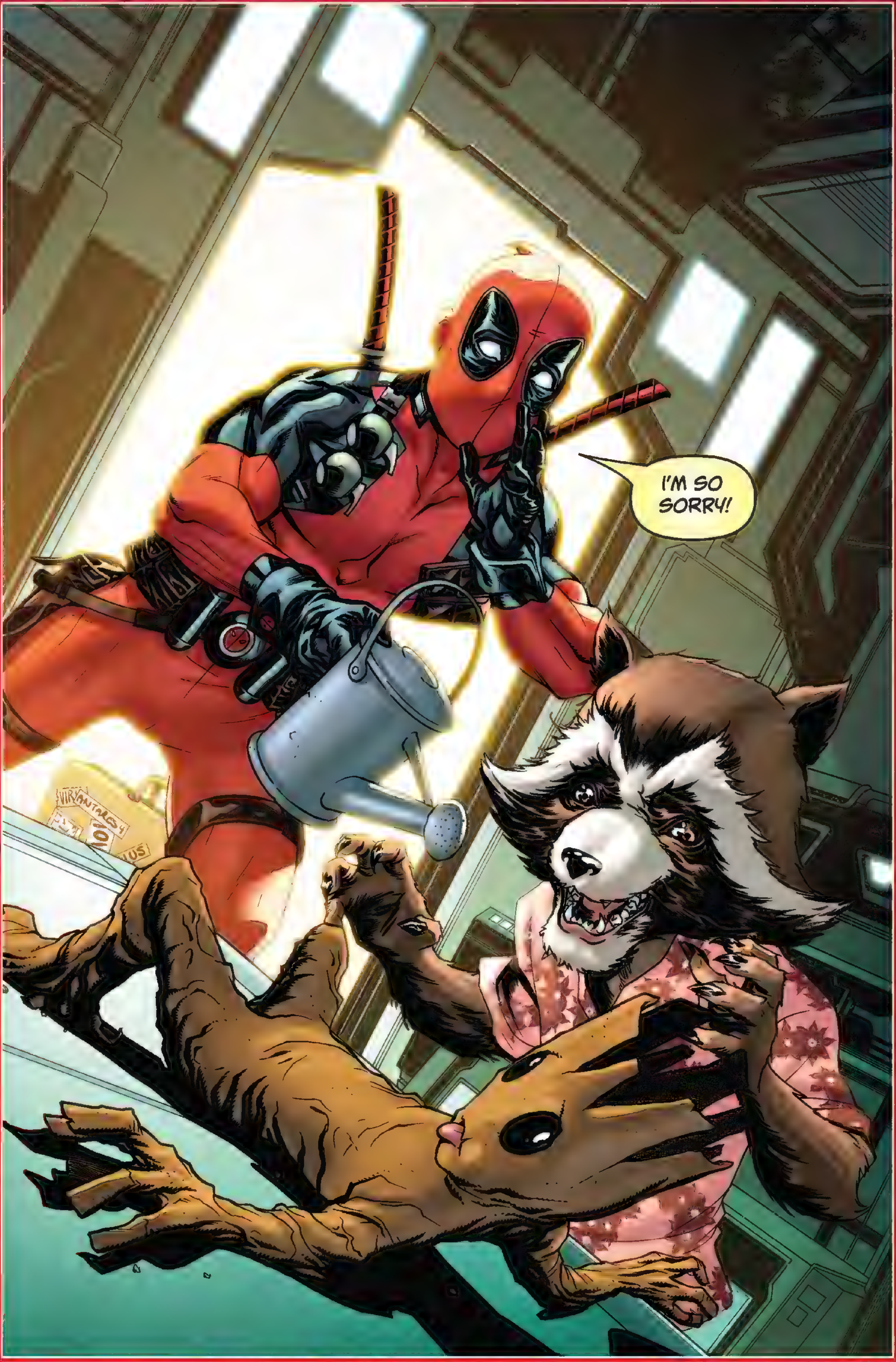
Fourth walls are made to
I invented the disco donut
It's not Attuma
Rorgg Spragg
Trapped in a wo
he never made.
SLINEY AFTER STERANKO fyd

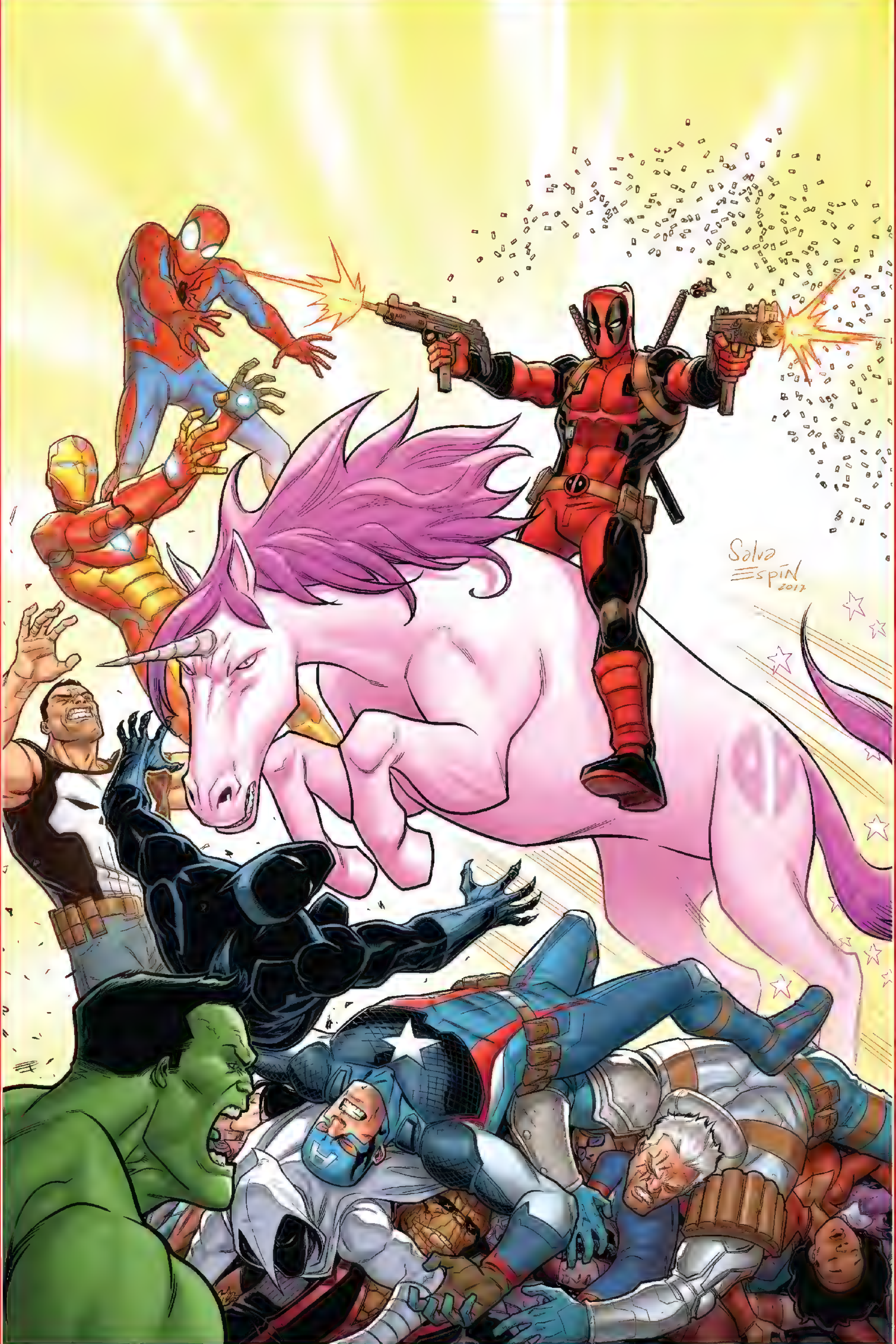
**DEADPOOL KILLS THE MARVEL UNIVERSE AGAIN #1 VARIANT BY
WILL SLINEY & FRANK D'ARMATA**



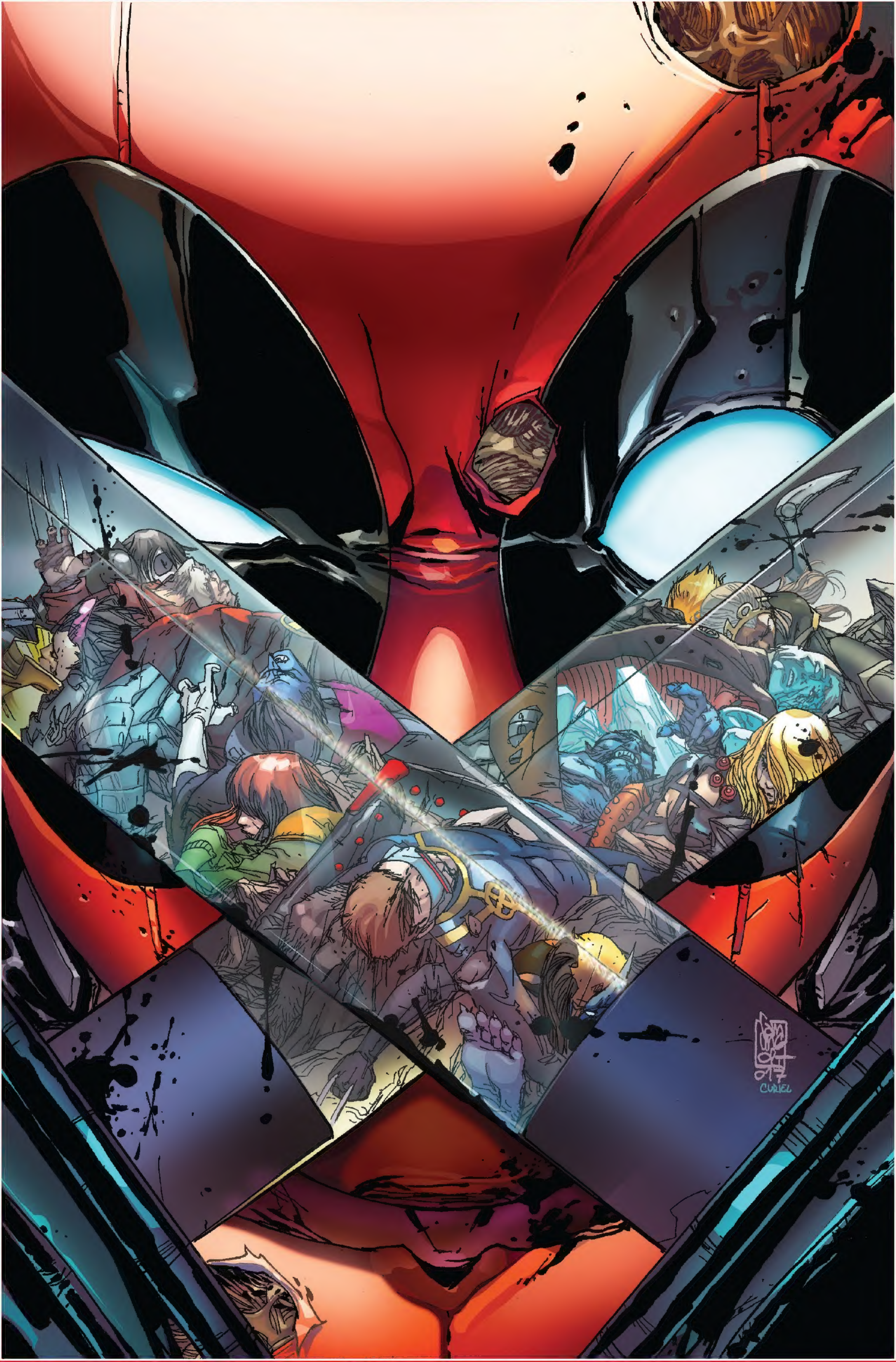
DEADPOOL KILLS THE MARVEL UNIVERSE AGAIN #1 VARIANT BY
MIKE McKONE & RACHELLE ROSENBERG

TYLER KIRKHAM

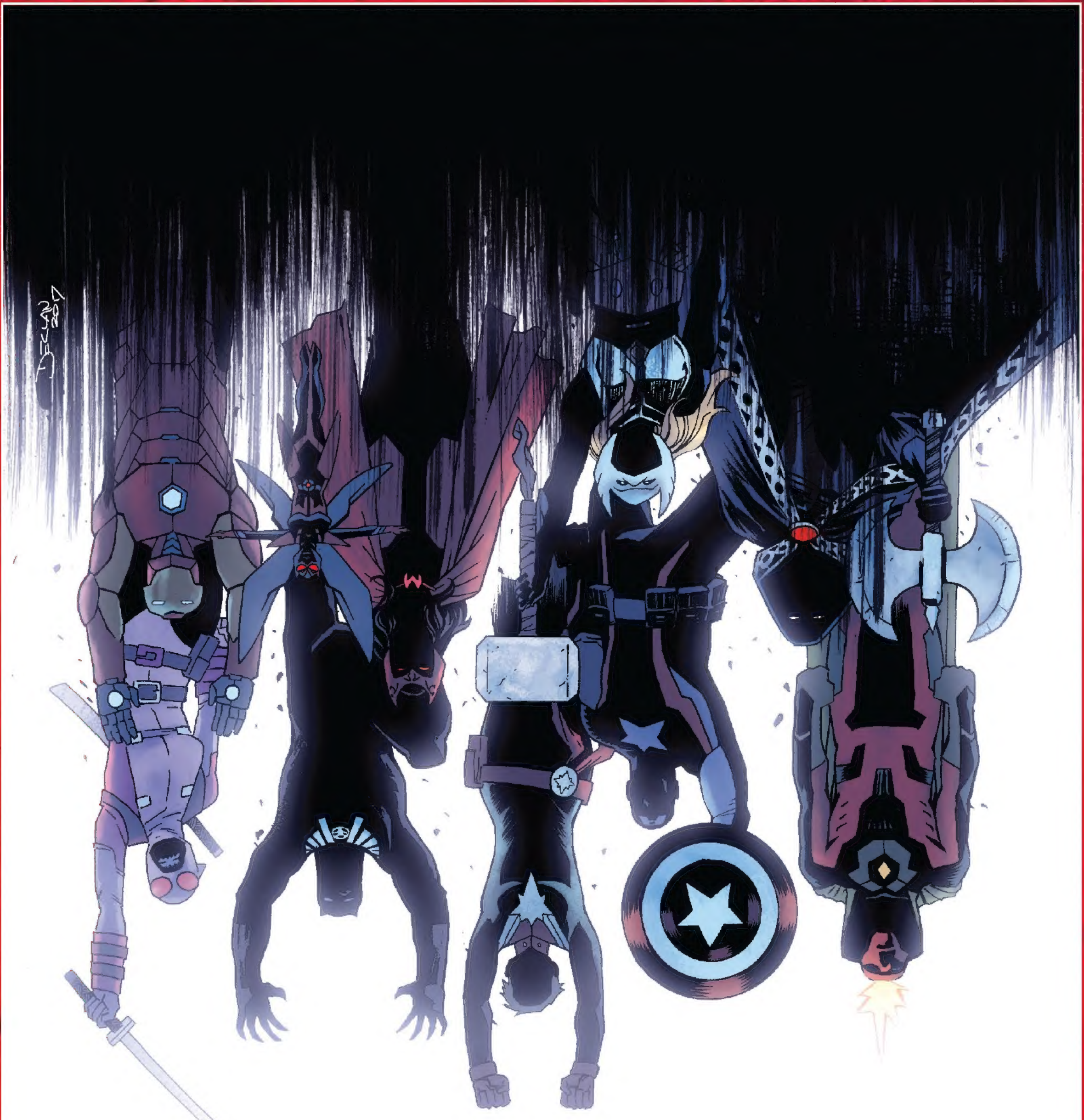
DEADPOOL KILLS THE MARVEL UNIVERSE AGAIN #1 VARIANT BY
TYLER KIRKHAM & ARIF PRIANTO


Salva Espín 2017

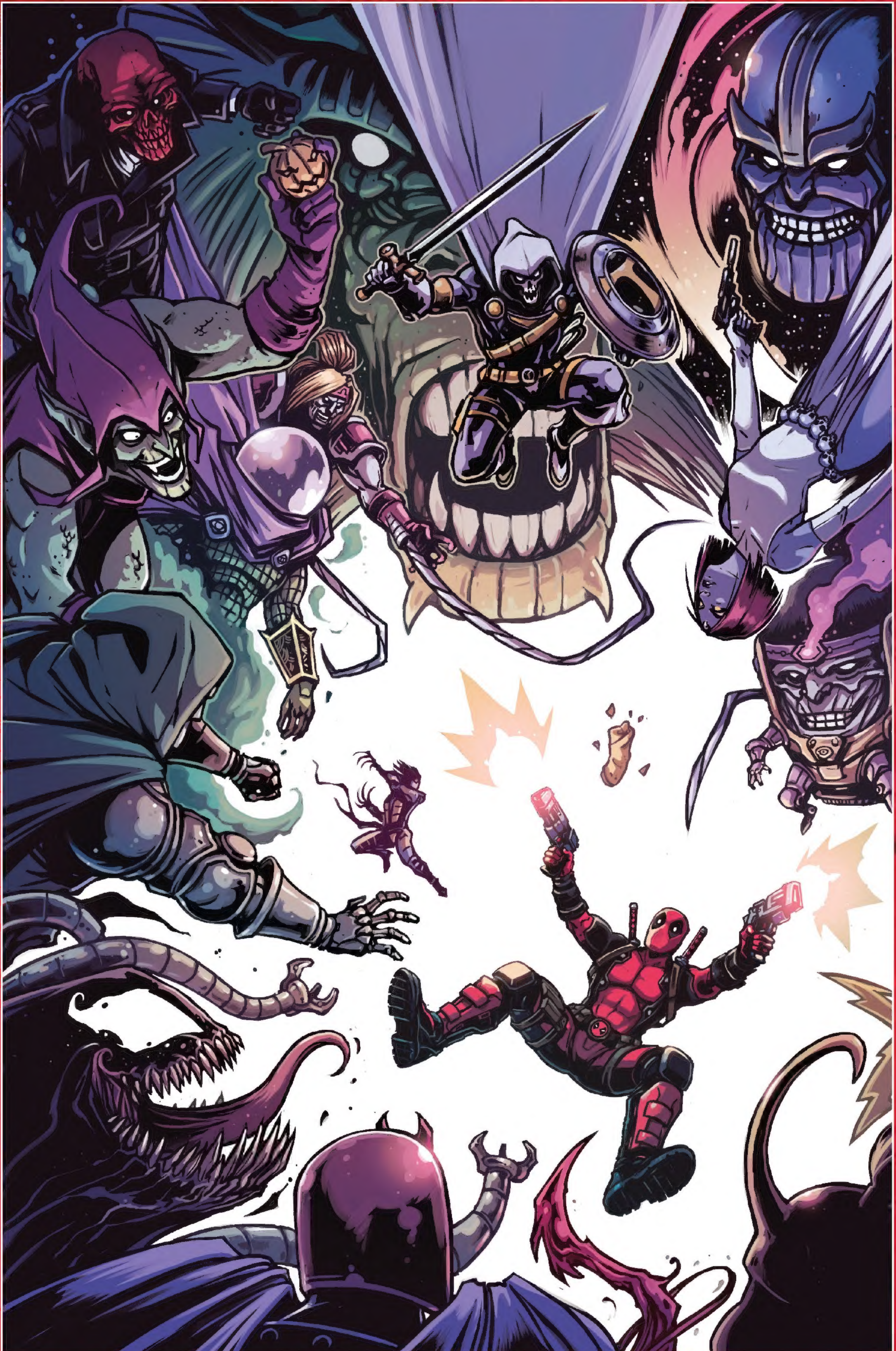
DEADPOOL KILLS THE MARVEL UNIVERSE AGAIN #2 VARIANT BY
SALVA ESPIN & GURU-eFX



DEADPOOL KILLS THE MARVEL UNIVERSE AGAIN #3 VARIANT BY
GIUSEPPE CAMUNCOLI & DAVID CURIEL



DEADPOOL KILLS THE MARVEL UNIVERSE AGAIN #4 VARIANT BY
DECLAN SHALVEY & JORDIE BELLAIRE



DEADPOOL KILLS THE MARVEL UNIVERSE AGAIN #5 VARIANT BY CASPAR WIJNGAARD

DUCK, DUCK, GOOSE!

DUCK: Because when you cross Wade Wilson with a certain feathered investigator named Howard, you get Deadpool the Duck! Can the Mallard with the Mouth complete his mission with webbed feet – and if he does, where does he send the bill?! DUCK: Because when Deadpool takes on the Punisher, you'd better duck! Can anyone win when the Regeneratin' Degenerate goes up against the one-man army? And GOOSE: Because the Marvel Universe's goose is cooked – again – when an all-new, all-different Deadpool slaughterfest begins! All your favorites are on the firing line: Moon Knight! Ms. Marvel! Gwenpool! The Guardians of the Galaxy! Even Moon Girl and Devil Dinosaur! Feathers – and bullets – fly in three tales of chaos!

Collecting *Deadpool the Duck #1-5*, *Deadpool vs. the Punisher #1-5* and *Deadpool Kills the Marvel Universe Again #1-5* – written by Stuart Moore, Fred Van Lente and Cullen Bunn; and illustrated by Jacopo Camagni, Pere Pérez and Dalibor Talajić

PARENTAL ADVISORY